#182-C-5 B.E. HISTORY
RESEARCH DIVISION
WESTERN COSTUME CO.
Los Angeles, California

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HEADS

of the PEOPLE

Or

Portraits of the English,

DRAWN BY KENNY MEADOWS.
Engraved by Orrin Smith.

LONDON:

ROBERT TYAS, PATERNOSTER ROW.

VIZETELLY & CO. PRINTERS, FLEET STREET.

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1841

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WITH ORIGINAL ESSAYS BY DISTINGUISHED WRITERS.

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THE INTRODUCER.

PREFACE.

THE design of the projectors of this work is now completed. The "Heads of the People," thus struck off, are respectfully laid at the feet of the People.

All these sketches, "miscellaneous and multifaced," with the pencil and with the pen, have been intended as Popular Portraits; the aim, in each instance, being to concentrate in individual peculiarity the characteristics of a class. Their success must depend of course on the degree of fidelity with which this object has been accomplished. They may be entertaining or edifying—it is naturally hoped they are; but the question will be asked,—Are they like? Do they remind you of what they profess to represent? Do they impress you with a sense of *general* resemblance to the object sought to be delineated?

It is a common remark, that few persons are quite pleased, perfectly satisfied, with their own portraits; it may be no less frequently noted, that our friends find faults and pick objections which we do not. If the portrait be a perfect likeness, there is something in it unpleasant to us; if it be a flattering representation, it is defective in other eyes. A man does not object to his own picture because it is too handsome, but because it is unlike; and his friend does not object to it as unlike, but as too complimentary.

Our "Heads" may be subject to these objections, as well as to others. The "trade, calling, or profession," whose representative is delineated, may think the features harshly drawn, the lines overstrained, the effect unnatural; while the class that comes as its next neighbour may consider the likeness flattering, and the charge of exaggeration apposite only in its own case. It will be sufficient if both allow for the difficulty of always assimilating the views of artist and author when treating of the same subject; and for the impossibility of any one man's seeing with another man's eyes, or

from precisely the same point of view. The utter and confounding contradictions that are to be met with, not merely in the same class of persons, but in the same character, will also be recognised as creative of a perplexity in the execution of such an attempt as this, that asks indulgence; and the unwillingness to spoil what has the chance of becoming "a picture," by a too rigid and literal adherence to the lines of the original, will also be allowed for as a natural feeling in artists as well as writers.

Enough then, if the *general effect*—the family-likeness—be satisfactory. The critic shall object to the colour of the hair; he shall protest against the expression of the eyes; we give him up the nose frankly; the drawing of the mouth he shall entirely condemn if he will; we surrender the chin and cheeks to his censure without scruple,—nay, he shall cavil up to the ears, and no offence in the world; but only let him admit—and it is all we implore—that there *is* something in the air, the turn of the head, the contour of the face, that strikes him as being not absolutely unlike; and at all events, whether like or unlike, interesting, honest, companionable; stamping it as worthy of being placed among the portraitures of his pleasant familiar acquaintances.

It is hoped at least that the "People," whose heads are now laid before them, will find in this second volume every characteristic that pleased them in the first. The one desire of all parties concerned in it has been, that there should be no lack of generous sentiment, good-humoured endeavour, and cheerful appreciation of the socialities and charities of life, in their attempts to delineate its characters.

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THE CHAPERON.

The old, weather-beaten, she-dragon, "who guards you."

SHERIDAN.

THE DÉBUTANTE.

The world is all before her, where to choose.

MILTON

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE:

BEING

Portraits of the English.

THE CHAPERON AND THE DÉBUTANTE.

BY MRS. GORE.

It is a curious fact, that almost all the by-words we have borrowed from the French language, have ceased to be used in a similar sense in their own country. The designation *débutante*, for instance, is only applied in France to first appearances at the theatre; and the word *chaperon* is nearly obsolete. In the higher classes of Parisian society, unmarried girls are so rarely to be seen (never, unless under the protection of a parent), that an occasion seldom presents itself for the use of the terms *chaperon* and *débutante*.

Among ourselves, meanwhile, they have become naturalised. Among ourselves—where marriage, instead of being "dealt with by attorneyship," and, consequently, placed within every one's power of attainment, is, as well as entering a business or a profession, the result of preference or caprice—young ladies are introduced into society, in all the innocence of ringlets and white muslin, as soon as they are able to distinguish a quadrille from a galoppe—orgeat from lemonade; and, whereas, at the same tender years, their youthful minds might not be equally skilled to discriminate between the good match and the pitiful younger brother—the gentleman with serious intentions, and the mere ball-room flirt—the "wisdom of our ances-

tors" provides them with a female friend or relative—a temporary guardian of their person—a full dress governess—under whose turban is supposed to reside as much knowledge as under the wig of the Lord Chancellor; under whose starched draperies is concentrated all the discretion of a Mrs. Chapone.

In contemplating the soft, blushing, trembling, smiling Débutante, tricked up from head to foot as though she had just stepped out of a *Journal des Modes*, ready to sink into the earth with confusion, under the gaze of the profane, we are tempted to exclaim with the poet,—

"Was ever thing so pretty made to stand?"

But a prosaic parody on the line suggests itself, the moment we turn towards her obligato accompaniment,—the officious, lynx-eyed Chaperon; till we can scarcely resist murmuring

"Was ever thing so fussy made to stand—*still?*"

One of the peculiar faculties of the experienced Chaperon is ubiquity. She is in all places at once; beside the refreshment table; in the card-room, watching the dancers; nay, retreat into the furthermost and most flirtiferous corner of the ball-room, with the Débutante leaning on your arm—behind a door, a screen, a curtain, a rose-tree—and, on looking up, you will find the piercing grey eyes of the Chaperon fixed enquiringly upon your manœuvres. They can penetrate, like Perkins's steam-gun, through a six-inch iron plate; and as to common deal, it becomes diaphanic as gauze, whenever the Chaperon approaches. Damask hangings are mere air when interposed between her and the object of her solicitude; and, like hunger, she can eat through a stone wall, if divided, for nefarious purposes, from her kitling. Parents and guardians, nurses, governesses, turnkeys, keepers, inspectors of police, are not to be compared, in point of vigilance, with the Argus-like zeal of an accomplished Chaperon.

The Chaperon is usually a spinster, having much leisure and little superfluity of coin; or a widow, without offspring of her own; or a matron, who, having married off her own daughters, is desirous to benefit the rising generation with the results of her experience. The mother, accompanying her own children into society, and exercising her maternal solicitude in their behalf, does not come under the denomination of Chaperon. It is usually with interested views that the gratuitous office is undertaken. The Débutante in want of

a Chaperon, is often the daughter of a widower,—to whom it is good to make apparent that so tender and valuable a protectress would be still tenderer and more valuable as a step-mother. In other instances, the office is assumed by the prudent spinster, having no equipage of her own, with a view of being franked to the various fêtes for which she has secured invitations. By a spinster still further removed from the world's favour, the post of Chaperon to an attractive Débutante is actually sought as a letter of introduction to the pleasures of society. Miss Clarissa Spyington, for instance, being well aware that the rich and lovely Helena Lennox will be invited to all the best balls of the season, prevails upon the young lady's guardian, her cousin, Sir Paul Spyington, the wealthy banker of Portland Place, to institute her Chaperon to the heiress. In order to do honour to her office, she even stoops to assume brevet rank; and, thenceforward, prints herself upon her cards "Mrs. Spyington." The matronly designation invites confidence, and repels raillery.

Sir Paul is certainly so far justified in his election, that the maiden lady, whether a Miss or Mistress, is admirably qualified for the discharge of her duties. Having simpered away the days of her own debutancy at Bath, so long ago, that the memory of her charms has passed away with that of the beauship of Nash or Tyson, she has since successively paraded the parades of all the watering-places in the three kingdoms. The pantiles could swear to the tread of her Spanish leather slipper—the Steyne prate of her whereabout: Cheltenham, Malvern, Leamington, Harrowgate, Weymouth, Ramsgate,—nay, even the esplanade of Beulah Spa, have their tales to tell of the marchings and counter-marchings of the un-fair Clarissa.

In the course of these transitions, Mrs. Spyington has necessarily picked up useful knowledge, "as pigeons peas." She has the peerage, baronetage, ay, and even the voluminous records of Burke's landed gentry at her fingers' ends; with all their family histories, genealogies, arms, and emblazonments. Let not, therefore, the partner aspiring to the hand of the charming Helena Lennox in the waltz, presume to give himself to be understood as one of the "Heathcotes of Rutlandshire;" Mrs. Spyington will detect his vain pretences; Mrs. Spyington will put him in his place. Before he had been twice in company with the Débutante, Mrs. Spyington managed to ascertain that he was only a young barrister, the son of "people in Baker Street;" people without a country seat, whom she remembered in cheap lodgings at Broadstairs;

people comprised under the comprehensive designation of "the Lord knows who." It was not for such a man to be seen dancing a second time in the course of the evening with the heiress of the late Sir Hector Lennox, of Lennox Castle.

But it is not alone with the name and nature of the Débutante's partner she is conversant: the Chaperon is familiar with the birth, breeding, and history of everybody, in every room she enters; not a carriage drives along Portland Place but, from the arms and livery, she can predicate concerning the names and fortunes of its owners, as a gipsy reads them in the lines of a hand that has been duly crossed with silver or gold. Nay, when at fault concerning the features of some consequential dowager, the Chaperon is able to identify her by her very diamonds.—"That must be the Dowager Marchioness of Methuselah; I remember her at Queen Charlotte's Drawing Rooms, in the early part of the present century, when I always had a Star Chamber ticket from a friend in the Board of Works. Lady Methuselah was then a very sweet woman; I have a perfect recollection of her in that very aigrette and bouquet, in a yellow crape hoop, looped up with white acacias and Roman pearls. It was just when there was the talk of an invasion. The marchioness's charming daughters were at that time unmarried; Lady Maria and Lady Harriet. Lady Maria is now the Duchess of Dunderhead; but Lady Harriet made a poor match—Lady Harriet, poor thing, is only Lady Harriet Titmouse. The Titmouses have a fine estate in Essex, but they are no great things. Between ourselves, I have heard it whispered in their neighbourhood, that the grandfather of the present Titmouse was a sheriff of London, citizen and cordwainer, or some dreadful thing of that description. But the marchioness, of course, knows not a syllable of the matter. The marchioness, like all those belonging to that venerable old court of Queen Charlotte, is exceedingly nice on such points. Any one may perceive with a glance that the marchioness is a conservative. She has not varied so much as the set of her diamonds for the last fifty years. In these fantastical days, it is not so easy to identify a woman by her jewels. Reform, reform, reform, in every direction: and pray admire the result! All the beautiful old breast-knots and stomachers, which were shamefully transformed into aigrettes, buckles, and broaches a few years ago, are actually being converted into stomachers again; and family diamonds are treated with as little reverence as a close borough or a sinecure. Ah! things would be very differently managed if we had a few more such women in the world as the Marchioness of Methuselah."

At first, the Débutante is charmed with the loquacity of her Chaperon, which serves as a cover to her timidity. By degrees, she learns to prize it on other accounts. While Mrs. Spyington gabbles on about the marchioness, of whom she knows nothing, Miss Lennox is enabled to give her attention to the Mr. Heathcote of whom her Chaperon wishes *her* to know nothing; and who profits by the monologue of the lady in the turban, to place himself in Paradise close at the ear of Eve. But it is not so easy to deceive the vigilance of the professional dragon. Though the Chaperon, like the "blind mole, hears not a footfall," she has an intuitive sense of the approach of danger; and, even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, long before the hovering hawk is perceptible to human eyes, Mrs. Spyington, though the son of the "people in Baker Street" is still invisible, crooks her arm like the pinion of a well-trussed fowl, twitches off the Débutante into a less dangerous neighbourhood, and plants her on a bench of dowagers, unapproachable by anything short of the Duke of Wellington or the conqueror of the Hesperides. Whenever a tender Débutante is seen thus guarded round with turbans, ruffs, ruffles, and India shawls, let it be understood she is in limbo—in durance, not vile, but illustrious; a sort of honorary ward in chancery; like the crown jewels in the Tower of London, seen by candlelight through a grating.

It is a curious branch of ball-room science to examine, step by step, the mental progress of the Débutante of another class—Miss Tibbs. At her first ball, her perceptions are vivid, her impulses natural. Enchanted to have escaped from the school-room, Mrs. Marcel's rational conversations, Herz's exercises, roast mutton and rice pudding; to have exchanged jacconot or merino for silk or tulle, and the heavy morocco slipper for one of sandalled satin; the first twang of Weippart's harp, as she enters the dancing-room,

> "Takes her imprison'd soul,
> And laps it in Elysium."

The clustered lights of the chandeliers and girandoles dazzle her unpractised eyes; the glitter of jewels, the gleam of satins, the glow of flowers, excite the flutter of her girlish spirits. The very heart within her twitters as she hears her name announced, and sees a hundred admiring eyes directed towards her new dress; with how different a pulsation, alas! from the tender anxieties she is likely to experience in re-entering the same scene six months afterwards.

Unless provided with a Chaperon of real and acknowledged merit, that is, of extensive connexions and persevering officious-

ness, the young lady, at her first *entrée*, trembles for her chance of a partner. What if all the pains bestowed upon her well-starched petticoat, her satin slip and aërophane tunic, her transparent stocking, close-fitting shoe, and still closer-fitting glove (for to be *bien ganté* is beginning to be an article of ball-room religion in London, as it has always been in Paris); what if the anxious care bestowed by Monsieur Rigodou for the last ten years on her feet, and by Monsieur Nardin for the last half-hour on her head, in order that the *bandeaux* of the one may be as exquisitely smooth as the *pas de bourrées* of the other, should end in her being fated to sit still all the evening, and write herself down "a bencher of the inner temple" of Terpsichore!

Agitated by these misgivings, she wonders to see her Chaperon take her place deliberately in the card-room, as though there were no such things as quadrilles and waltzes in the world—as though people came to a ball to shuffle their cards instead of their feet. She is so placed, however, as to command a view of the dancing-room; and, by dint of edging forwards her seat (to the indignation of a corpulent gentlewoman, into whose knees she carelessly inserts the angular corner of the chair she is coaxing, edgeways, to the front rank), manages to place herself within view of the young gentlemen lounging up and down, in order to pass in review the belles of the evening, for the election of partners. One or other of them, she fancies, cannot fail to be struck by the elegance of her costume and manners. But her great difficulty consists in preserving the downcast air, insisted upon by her Chaperon as indispensable to the character of a Débutante, and keeping sufficiently on the alert to ascertain whether anything eligible in the way of partnership is approaching.

During the first five minutes, she is convinced that every young gentleman in a white cravat, waistcoat, and kids, with varnished pumps and cobweb stockings, long straight hair and short curled whiskers, who looks a second time at her, has "intentions." But, alas! they pass and make no sign! "Another and another still succeeds;" the fiddles quavering, the violoncello grunting, the harp twanging, the flageolet squeaking invitingly all the time—still, alas! no partner!

At length, one of those who had gazed most fixedly upon her charms (a slim adolescent, in a flashy waistcoat and black cravat, against whom, the moment she caught sight of him, she decided in the negative, as "a shocking style of man"), accosts the lady of the house; and, while directing her observation towards the corner

where the hapless Débutante is ensconced, is evidently asking an introduction to "the lovely creature in white crape with pink roses." The breath of the Débutante comes short: she is undecided what to do. He is certainly ill-calculated to make a figure in her journal. She fears he will not do to write about in her next letter to dear Matilda, at Brighton. Ten to one his name is Smith—"JOHN SMITH!" or he's an ensign in a marching regiment, or a banker's clerk, or a clergyman's younger son! She has half a mind to decline dancing altogether. Still, it seems ill-natured to refuse a young man who means well, and has done nothing to offend her; and, after all, an indifferent partner is better than no partner at all. Moreover, when once seen figuring in an "*en avant deux*," she is sure of having crowds of eligibles at her feet. On the whole, therefore, she thinks it better to be placable; and, as the lady of the house advances towards her, followed by the agitated youth, kneading in his hands the edges of his new silk hat, by way of keeping himself in countenance, she looks the other way, and tries to appear as unconcerned as she can. Fancying that the eyes of the whole room are upon her, the elated Débutante trembles lest her perturbation should be too plainly visible through the folds of her lace tucker.

The lady of the house is now opposite, bending towards her, as well as a hard steel busk, and a corset as rigid as a bench of Middlesex magistrates, will admit, till all the feathers of her satin hat are set a-nodding by the discomposure of her equilibrium. The Débutante, meanwhile, feels her colour rising with contending emotions: but it rises still higher, when she hears her corpulent neighbour addressed by the lady of the house with, "Will you give me leave, my dear Mrs. Hobbleshaw, to present to you the only son of your old friend, Lady Pinchbeck? Sir Thomas is a stranger in town, and vastly desirous of the honour of your acquaintance." Whereupon the young gentleman in yellow kids bows awkwardly, and, taking his station behind the chair of the corpulent gentlewoman, commences an interesting dialogue, and turns his back upon the Débutante for the remainder of the evening.

The poor girl is ready to cry with vexation. She would not have come to the ball, had she expected to be so treated! Nor does her irritation diminish when her Chaperon turns towards her, at the close of the third rubber, with an enquiry of "Miss Tibbs, my love! hav n't you been dancing? Dear me, how provoking! It is all on account of your hiding yourself in that foolish corner. Would n't you like to take some refreshment?" Cramped with sitting three

hours and a-half upon a cane-bottomed chair, the Débutante is right glad to hook herself to the Chaperon's arm, elbow her way into the refreshment-room; and, while waiting half an hour for her turn to approach the table, and feeling the roses of her trimming crushed flat as crown pieces in the throng, she accepts the offer of some vanille ice, receives it over the head of a squat lady at the risk of dislodging it into her neighbour's turban or her own bosom; and, after soiling her gloves with a wet spoon, and getting her elbow jogged at every mouthful, to the imminent risk of her white satin slip, is anxious to crush her way back again into the dancing-room. The Chaperon, however, is still diligently at work on an overflowing plate of lobster salad, to which tongue and chicken, or a slice of *galantine*, are likely to succeed. *She* has managed to obtain a snug berth for herself at the supper table; and is ensconced, with a glass of champagne at her right hand, a tumbler of sherry and water at her left, without any idea of giving in for twenty minutes to come. The Chaperon has, constitutionally, an untirable voracity: she is the shark of the female world. Like her prototype, the Dragon of Wantley, she is able to devour houses and steeples (of spun sugar and Savoy cake), and wash them down with an ocean of Roman punch. Throughout her six rubbers per night, she continues to imbibe, every ten minutes, glasses of negus in winter—of ice in summer; solidified by basketsful of sponge biscuits and maccaroons, which disappear as if thrown into a limekiln, and leave not a trace in her recollection. The Débutante, on the contrary, "scarcely confesses that her appetite is more to bread than stone." Like other humming birds, she is nourished upon saccharine suction. It suffices for her to *look* once a day at a spoonful of minced veal; and, like the boa constrictor, to make a heavy meal once a month, on—the wing of a partridge. Unless caught at her private luncheon time, the Débutante was never seen to eat!

At the close of the Chaperon's prolonged repast, feeling thoroughly restored, she observes aloud to her charge, "Well, now that we have made ourselves quite comfortable again, I am sure, my dear, you would like to dance." The nine-and-sixpence she has netted, inclines her to return to the card-table; and as the Débutante, who is musing over the destruction of her ball-dress in the crowd, remains pensively silent, the Chaperon sidles up to their hostess, and executes a mysterious whisper, to which the weary lady in the hat and feathers, who has been courtesying for the last three hours and three-quarters, with various signs of condescension, replies by an assenting nod. The result of this diplomatic conference becomes

apparent, when, five minutes afterwards, the lady brings up for judgment a genteel youth in nankeen pantaloons, an inch or two of whose meagre wrists are perceptible between the dress-coat he has outgrown and the overgrown gloves which wrinkle down over his thumbs; and whose straight, yellow hair is combed up, tent-wise, on the top of his head, like the brass flame with which the gas manufactories crown the ornamental bronze vases on their gate-posts; a shapeless booby, whose only care is not to giggle during the presentation. "You *must* dance with him—it is her own nephew;" whispers the Chaperon, foreseeing the refusal of her charge; and with indignant soul, accordingly, poor Adeliza Tibbs deposits her fan and bouquet, and stands up, for the first time of her life, in the most insignificant corner of the most insignificant quadrille that has been danced in the course of the evening.

Nevertheless, the display, poor as it is, revives her spirits. She sees a tall, distinguished-looking young man, her *vis-à-vis*, enquire her name, and decides that he intends to invite her for the next dance; she is sure he is meditating an introduction. Previous, however, to the final *chassé croisé* of the odious set into which she has been betrayed, the Chaperon glides insidiously towards her with the intelligence that "the carriage has been waiting for the last hour; that her papa is terribly particular about his horses; and that she faithfully promised Mr. Tibbs not to keep either his coachman or daughter out after two o'clock." The boa and mantle, pendent upon her skinny arm, attest the firmness of her sinister intentions; and the poor Débutante, having no engagements to plead in opposition, is muffled up, and carried off in triumph. Not choosing to confide the mortifications of the evening to the attendant by whom she is disrobed, she is forced to pretend fatigue as the origin of her fallen countenance; when her mangled ball-dress is held up to her commiseration, with an exclamation of "Lauk, Miss! how you *must* have danced, to have been squeedged to pieces in this way!"

Three months afterwards, the Débutante, even when not endowed with the weighty attractions of a Miss Helena Lennox, has, probably, contrived to recommend herself so far to the civilities of the dancing world, as to be sure of partners to her heart's content. The finest optical glass in Dollond's shop would not *now* enable her to discern the hapless youth in the nankeen continuations, although he contrives to cross her path fifty times at every ball, and to obtrude as her *vis-à-vis* whenever she has the misfortune to undergo a partner not sufficiently adroit, to provide one of her own selection. The

Débutante has become fine, choice, exclusive. She has no further objection to the permanent establishment of her Chaperon in the card-room; having succeeded in persuading that august functionary that the crowd in the doorway often renders it impossible to rejoin her between the dances. She is engaged three deep both for waltz and quadrille; and, lest she should be missed by her *cavalier* at the moment the dance is making up, contrives to be passed from partner to partner, throughout the evening, like an Irish vagabond handed from parish to parish, all the way from Dover to Holyhead. You see her smiling in succession upon the arm of every beau in the room. Majors, captains, lieutenants, cornets, ensigns; "the three black graces—law, physic, and divinity;" raw baronets, and hobble-de-hoy heirs-apparent, claim her successively as their own.

'T is, "Si, signor;"
'T is, "Ya, mein herr;"
'T is, "S'il vous plait, Monsieur."

To all, and each, she utters the same emphasised fractions of common-place, broken up with a view to sweeten polite conversation. The room is shockingly hot, or dreadfully crowded. Strauss's last waltz is infinitely prettier than all the rest; or, she really wonders even the arm-chairs can stand still, when Weippart is playing Musard's enchanting new set of quadrilles from "*La reine d'un jour.*" To fifteen partners an evening does she shew her teeth, her wit, and the point of her white satin slipper. The captain, who has the misfortune to snap the encrusted sticks of her fan, *à la Louis XIV.*, is now a "horrid creature;" the major who procures her tickets for the rehearsal at the opera, a "charming man." When hurried into her father's carriage at the close of four hours' incessant flirtation and salutation, the Débutante is as much elated with her conquests, real or imaginary, as the Chaperon with the solid gains bagged in her card purse.

Three months after this, another change has come over the spirit of her dream. The major is *now* a "horrid creature;" and she will hear of nothing included in the pages of the army-list, under a G.C.B. She can recognise a younger brother by the sit of his coat, and prattles of "scorpions" and "detrimentals" like the worst of them; is shocked at the idea of labouring through a quadrille more than once or twice in the course of the evening; and is sure to be engaged for the two first waltzes before she enters the ball-room. Instead of casting down her eyes, as at first exacted by her Chaperon, her enfranchised looks challenge every living soul

around her; and the finical Adeliza has even mounted an eye-glass, through which, with a scornful smile, she scrutinises the Dison's lace of fat Mrs. Hobbleshaw. She has actually refused Sir Thomas Pinchbeck; and is suspected of a design upon the hand of the Honourable Henry Hottentot.

While the Débutante has been thus progressing in her accomplishments, the Chaperon has not been inactive. It is owing to her instructions that Miss Tibbs has acquired so precocious an insight into the mysteries of the peerage, and such accurate powers of detecting the "compliment extern" of a younger brother. It is the Chaperon who has finessed for invitations for her; and spread advantageous rumours of the amount of her father's fortune; to which (sinking the claims of two brothers at Rugby, one at the Naval College, and another at Woolwich, all of whom the Chaperon elliptically passes over) she is *nearly* the heiress. Nor is there a numeration table sufficiently comprehensive for the number of Miss Tibbs's suitors and refusals. The Chaperon will not hear of her settling at present. Having serious intentions of accompanying her to Cheltenham for the autumn, and Brighton for the winter, she suggests that it would be a pitiful thing to accept a Sir Thomas Pinckbeck, a mere country baronet with a wretched two thousand a-year, who would not be able to afford her so much as a box at the opera. Better wait the result of "another season." Her dear Adeliza's acquaintance is now so much extended, that there is no surmising what might be the result of "another season." The Chaperon has had a private hint of an Irish peer who is immensely struck; who is going to Cheltenham, in the express hope of meeting the sweet girl to whom he lost his heart in a gipsy party at Beulah Spa; and who is exceedingly likely to make his proposals in form, before the close of "another season."

The Débutante (who, thanks to the grandiloquence of her Chaperon concerning the ways and means of the house of Tibbs, has now nine obedient humble servants in the household brigade, to say nothing of lancers and light dragoons, an Irish member, and a saucy clerk in the Treasury) is beginning to think imperial Tokay of herself, and will not hear of derogation. She treats her Chaperon like a Turk; comes and goes at the hours that suit her, without regard to the horses or the lady in the turban. She insists upon the footman serving her breakfast in gloves; will not take a glass of water from the hands of her maid, unless brought on a salver; talks politics with the Irish member; is of opinion that Sir Robert is the person to save the country; calls the dear Duke "our own Corio-

lanus;" and is about as silly and conceited a little Miss as any in her Majesty's dominions.

In a higher walk of life, the Débutante is a less specific personage. Lady Sophia (whose first appearance at Almack's, after her presentation at Court, places her in a scarcely more public position than she has been occupying, evening after evening, for four years previous, at the country seat of her father, the earl) is a very different person from the blushing, fluttering, giggling Miss Tibbs. All that the Débutante of the middle classes is left to discover from personal experience, *she* has learnt from the experience of others. In her very cradle, *she* was too knowing to mistake a younger for an elder son—a new knight for an old baronet; and as to showy officers, the whole army-list figures, in her imagination, as a set of nobodies, not worth a thought, till they attain the rank of generals of division; the army being an *omnium gatherum*, into which fathers of families thrust their supernumerary sons, who are good for nothing else. Lady Sophia does not vary her pretensions, or cast her nature twice a-year, like the less illustrious Miss Adeliza Tibbs.

Blushes, God help you! *she* has none to lose, sir! She was *born* self-possessed; and never knew what it was to be flurried by a partner or a declaration. Instead of humbly following in the wake of fashion, *she* heads the procession; invents flounces—introduces a new *capote*—is great at private theatricals—assumes to herself, without apology, the part of Helen or Venus in a *tableau*—rattles through the *chansonnettes* of Levassor; and all this with such perfect ease of high-breeding and pretence at decorum, that—

"The holy bishops bless her when she is riggish."

Lady Sophia has no fears concerning her settlement in life. The Duke of Belton and her father have long arranged an alliance between their respective children. But, even were she *not* tacitly affianced to the marquess, one or other of her father's numerous nephews, or guests, or constituents, would be readily attracted by the merits of a damsel so well born, with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds so well secured. "The Morning Post," and "The Book of Beauty," take care that her claims to distinction shall not be overlooked; and she is as well advertised as Cox and Savory's hunting-watches. Lady Sophia is one of those Débutantes who have no chance of degenerating into Chaperons, unless to daughters of their own.

Of Miss Tibbs, on the other hand, the destinies are less accurately defined by fate. Like all Débutantes who fall into the frailty

of flirting, it is probable she will come in time to be opprobriated as a coquette; to be shunned as a jilt. The roses will shed their leaves, and the thorns become apparent. The brothers at Rugby, Woolwich, and the Naval College, will grow up: and, accompanying her into society, supersede all false notions of her consequence, and the services of the superannuated Chaperon. The Mrs. Hobbleshaw, whom she has quizzed, and the Sir Thomas Pinchbeck whom she has rejected, will seize upon this moment for revenge. As years progress with the mortified damsel, they will preserve a perpetual memorandum of the date of her *début;* thanks to which, the world will privilege itself to discover that her bloom is less variable than of old; her ringlets less liable to the effect of damp than when they were the native produce of her empty head. New Débutantes will display their round fair forms in afflicting contrast with her bony rectangularity. She will be set aside like a last year's almanack; an obsolete edition. The Chaperon—to whom the worthy Mr. Tibbs will, in his dotage, unite himself, in token of gratitude for her extreme care of his daughter and coach-horses—will now recommend her to try a fresh line of business, and attempt a new *début*, as a blue, or a serious young lady, or a political economist, or something still more novel and original. But Adeliza will have grown weary of her vocation. A second *début*, she knows, is like a second attack of small-pox—invariably fatal; and stranger things have happened than her taking refuge from the ignominy of spinsterhood, under the wing of the quondam young gentleman of the nankeens, now a thriving country banker, in drab shorts and mahogany tops; whose yellow crest has given way to a sober baldness, highly becoming the position of a man well-to-do in the world.

It would have been a bold attempt, however, to hazard a prediction of such a termination to her career, when she first blushed her way into society, under the care of her Chaperon as an aspiring Debutante.

THE MONEY-LENDER.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"If, sir, you persist in your course—if you refuse me the mercy of even six days—"

"I do persist, and I do refuse; and what then, sir?"

"Then, sir, you will inevitably ruin me!"

"Sir," made answer Mr. Bite, fixing his raven eye on the agonised features of his supplicant, "sir, I ruin a man a week." And, in this instance—for we would do all justice to the Money-Lender—Mr. Bite uttered the stern, the simple truth.

"My good sir—"

"Well, come, you shall have the time," said Mr. Bite. And let the reader take this assurance; we paint no shadow, but a real serf of Plutus, a veritable Bite, even as he lived. "You shall have the time, sir," and Bite's eye sparkled, and he leered like an ogre on his prey. "We'll call the five hundred, six hundred and fifty, and—"

"What, sir!—a hundred and fifty for one week?—you can't ask it!" exclaimed the victim, aghast.

"You want the accommodation, eh, sir?" meekly enquired Bite.

"It is life or death to me."

"I know that," said the flinty Money-Lender; "and, in such cases, it is always my maxim to sell life as dearly as I can."

"But, Mr. Bite—"

Mr. Bite coughed, took out his watch, and said, "Past ten o'clock."

To give the true expression of Bite's character, we are fain to paint him in a family group: yes, to bring out all the peculiar attributes of his mind—and, we repeat, we deal not in fiction—it is necessary to place the Money-Lender in his old, familiar scenes. Enter, then, Bite's clerk, the managing harpy of the firm, to take his daily lesson:—

"If Mr. Firetop calls about his bill for two hundred—"

"Mr. Firetop's bill," answers the Money-Lender, "is n't worth pipe-light; but, as he has some innocent, good men at the back

THE MONEY-LENDER.

There is this difference between him and Judas—he would not have sold our Saviour so cheaply.

Old MSS.

of it, why, it may be done at ninety. Stop, you must put in six dozen of the very small claret at the usual figure."

"Then there 's the widow Stokes, at the snuff-shop. That bill, for seventy."

"Let me see," says the benevolent Bite; "as she is a lone, unprotected widow, why, we 'll say five—yes, five per cent."

"Sir!"—and the clerk is all astonishment.

"But, as we 've yet plenty of Quarto's bankrupt-stock in the store-room, the widow—it 's for two months?—ha, well, she must take ten pounds' worth of prayer-books."

"Then, sir, there 's young Sparkish, about his pictures. Will you advance upon the Raphael and Titian?"

"Humph! the subjects are hardly proper for a respectable man; they are a little profane; still, if he 'll throw in the Cuyp, that with the three cows—"

"Talking of the Cuyp, sir, Simpkins, the milkman, at Hoxton, sir, has at last consented to let you have his stock at your own price. And then, sir—"

"Who 's that?" cries Bite, listening to a voice in the passage.

"Mr. Charlesworth, sir, about the annuity."

"My chair!" exclaims the Money-Lender; and the clerk wheels the chair forward, Mr. Bite, senior, being suddenly taken very ill. He sinks down, his hands drop, his legs are motionless; and in his vulture face there is an expression of extremest languor. Can the good man be death-smitten?

"Well, father," says Mr. Baptist Bite (who resembled his parent as one hempseed resembles another), ushering in an unsuspecting victim, "I have been effecting a little business in which you are concerned."

"I concerned!" cries the elder Bite, feebly, his eyes half closed and wandering; "Ugh! Concerned! Well, what?"

"Why, sir, a little transaction with this gentleman, Mr. Charlesworth. We are to receive from him, by way of annuity, for the thousand pounds, three hundred a-year during your honoured life."

"Life! my life!" wails old Bite; "Ho, ho! Are you mad, Baptist? *My* life! I, who hav n't a month?"

"Oh, sir," answers the filial Baptist, "many, many years, I trust. I 'm sure, sir, if I thought otherwise, I 'd make no such bargain; 't would be presumptuous; quite tempting Providence, sir!"

"It mus' n't be, it sha' n't be," cries old Bite; "it 's giving a thousand pounds away; it sha' n't be," exclaimed the Money-

Lender, with an energy that quite exhausted him; for he sank back in the chair, and coughed alarmingly.

"I am very sorry, sir," said Baptist, "but my word is passed. Mr. Toady has been two days at work on the deed; and really, my dear father, as men of honour—"

"Well, well," answers Bite the elder, "if it's gone so far; but you 'll ruin yourself, Baptist. You are too rash for a man of business. In a month, the gentleman—Ha! sir; you have got a pretty bargain out of my foolish son—in a month you may ring the money upon my tombstone!"

(And certain we are, if aught could raise the dead, such ringing would make Mr. Money-Lender burst his cere-cloths.)

"Don't talk in that way, father," said Baptist, his eyes moistening; "don't go on in that fashion.—In this room, sir, if you please," and Baptist shewed the fortunate gentleman into an adjoining apartment.

Mr. Bite rose from his chair, took two or three strides, and, with a look of vivacity, observed to his clerk, "Jones, I shall not come to town to-morrow; for I meet the hounds at Box-hill;" Mr. Bite adding to his many social accomplishments that of fox-hunting.

Mr. Bite was a man of the strictest conventional morals. His orthodoxy was, in his own opinion, first-rate. This happy truth he never failed to illustrate, at once to his own glorification and the confusion of the heretic. "Well, sir—ha!—I don't know what to say about these books, sir;" and Mr. Bite, with his hands in his pockets, doubtingly surveyed the library shelves of a hapless scholar, fallen into the Money-Lender's web. "Books, sir"—and he seemed to sneer at the gilt Russia and Morocco bindings—"are no security at all; quite a drug. Indeed, people have no business with any book but one; I never read any but one—there is only one."

"You perceive, Mr. Bite," observed the victim, "that they are the very best editions, and in the most costly bindings."

"I had much rather have any other security, sir. I don't see what I can do with books."

"At all events," replied the scholar, "they will more than treble the amount of your claim upon me; and, in a word—"

"You 've no pictures—no family plate—no jewels?" asked the Money-Lender.

"Nothing, but my old friends there," answered the man of letters; his very heart-strings quivering at the anticipated separation.

"I 'm sure I don't know what to do!" cried Bite, helplessly;

"books are of no use to me; for, as I have said, there is only one book—"

"And that book," said the student, "I presume is the—"

"Of course, sir; what other book could it be? The Bible, sir: no other. God help us!—no other."

"Well, Mr. Bite, you knew my resources: came, I thought, prepared to conclude the business."

"I suppose I must," answered Bite; "and yet it's a terrible risk for money. Let me see; coin is very scarce: it must be at ninety-five, with these things as further security."

"Ninety-five! Ninety-five per cent! Why, you said—"

"I don't precisely recollect what I said; but, as a Christian, I know it is impossible for me to oblige you on any lower terms. And do, sir, understand me, it is all to serve you. I don't like such security: in fact, I had much rather—" and here Mr. Bite quickly took his hat, and made towards the door.

"Mr. Bite," exclaimed his creditor, entreatingly, "I have depended upon you, sir."

"Well, my word's my religion;" and Bite, relenting, approached the book-shelves. "What's here?" and he took from the shelf a superb copy of Gibbon. "Pah! an infidel, sir; an atheist, sir, this Gibbon. I don't wonder, sir, that you want money, if you pass your time with such people; I'd have every book burnt but one: and this book should be flung in the hottest—eh! what's here? Hume! Another infidel, another atheist! God help you, I don't wonder that you're a beggar."

"Sir!" exclaimed the student, and his face was crimsoned with indignation.

"Don't wonder at all at it," repeated Mr. Bite, assuming a higher tone; whilst the companion of infidels, conscious that he was in the fangs of the orthodox Money-Lender, bit his lips, and struggled to keep down his passion,—his contempt. "Providence," continued Mr. Bite, "can hardly bless people who lose their precious hours in—in—eh? humph!" And the Money-Lender, with sundry ejaculations, and many mumblings, continued to take volume by volume from the shelves, now returning them to their places, with a "Pish! pah! God help me! Of course, a beggar;" and now, smiling, and eyeing with great complacency the beautiful bindings. Whilst the Money-Lender was thus engaged, certain emotions, by no means favourable to the safety of Mr. Bite, visited the owner of the volumes. His heart fairly leapt, as old Bite would irreverently close some long-loved book; and with a "Pah! pish!" shove it be-

tween others. The student felt almost as a living father feels when he sees his child smitten by a ruffian blow: all his blood rushed to his heart, and his fingers worked and itched to hook themselves in the profane Money-Lender's collar, and twirl him into the street. The contemptuous expressions of Bite appeared almost a personal affront toward the much-loved companions of many noblest hours; hours made sacred by immortal visitings—set apart from wayfaring life; and giving wisdom, strength, and meekness in their golden fruits.

"Spenser!" exclaimed Bite, laying his profane hand on a magnificent "Faery Queen;" "Spenser! who ever heard of him? Poetry, it seems. Ha! humph! Sad stuff—wretched nonsense! No wonder that you're a—God help you! As I say, there is but one book;" and with this, the "Faery Queen," not being the coin of the realm, slipped from between the fingers of the Money-Lender, and fell bruised at his feet. The student leapt forward, took up the book, and—Bite's better genius, Plutus, assuredly at that moment protected him, or he had fallen to the floor, levelled by the unknown "Faery Queen." Eyeing him with little less disgust than the student would have looked upon a cannibal, taken with his mouth full of a shipwrecked purser, the worshipper of Spenser carefully wiped the dust away, and returned the golden volume to its place. Mr. Bite continued his inspection—continued his criticisms. No reviewer ever passed judgment more briefly, or with more authority; even though, like Mr. Bite, he saw little of the books beyond their covers.

"Oh! ah! come," and Mr. Bite, had evidently fallen upon an author dear to his heart; "Robertson! that's good; a churchman—a worthy man; heard a good deal of him—of the established church, I believe; deserves, I think, considering how you have used the atheists and infidels, deserves a little better binding." And Bite, in his lively interest for the established church, looked reproachfully at the man of letters.

"Swift! ha! another churchman. Great man, I've heard: he might, too, have been more handsomely treated, considering. What's that?"—and Mr. Bite pointed to a row of books, some seventy tomes, rich and glittering in green Morocco and gold—"What's that? By the bindings, a churchman, I sincerely hope."

"That is, sir,"—the student felt literally humiliated as he paused before orthodoxy at ninety-five per cent—"that is, sir, the best edition of Voltaire."

"What!" cried Mr. Bite, retreating a step or two, "the—the French Voltaire?"

"I have never heard of any other," answered the man of letters.

"God help us!" exclaimed the Money-Lender, seizing his hat and stick.

"You 're not going, Mr. Bite?"

"I do n't know, sir," answered Bite; at the same time laying down his hat and cane, "that I ought to stay a moment here; I 'm not certain that I am safe, that the roof may n't fall in, with such awful atheists about me. Read Voltaire!"

"Did you ever read him?" asked the student maliciously.

"Do you think, sir, that Providence would have blessed me as it has, if I had? Thank God, sir! I could n't read a word of him. And sir, I repeat, I never read but one book; no man ought to read but one book; and that book is — What! twelve o'clock!" cried Bite, as he heard the chimes of a neighbouring church. "I can't stay another minute; I have a pressing engagement, that—young man," and Bite cast his eye towards the row of green and gold, "I do n't wonder that you 're a beggar."

"But, Mr. Bite," said the student, following the Money-Lender from the room, "I may consider the business concluded? You make the advance, taking the library as security for—"

"As for security, young man, the security is much less with such atheists; however, I—yes, you may send the books;" and Mr. Bite departed. Three days elapse, and our student stands at the hearthstone of the Money-Lender.

"Have you counted the books?" asked Bite of Jones, the clerk.

"Yes, sir; and here 's the list, sir," answers Jones, giving a paper.

"Why, sir," and Bite looks sharply at the borrower, "what do you mean by this? you know, I suppose, the engagement? I am to renew your bill, and advance you one hundred pounds, on a bill for a hundred and ninety-seven—"

"Ninety-five," observed the student.

"Ninety-seven, sir; money 's money now; it could n't be at less interest. Ninety-seven; I holding your library as further security."

"Well, sir?" says the student.

"Well, sir? the books were counted, as I understood; but here you bring me a list of seventy short," says Bite.

"I can easily explain that. Of course, I did not send the Voltaire."

"And why not, sir?" asks the orthodox muckthrift.

"I understood you to say, that you did n't think yourself safe under the same roof with it."

"And so I did, sir; and what of that? Do you think, *I've never an out-house?*"

Voltaire, in his green and gold, was added to Robertson, Swift, and his thousand former companions. Bite, though detesting the principles of the "French Voltaire," had, nevertheless, with Doctor Dibdin, a soul for "the superb tooling of Lewis."

"I've no objection to the bill, sir; none at all," said Bite, in one of his best humours, to Mr. Canaan, a rigid methodist and general dealer. "It's for fifty, I see;—yes, the usual consideration, and you can have the cash."

Mr. Canaan bowed benignly to the Money-Lender.

"Money, however, is very scarce; very scarce," said Bite.

Mr. Canaan raised his eyebrows, drew down the corners of his mouth, and looked pensive.

"Still, sir, as I said, you shall have the money. Pray, sir, what do you think of the English Drama?"

Mr. Canaan was not perfectly assured of Bite's meaning.—"Drama, sir?"

"The theatres,—the playhouses?" said Bite.

"I trust, sir, that, as a Christian, I have them in proper detestation."

"You never read play-books, then?" Mr. Canaan cast a look of horror all round the room. "Very right," said the cur of Plutus, "very right. There is only one book that a man should read, and that book is—however, to return to business. I am sorry that your religious scruples—for my own part, I honour everybody's conscience—stand in the way of the present bargain."

"I trust not, sir," said Canaan; "how, sir?"

"You must perceive, sir, that my business is very extensive, and very various; that my money, the little I have, is locked up in many strange places. Now, it so happens, that it will be impossible for me, Mr. Canaan, to melt this little piece of paper for you, unless you take fifteen pounds' worth of play-house tickets. You perceive, I am, unfortunately, the proprietor of two or three private boxes—to be sure, they enable me to gratify my friends—and the tickets, the admissions to these boxes, I am, at times, compelled to put off in little transactions like the present."

"Tickets, Mr. Bite—tickets, to take me to a play-house!" said Canaan.

"You are not compelled to go yourself: you know, you can sell them again—"

"I would sooner burn them," cried Canaan.

"As I said, I honour everybody's conscience," repeated Bite; "sell them, or burn them. By selling them, you would, no doubt, realise a profit; for, just now, the theatre is very much sought after, is n't it, Mr. Jones?"

"Very much," answered the faithful clerk.

"I thought so. By-the-by, what are they doing, Jones?"

"'The Blood-stained Boot-jack' sir; 'or the Cruel Cobbler.' Beautiful thing, sir," cried the waggish Jones; "got up, sir, under the superintendence of the man himself, sir, that did the murder."

"Impossible!" cried Canaan.

"Quite true," said Jones; "moreover, there is a letter in the play-bills, from the murderer to the manager, telling the public that the play is quite as real as the murder itself. Beautiful thing, sir; and so moral."

Mr. Canaan was a stiff-necked man, and would not take tickets. Happy, however, are we to state that he did not depart with his bill uncashed. The father of Mr. Bite had, in his maturity, written a book in contempt of riches, entitled "Dust in the Balance." In the vanity of his heart, he had caused some ten thousand impressions to be struck off; but, so perverse, so incorrigible is the world, not ten copies were ever fairly circulated. The stock was inherited by Bite, our hero; and in his hands, it is our belief, did a world of good; for it had been for years his custom to discount certain bills at a hundred per cent., including at least fifty, in fine hot-pressed copies of "Dust in the Balance." (And this is a truth.) It is our hope that Mr. Canaan, eschewing "The Blood-stained Boot-jack," was greatly edified by "Dust in the Balance!"

We have painted one Money-Lender—not the mere sordid muckworm of a century ago, but the man-eater of the present day. There are, however, many varieties. There is the fashionable Money-Lender, who wriggles himself into parties; calls a broken lord or two his friend; gets himself enrolled at a small club, and dubs himself a gentleman. He has a great taste for the fine arts, visits the opera, and thinks Bellini a most magnificent fellow. Two or three popular authors are, if you will believe him, his most intimate acquaintances; and the leading actor, whoever he may be, dines with him once a week. He is, moreover, a Liberal in his opinions; at least, he was, until Reform became vulgar, and a mild Whiggism was voted the genteel thing. He is a man, on his own word, of the very best society; for he is, every season, one of the seven hundred who feed at the Honourable Mrs. Rougepot's, the oriental dowager's.

It is at his club, and at such parties, that he makes friends, and enlarges his connexions; it is there that he spins his web, and catches the "gilded flies" of fortune.

The legal Money-Lender is a harpy of the longest claws: he has no more heart than a drum; no more blood than a cricket. He is, notwithstanding, a most respectable solicitor; as chary of his reputation as a housewife of a favourite piece of cracked china; and resents the slightest insinuation of his infamy with even alarming vigour. Now and then he is, poor man, grossly libelled by the press; whereupon, he becomes one of a society for the better protection of morals. Though steeped from head to sole in rascality—though a moral Ethiop—under the benign protection of the law of libel, he is the purest of the pure; yea, one of the fairest of the sons of men. It is ten to one that he has married prosperously—has caught a rich and inexperienced client—perhaps one of three orphan sisters; and is, thereby, the friend and legal adviser of the unprotected. As such, he absorbs the whole of their substance, enmeshes them in the nets of his craft, and—the process is rapid—they are beggars. That the children of affluence should have nothing to remind them of their past condition—that nothing tangible should remain to them to awaken recollections of happier days, the money-lending lawyer has been known to remove from them every painful memento, even though it were a harp or a piano. He is, nevertheless, a most respectable man; has very handsome chambers, keeps a score of clerks, and lends money from eighty to cent. per cent. His face—we draw from the life—would be inexpressive as a stale muffin, were it not for the two cat-like eyes, and thin, cruel, lips, that redeem it from utter blankness. He moves stealthily as an ogre; as though haunted by the memory of a thousand acts that have written him down in the private memoranda of Lucifer. He, the Attorney Money-Lender, is admirably fitted to display the wisdom and philanthropy of the English laws. Had he lived in Spain, he would have made an excelling familiar of the Inquisition; would, with demoniacal complacency, have applied the thumbscrew, the burning pincers, and the molten lead. Born in England, bred an attorney, and adding to his professional cares the anxieties of Money-Lender, he is yet enabled to satisfy his natural and acquired lust of evil, and he therefore *gets up costs*. He has never stood at the bar of a police-office, and yet his hands are dyed with the blood of broken hearts. Under cover of the law, armed with its curious weapons, he lives a life of rapine, hoards wealth, passes for a most

respectable man—for he never had a bill protested, and owes no man a shilling—and, when he dies, a tombstone will record his apocryphal virtues for the example of a future generation. Yet is not the wretched Money-Lender all to blame; his iniquity, base as it is, is assisted by bad laws. The wisdom of the legislature has made poverty punishable; and putting the scourge, iniquitous costs, into the hands of the attorney, he wields the knout for his own especial benefit, to the torture, and sometimes death, of the suffering. "Death!" exclaims the reader, "what exaggeration! Is it possible that so respectable a man as—" Quite possible; worse, quite true. Our hero, soft-spoken as a maid, and sleek-looking as a beaver, has dabbled in blood, but only in the way of the law. The bow-string is unknown in free and happy England; but, be sure of it, innocent reader, *red tape* has its daily victims.

Then, there is the benevolent Money-Lender. The animal that, whilst he devours his man, drops crocodile tears; and, in the act to pounce upon his victim—to feed at his very throat—looks blandly in his face and cries, "What can *I* do?"

There is the humorous Money-Lender. The frank, jovial, companionable fellow, who asks sixty—seventy—a hundred per cent. with a horse-laugh, and thinks the hardest usury the finest joke.

The bacchanal Money-Lender is a common animal. He lends half in gold, and half in poison: so many pounds sterling, and so much bad vinegar, that, having been kept near port, must, as he conceives, have a vinous flavour.

There is the military Money-Lender. He is a captain, whose name and rank have never appeared in "The Army List." Nevertheless, he is a man of most refined honour, and robs with the highest sense of a gentleman. He has a country-house, somewhere; but generally has his letters directed to a tavern, where it will sometimes unfortunately happen he has either just been, or just coming, or where he will not return for many days, as circumstances may direct. He is very often the jackal, the mere hunter, for the greater *carnivora;* and, as an "agent" is not called upon to blush for another party, he will look in your face, and ask your permission to eat you, with eye unblenched, and cheek untinged. He has great connexions; and it is, therefore, a condescension in him to pillage what he denominates a common person; he has, however, if strongly pressed, no

invincible repugnance to make a meal of a tradesman, though his fare, when he can choose it, is generally noblemen in their minority. Nothing so succulent as a peer under age, to be eaten in due time with *post obit* sauce.

Jew Money-Lenders are numerous as the hairs in Aaron's beard; and, for the most part, all alike. They have no variety of character, and have lost the picturesque villany of former centuries. We could feel a degree of sympathy for the outraged Hebrew—the branded, despised, insulted wretch—taking his slow and sure revenge of the oppressors. We could follow him with interest to his coffers, where the despised vagabond, day by day, hoarded power and strength; where he amassed the means of authority; where he built an altar at which even the rigid Christian should be made to bow down and worship. Persecution has ceased, and the Jew Money-Lender is merely a vulgar, ravenous, sordid thing—a horse-leech among leeches.

The Money-Lender and his victims!—If the reader would behold their types, let him wend to the Zoological Gardens, and politely ask to be shewn the remarkably fine boa-constrictor at present adorning the collection of *reptilia*. Shut up in the box with the boa, the reader will perceive some half-dozen pigeons. Innocent, guileless things! They perch on the scaly folds of the monster; they pick up peas near his horrible jaws; and so, dreaming not of the coming day, they live for weeks and weeks. For all this, they are only there to be swallowed. The boa is motionless as a coil of cable; but once in, say, three months, he stirs himself, and, sure as sheriff's officer, gorges his unsuspecting prey—feathers, bones, and all.

Reader! starve, beg, or—no, we must not say, rob—but, whatever you do, eschew the Money-Lender. He who is bound in his bills, though he may think himself a man, is, indeed, only a pigeon, a guinea-pig, a rabbit—with a torpid boa!

THE OLD SQUIRE.

Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desp'rate chase and all his cheats;
How in one day, beneath his furious speed,
He tired seven coursers of the fleetest breed.

GAY.

THE OLD SQUIRE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

The Old Squire, or, in other words, the Squire of the Old School, is the eldest born of John Bull; he is the very "moral of him;" as like him as pea to pea. He has a tolerable share of his good qualities; and as for his prejudices—oh, they are his meat and drink, and the very clothes he wears. He is made up of prejudices,—he is covered all over with them; they are the staple of his dreams, they garnish his dishes, they spice his cup, they enter into his very prayers, and they make his will altogether. His oaks and elms in his park and in his woods, they are sturdy timbers, in troth, and are knotted and gnarled to some purpose, for they have stood for centuries: but what are they to the towering upshoots of his prejudices?—oh, they are mere wands. If he has not stood for centuries, his prejudices have; for they have come down from generation to generation with the family and the estate. They have ridden, to use another figure, like the Old Man of the Sea, on the shoulders of his ancestors, and have skipped from those of one heir to those of the next; and there they sit on his own, most venerable, well-fed, comfortable, ancient, and grey-eyed prejudices, as familiar to their seat as the collar of his coat. He would take cold without them; to part with them would be the death of him. So!—do n't go too near,—do n't let us alarm them; for, in truth, they have had insults, and met with impertinences of late years, and have grown fretful and cantankerous in their old age. Nay, horrid Radicals have not hesitated, in this wicked generation, to aim sundry deadly blows at them, and it has been all that the Old Squire has been able to do to protect them. Then

> "You need not rub them backwards, like a cat,
> If you would see them spit and sparkle up:"

You have only to give one look at them, and they will be all in bristles and fury, like a nest of porcupines.

The Old Squire, like his father, is a sincere lover and a most hearty hater. What does he love? Oh, he loves the country—'t is the only country on the earth that is worth calling a country; and he loves the constitution. But do n't ask him what it is, unless you want to test the hardness of his walking-stick: it is the constitution, the finest thing in the world, and all the better for being, like the Athanasian Creed, a mystery. Of what use is it that the mob should understand it? It is our glorious constitution—that is enough. Arn't you contented to feel how good it is, without going to peer into its very entrails, and, perhaps, ruin it, like an ignorant fellow putting his hand into the works of a clock? Arn't you contented to let the sun shine on you? Do you want to go up and see what it is made of? Well, then, it is the constitution, the finest thing in the world; and, good as the country is, it would be good for nothing without it; no more than a hare would without stuffing; or a lantern without the candle; or the church without the steeple and the ring of bells. Well, he loves the constitution, as he ought to do; for, has it not done well for him and his forefathers? And has it not kept the mob in their places, spite of the French Revolution? And taken care of the national debt? And, has it not taught us all to "fear God and honour the King;" and given the family estate to him, the church to his brother Ned, and put Fred and George into the army and navy? Could there possibly be a better constitution, if the Whigs would but let it alone with their Reform Bills? And, therefore, as he most reasonably loves the dear, old, mysterious, and benevolent constitution to distraction, and places it in the region of his veneration somewhere, in the seventh heaven itself, so he hates everybody and thing that hates it. He hates Frenchmen because he loves his country; and thinks we are dreadfully degenerated that we do not, now-a-days, find some cause, as the wisdom of our ancestors did, to pick a quarrel with them, and give them a good drubbing. Is not all our glory made up of beating the French and the Dutch? and what is to become of history, and the fleet, and the army, if we go on in this way? He does not stop to consider that the army, at least, thrives as well with peace as war; that it continues to increase; that it eats, and drinks, and sleeps as well, and dresses better; and lives a great deal more easily and comfortably in peace than it did in war. But then, what is to become of history, and the drubbing of the French?—who, however, may possibly die of "envy and admiration of our glorious constitution."

The Old Squire loves the laws of England: that is, all the laws that ever were passed by King, Lords, and Commons, especially if they have been passed some twenty years, and he has had to administer them. The Poor Law, and the Game Laws, the Bastardy Law, the Impressment Act, the Riot Act, the Law of Primogeniture, the Law of Capital Punishments; all kinds of private acts for Enclosure of Commons; Turnpike Acts, Stamp Acts, and acts of all sorts; he loves and venerates them all, for they are part and parcel of the statute law of England. As a matter of course, he hates, most religiously, all offenders against such acts. The poor are a very good sort of people,—nay, he has a thorough and hereditary liking for the poor, and they have sundry doles, and messes of soup from the hall, as they had in his father's time, so long as they go to church, and do n't happen to be asleep there when he is awake himself; and do n't come upon the parish, or send bastards there; so long as they take off their hats with all due reverence, and open gates when they see him coming; but if they presume to go to the Methodists' meeting, or to a Radical club, or complain of the price of bread, which is a grievous sin against the Corn Laws; or to poach, which is all crimes in one;—if they fall into any of these sins, oh, then, they are poor devils indeed! Then does the worthy Old Squire hate all the brood of them most righteously: for what are they but atheists, revolutionists, jacobins, chartists, rogues, and vagabonds? With what a frown he scowls on them, as he meets them in one of the narrow old lanes, returning from some camp-meeting or other; how he expects every dark night to hear of ricks being burnt, or pheasants shot. How does he tremble for the safety of the country while they are at large; and with what satisfaction does he grant a warrant to bring them before him; and, as a matter of course, how joyfully, spite of all pleas and protestations of innocence, does he commit them to the treadmill, or to the county gaol, for trial at the quarter sessions. He has a particular affection for the quarter sessions, for there he and his brethren all put together, make, he thinks, a tolerable representation of majesty; and thence he has the vast satisfaction of seeing all the poachers transported beyond the seas. The county gaol and house of correction are particular pets of his. He admires even their architecture, and prides himself especially on the size and massiveness of the prison. He used to extend his fondness even to the stocks; but the treadmill, almost the only modern thing which has wrought such a miracle, has superseded it in his affections, and the ancient stocks now stand deserted, and half lost in a bed of nettles; but he still looks with a

gracious eye on the parish pound, and returns the pinder's touch of his hat with a marked attention, looking upon him as one of the most venerable appendages of antique institutions.

Of course the Old Squire loves the church. Why, it is ancient, and that is enough of itself; but, besides that, all the wisdom of his ancestors belonged to it. His great, great uncle was a bishop; his wife's grandfather was a dean: he has the presentation of the living which is now in the hands of his brother Ned; and he has all the great tithes, which in the days of popery belonged to it, himself. He loves it all the better, because he thinks the upstart dissenters want to pull it down; and he hates all upstarts. And what!—Is it not the church of the Queen, and the ministers, and all the nobility, and of all the old families? It is the only religion for a gentleman; and, therefore, it is his religion. Would the dissenting minister hob-nob as comfortably with him over the after-dinner bottle as Ned does, and play a rubber as comfortably with him, and let him swear a comfortable oath now and then? 'T is not to be supposed. Besides, of what family is this dissenting minister? Where does he spring from? At what university did he graduate? 'T won't do for the Old Squire. No!—the clerk, the sexton, and the very churchwardens for the time-being, partake, in his eye, of the time-tried sanctity of the good old church, and are bound up in the bundle of his affections.

These are a few of the good Old Squire's likings and antipathies, which are just as much part of himself as the entail is of his inheritance. But we shall see yet more of them, when we come to see more of himself and his abode. The Old Squire is turned of three score, and everything is old about him: he lives in an old house, in the middle of an old park, which has a very old wall, and gates so old that, though they are made of oak as hard as iron, they begin to stoop in the shoulders, like the old gentleman himself; and the carpenter, who is an old man too, and has been watching them forty years, in hopes of their tumbling, and gives them a good lusty bang after him every time he passes through, swears they must have been made in the days of King Canute. The Squire has an old coach, drawn by two, and occasionally four, old fat horses, and driven by a jolly old coachman, in which his old lady and his old maiden sister ride; for he seldom gets into it himself, thinking it a thing only fit for women and children, preferring, infinitely, the back of Jack, his old roadster.

If you went to dine with him, you would find him just as you would have found his father; not a thing has been changed since his days. There is the great entrance-hall, with its cold stone floor and

its fine tall-backed chairs, and an old walnut-tree cabinet; and on the walls, a quantity of stags' horns, with caps and riding-whips hung on them; and the pictures of his ancestors, in their antiquated dresses, and slender, tarnished, antiquated frames. In his drawing-room, you will find none of your new grand pianos, and fashionable couches and ottomans; but an old spinet, and a fiddle, another set of those long-legged long-backed chairs, two or three little settees, a good massy table, and a fine large carved mantel-piece, with bright steel dogs, instead of a mere modern stove, and logs of oak burning if it be cold. At table, all his plate is of the most ancient make; and he drinks toasts and healths in tankards of ale that is strong enough to make a horse reel, but which he continually vows is as mild as mother's milk, and would n't hurt an infant. He has an old rosy butler; and loves very old venison, which fills the whole house with its perfume while roasting; and an old double Gloucester cheese, full of jumpers and mites; and after it a bottle of old port, at which he is often joined by the parson, and always by a queer, quiet sort of a tall thin man, in a seedy black coat, and with a crimson face, bearing testimony to the efficacy of the Squire's port and "mother's milk." This man is always to be seen about, and has been these twenty years: he goes with the Squire a coursing and shooting, and into the woods with him; he carries his shot-belt and powder-flask, and gives him out his chargings and his copper caps. He is as often seen about the steward's house; and he comes in and out of the Squire's just as he pleases, always seating himself in a particular chair near the fire, and pinches the ears of the dogs, and gives the cat, now and then, a pinch of snuff, as she lies sleeping in a chair; and when the Squire's old lady says, "How *can* you do so, Mr. Wagstaff?" he only gives a quiet chuckling laugh, and says, "Oh, they like it, madam; they like it, you may depend." That is the longest speech he ever makes, for he seldom does more than say "Yes" and "No" to what is said to him, and still oftener only gives a quiet smile, and a sort of little nasal "hum." The Squire has a vast affection for him, and always walks up to the little chamber which is allotted to him, once a week, to see that the maid does not neglect it; though at table he cuts many a sharp joke upon Wagstaff, to which Wagstaff only returns a smile and a shake of the head, which is more full of meaning to the Squire than a long speech. Such is the Old Squire's constant companion.

But we have not yet done with the Squire's antiquities. He has an old woodman, an old shepherd, an old justice's clerk, and almost all his farmers are old. He seems to have an antipathy to everything

that is not old; young men are his aversion; they are such coxcombs, he says, now-a-days. The only exception is a young woman. He always was a great admirer of the fair sex; though we are not going to rake up the floating stories of the neighbourhood about the gallantries of his youth; but his lady, who is justly considered to have been as fine a woman as ever stepped in shoe-leather, is a striking proof of his judgment in women. Never, however, does his face relax into such pleasantness of smiles, and humorous twinkles of the eyes, as when he is in company with young ladies. He is full of sly compliments and knowing hints about their lovers, and is universally reckoned amongst them, a "dear old gentleman." When he meets a blooming country damsel crossing the park, or as he rides along a lane, he is sure to stop and have a word with her. "Aha, Mary! I know you there! I can tell you by your mother's eyes and lips that you 've stole away from her. Ay, you 're a pretty slut enough, but I remember your mother: gad! I don't know whether you are entitled to carry her slippers after her! But never mind, you 're handsome enough; and I reckon you 're going to be married directly. Well, well, I won't make you blush so; good bye, Mary, good bye! Father and mother are both hearty—eh?"

The routine of the Old Squire's life may be summed up in a sentence. Hearing cases, and granting warrants and licences, and making out commitments, as justice; going through the woods, to look after the growth, and trimming, and felling of his trees; going out with his keeper, to reconnoitre the state of his covers and preserves; attending quarter sessions; dining occasionally with the judge on circuit; attending the county ball and the races; hunting and shooting, dining, and singing a catch or glee with Wagstaff and the parson, over his port. He has a large dingy room, surrounded with dingy folios and books in vellum bindings, which he calls his library. Here he sits as justice; and here he receives his farmers on rent days, and a wonderful effect it has on their imaginations; for who can think otherwise than that the Squire must be a prodigious scholar, seeing all that array of big books? And, in fact, the Old Squire is a great reader in his own line. He reads "The Times," daily, and he reads "Guillam's Heraldry," "The History of the Landed Gentry," "Rapin's History of England," and all the works of Richardson, Fielding, and Sterne, whom he declares to be the greatest writers that England ever produced, or ever will produce.

But the Old Squire is not without his troubles. In his serious judgment, all the world is degenerating. The nation is running headlong to ruin. "Lord, how different it was in my time!" is his con-

tinual exclamation. The world now is completely turned topsy-turvy. Here is the Reform Bill, the New Poor Law, which, though it does make sharp work amongst the "rogues and vagabonds," yet has sorely shorn the authority of magistrates. Here are the New Game Laws; new books—all trash and nonsense; and these harum-scarum railroads, cutting up the country, and making it dangerous to be riding out anywhere. "Just," says he, "as a sober gentleman is riding quietly by the side of his wood, bang! goes that 'hell-in-harness,' a steam engine, past; up goes the horse, and down goes the rider to a souse into the ditch and a broken collar-bone."

Then, all the world is running now all over the continent, learning all sorts of Frenchified airs and fashions, and notions, and beggaring themselves into the bargain: he never set foot on the d——d beggarly frog-eating continent, not he! It was thought enough to live at-home, and eat good roast beef, and sing "God save the King," in his time; but now, a man is looked upon as a mere clown who has not run so far round the world that he can seldom ever find his way back to his estate again, but stops short in London, where all the extravagance and nonsense in creation is concentred, to help our mad gentry out of their wits and their money together. The Old Squire groans here, in earnest; for his daughter, who has married Sir Benjamin Spankitt, and his son Tom, who has married the Lady Barbara Ridemdown, are as mad as the rest of them.

Of Tom, the young squire, we shall take a more complete view anon. But there is another of the Old Squire's troubles yet to be noticed, and that is in the shape of an upstart. One of the worst features of the times is the growth and spread of upstarts. Old families going down, as well as old customs, and new people, who are nobody, taking their places; old estates bought up, not by the old gentry, who are scattering their money in London, and amongst all the grinning Monsieurs, Mynheers, and Signores, on the frogified continent, but by the soap-boilers and sugar-bakers of London. Ask him, as you ride out with him by the side of great woods or venerable parks, "What old family lives here?" "Old family!" he exclaims, with an air of angry astonishment, "old family! Where do you see old families now-a-days? That is Sir Peter Post, the great horse-racer, who was a stable-boy not twenty years ago; and that great brick house on the hill there, is the seat of one of the great Bearrings, who have made money enough among the bulls and bears to buy up the estates of half the fools hereabout. But that is nothing: I can assure you men are living in halls and abbeys in this part, who began their lives in butchers' shops and in cobblers' stalls."

It might, however, be tolerated that merchants, and lawyers, stock-jobbers, and even sugar-bakers and soap-boilers, should buy up the old houses; but the most grievous nuisance and perpetual thorn in the Old Squire's side is Abel Grundy, the son of an old wheelwright, who, by dint of his father's saving and his own sharpness, has grown into a man of substance, under the Squire's own nose. Abel began by buying odds and ends of lands and scattered cottages, which did not attract the Squire's notice; till, at length, a farm being to be sold, which the Squire meant to have, and did not fear any opponent, Abel Grundy bid for it and bought it, striking the old steward actually dumb with astonishment; and then it was found that all the scattered lots which Grundy had been buying up lay on one side or other of this farm, and made a most imposing whole. To make bad worse, Grundy, instead of taking off his hat when he met the Old Squire, now began to lift up his own head very high; built a grand house on the land, plump opposite the Squire's hall gates; has brought a grand wife, a rich citizen's daughter; set up a smart carriage; and, as the Old Squire is riding out on his old horse Jack, with his groom behind him, on a roan pony, with a whitish mane and tail, the said groom having his master's great coat strapped to his back, as he always has on such occasions, drives past with a dash and a cool air of impudence that are most astonishing.

The only comfort the Old Squire has in the case is in talking of the fellow's low origin. "Only to think," says he, "that this fellow's father had n't even wood enough to make a wheelbarrow till my family helped him; and that I have seen this scoundrel himself scraping manure in the high roads, before he went to the village school in a morning, with his toes peeping out of his shoes, and his shirt hanging, like a rabbit's tail, out of his ragged trowsers; and now the puppy talks of 'my carriage,' and 'my footman,' and says that 'he and *his lady purpoze* to spend the winter in *the* Town,' meaning London!"

Wagstaff laughs at the Squire's bitter criticism on Abel Grundy, and shakes his head; but he cannot shake the chagrin out of the old gentleman's heart. Abel Grundy's upstart greatness will be the death of the Old Squire.

THE BALLET-MISTRESS.

Twisting, twirling, body bending,
On the light, fantastic toe.

KILLING NO MURDER.

THE BALLET-MISTRESS.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Venus and Mars—Cupid and the Graces—Zephyrs, Naiäds, Hamadryads, Gnomes, Elfs, with all the host of Fairy-land—are the daily and nightly familiars of the Ballet-Mistress. To the unreflecting, she may, indeed, be no other than plain Madame Proudfoot; but a due consideration of her functions invests her with the highest romance. All her thoughts—like the thoughts of the episcopacy—are to raise her followers as high above the earth as it is permitted to the flesh to mount; and when, indeed, her pupils tread *terra firma*, they walk it mincingly, delicately; like pouter pigeons, they are to seem as though a word, a sound, were all-sufficient to startle them into the blue serene.

The Ballet-Mistress lives by "the shores of old romance." She may, indeed, have lodgings in a street out of the Strand, but the abode of her spirit is in mossy dells—by haunted streams—in the soft solemnity of classic groves—in fairy rings—in wild, enchanted fastnesses; now with the spirit of some Rhine-valley, and now with Pan, piping in Arcadia.

"How is this possible?" asks the reader. "What! Madame Proudfoot—the portly, mundane, cosey Madame Proudfoot, with an invincible yearning for hot suppers, and a constitutional regard for Burton ale—she an inhabitant of the realms of fairy? she a dweller in the land of romance?" Truly, yes: how, indeed, as the reader shall confess, should it be otherwise?

Observe, sir, that score of little spirits. The youngest may, perhaps, be five years old, and the most aged eleven. They are clothed in fragments of white clouds, here and there edged with a bit of blue. They advance with a wonderful unanimity of leg and arm; they jump three paces forward—three back—three to the right—three to the left; as, it is well known, spirits are wont. Now, sir, these joyous creatures—albeit their faces are fixed as faces of wax—are no other than a part of the train of the Queen of the

Coral Lake: her watery kingdom being situated some thousand leagues beyond the territory of her rival, the Queen of the Valley of Topazes. All these spirits are the offspring of Madame Proudfoot: not, indeed, her children in the vulgar, caudle-cup sense; but the babes of her mind—the creatures of her imagination—the progeny of her immortal essence. She has taken mortal flesh and blood, mere clay, and has etherealised the earthy substance into spirits. Little does an unreflecting (may we add an ungrateful?) public regard the labours of Proudfoot! When troops of spirits are tripping, or floating, or all serenely standing upon one leg before a callous generation, how little is the magic of the Ballet-Mistress considered—how little her benign influence, that, from the homeliest materials, has raised and disciplined a glittering, volant body-guard for a fairy queen!

But the careless world shall be compelled to admit the claims of the Ballet-Mistress on its gratitude—its esteem. Be it our pleasant task to make manifest her merits. Behold the first fairy—some six spans of humanity, with sloe-black eyes, glossy hair, and innocent mouth: she is familiarly known amongst her late companions of Martlett Court as Becky Sims; Miss Sims in the theatre; and, in the play-bill, a fairy, or attendant spirit. What a promotion for Miss Rebecca Sims! What an elevation of thought—what a glorious region for her future days and nights. She descends from the three-pair back room—her mother, it may be, chars in the theatre, and has, in a lucky hour, obtained the ear of Madame Proudfoot—to take upon her the dignity, and with it the fine clothes and gossamer wings, of a fairy. Such, her happy destiny; but with the hopes of Becky Sims commence the labours of Madame Proudfoot. Is it nothing, think ye, to take plebeian infancy, and instruct it in the necessary elevation of toe, without which a dancer is of no more account than a rheumatic grasshopper? But here the consummate skill, the triumph of the Ballet-Mistress. In a few weeks, and her pupils are as completely fairies as though they had been born in a hare-bell and nursed upon honey-dew. It is impossible to discover in them Becky Sims, of Martlett Court—Sally Jones, of Drury Lane—Rachel Lazarus, of Vinegar Yard—and Ruth Moss, late of the Minories. No: they are fairies, Arcadian villagers, sprites of the lake, of the mine, or the mountain, as the call may determine.

The Ballet-Mistress outlives many generations of her scholars, spiritualised as they may be. What bands of sprites has Madame Proudfoot seen wax into mere women! How many a sylph has she

known go to church with a masculine mortal! How many who ought to have wended thither, but never did! How many a Cupid has she lived to see with whiskers!

The Ballet-Mistress is a person of extraordinary knowledge. She has all the Pantheon, not only by heart, but at her toe. In a trice she will make known to you the very step with which Venus approached Adonis: will give you the retreating stride of the boar-loving stripling, to be followed up by another step of the Queen of Love, equally authentic with the first, accompanied with a passionate look, and arms eloquently wreathing; the whole as acted, ages since, in Greece, without the permission of the ill-used Vulcan. With Diana and Endymion, the Ballet-Mistress is equally well acquainted; she can instruct the nymphs when to advance, and when to retreat, with a precision, it would appear, only to be known by one who had assisted at the original ceremony.

We will be sworn for it, that the English Ballet-Mistress never read Apuleius; yet, how knowing is she in the courtship of Cupid—in the wrongs and sufferings of the persecuted Psyche! Hundreds of times has she given us her own commentary on the fable; an ignorance of the fable itself—a matter common with commentators—being no let or hindrance to her liberality. Hence, the Ballet-Mistress is ennobled by the ethereal presences which are her hourly society; let her be naturally as prosaic as an apple-woman, it cannot be but that the excellent company she keeps must have a deep and subtle influence on her thoughts; yea, even on her every-day deportment. It is impossible, we think, to have an intimate ac-acquaintance with gods and goddesses for twenty, five and twenty, thirty years—a privilege enjoyed by some Ballet-Mistresses—without shewing some of the benefits of society. If not, what, we should like to know, does good company go for?

There was Madame Etoile, a great Ballet-Mistress; "great because so small." She had, in early life, met with a misfortune on the London boards. Let us not be mistaken. Madame Etoile was even more fleshy than Juno; and, on more than one occasion, whilst performing a *pas seul*, the foot-lights were suddenly extinguished. It was but natural that Madame Etoile should charge all the world—that is, all the people in the theatre—with a conspiracy against her! How, otherwise, was it possible that the stage-lamps should go out? The manager, with that spirited alacrity only known to managers, took up the quarrel: watch was set, but no one approached the lights; again, however, they went out. The truth was promptly discovered by the lamp-lighter, who triumphantly

made known the mishap:—Madame Etoile was become so heavy, that, whenever she appeared in a *pas seul*, she, in the words of her accuser, "danced the *cottons down!*" Being instantly discharged, Madame Etoile indignantly threw up her engagement, retiring to the rural districts.

Though Madame Etoile danced in many barns, she was still, every inch, a Ballet-Mistress. Not one love had deserted her; not one grace but accompanied her to Reigate, and Pinner, and Boxhill, and Cranbrook, and the "large room" at the Crown Tavern, and the Assembly House at Barking. What London did after her departure, we cannot imagine; for she seemed to have brought away with her all the importance of the metropolitan stage. Though her foot might, on the testimony of the lamp-lighter, have been heavy, no Ballet-Mistress ever had so light a heart. She was a worthy companion for the actor in "Gil Blas;" and would have eaten the brook-steeped crusts as though they had been *beccafichi;* which we the more readily particularise, as our Ballet-Mistress was of Italian descent, with a slight dash from Paris. We see her now, rouged as if she "never would grow old." Her face, slightly picked with the small-pox, powdered and reddened a fair quarter-inch thick, one smile of reception; her figure, short, and somewhat thickish, but agile as a snake. Her walk was a succession of hops and curtsies. She would fairly take the High Street of a country town, no one of the inhabitants—not even the attorney or surgeon's daughter—disputing the road. All the grace and glory of the Italian Opera seemed to hover about her, and—she knew it. Her bonnet, though of commonest fabric, seemed perched upon her head for conquest: her gown, though cotton, had a sweep, a fulness, a flutter, and an airiness, that still took us to the ballet. It was impossible to consider Madame Etoile an ordinary woman. There was, moreover, a mystery about her early years. We have heard it stated, that her unfeeling parents had, for some reason, destined her to become a nun. We believe that she had amply revenged herself of any such intended rigour. Her conversation was scarcely of this world, though made up of not the very purest English, and worse French: still, at every second sentence, she would conjure the divine powers to scatter all sorts of blessings on the party she addressed, who, whether it were a patroness of a benefit, or a laundress importunate for fourteenpence, was still "an angel of a woman," or "the most blessed of creatures." It was also common with her to call grandmothers "lovely maids," and even great-grandmothers "charming virgins." Poor Madame Etoile! like a painted canoe in a storm, she seemed

to 'shoot through the troubles of life, with nought about her to remind us of the hurricane. She lived amidst fairies, being herself always the principal sprite. If not a fairy, she was, half the morning of rehearsal, and some part of the night, a village maiden of the golden age, with muslin petticoats, pink-bound muslin apron, and paste-board hat: her only care, that she could not have a double-hornpipe with Colin, until the old woman, her grandmother, was asleep; and then she would dance only to be discovered, and, finally, married to her lover. All this was the stuff which made the life of Madame Etoile; and though certain hours would intervene between the theatre and the humble lodging, they were yet tinted with the coming or the departed glory of the night. It is this continued call of the ideal on the player that renders actors less affected than any other persons by the visitation of adversity. The man is so often out of himself in the actor, that half his being is, in some measure, ideal. He leaves a cold hearth, an empty cupboard, and a frowning landlady; he hies to the theatre, dons the robes of *Richard*, and is raised beyond "the ignorant present" by applauding hundreds. The reaction may, we admit, be strong; but actors cannot—certainly, they do not—hug misery to them with so tenacious a grasp as other men. It was thus with Madame Etoile; it must be thus with your true Ballet-Mistress. She is away from this dull world hours and hours out of the twenty-four, jigging it with nymphs and fairies. Poor Madame Etoile! Watteau might have painted her—there was in her such a mixture of the old-fashioned, the picturesque, and the assumed poetic. Her end was peculiar and significant (we write no fable). She became old—five-and-forty—and, we will be sworn for it, without ever dreaming that she had Venus for a pattern, positively united herself to a tinker.

The Ballet-Mistress must, by her calling, be a great reader. Hence, she is acquainted with the precise steps danced in every corner of the earth, from Kamschatka to the Ghaut mountains. Look at Madame Proudfoot! At this moment, she is instructing four-and-twenty young ladies—many with their hair in paper, most of them with shawls, kerchiefs, tippets, or boas about their necks—in the true salutation due from Circassian slaves to the happy native nobleman who has bought them.

Four-and-twenty! No—not so many; for one fair Circassian has shrunk from the sisterhood to eat some bread and cheese—it is "such a long rehearsal."

Let the reader, when he next beholds all the graceful mysteries of a ballet, acknowledge the consequence of the Mistress.

THE MUTE.

BY MRS. GORE.

Death hath its vanities, and these are of them!—Which of us hath not been startled, on some bright midsummer morning, when the sunshine streams, as with a vengeance, on the glowing pavement—or on one of those still more gorgeous days of autumn, that seem purposed to shed their rays on dahlias, sunflowers, hollyhocks, and other gauds—by the contrast of two masses of gloom, stationed in stedfast sadness on either side the entrance of some human habitation; types of the sorrow that weepeth within; or, it may be, indications to the hearse and mourning coaches at what door they are to stop, in order to receive as a senseless burden what was wont to step forth animate and cheerful into the sunshine, over that accustomed threshold?—

These sable statues are the Mutes of a funeral ceremony!—Habited from top to toe in suits of sables, their faces composed to decent sympathy with the lugubrious ceremonial of the day, they assume their post shortly after daylight, in order to preserve tranquillity around the house of mourning; an aim accomplished by hanging out a banner of woe, which never fails to collect upon the pavement before the door all the errand boys and idle apprentices of the neighbourhood; the young children to gaze with wondering eyes upon those mysterious symbols of death—the elder ones to gossip over the name and nature, demise and sepulture, of the defunct; of what doctors he died, to what heirs his lands and tenements are to descend. The milkwoman stands, open-mouthed, to listen; while into the basket of the transfixed greengrocer's boy (whose eyes are fascinated by those living signposts of the dwelling whose wine-cup is a chalice of tears) dive the cunning fingers of a ragged urchin, in search of the sour plumbs and bruised apples, for which half the cook-maids in the neigbourhood are waiting to compound the confections of the day. The crowd thickens;—and a squabble ensues between the juvenile delinquent and the careless errand-boy; who, hanging his basket of fruit and vegetables on the

THE MUTE.

To do obsequious sorrow.

SHAKESPEARE

area rails, while he pursues his search for the stolen goods into the pockets of the ragamuffin, is relieved, in the interim, by further peculations, of a still heavier burden of his master's property. Some of the bystanders take part with the victim, some with the thief. The tender mother of the latter runs slipshod from a neighbouring court to protect the interests of her offspring; but a handful of damsons having been brought to light from the lining of his dirty jacket, she proceeds to bestow a hearty cuffing on the criminal, who repays it with a lusty roar. Again the crowd divides itself into factions; some quoting Solomon in favour of the mother, others quoting the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in behalf of the child. Like the debates of a higher place, argument soon degenerates into vociferation. All threaten, all bawl, all bellow. The tumult demands the interference of a policeman. More disputes, more railing against constituted authorities. And all this uproar, because the vain-gloriousness of human nature requires that a door whence the dead are about to be borne forth to decay, should be pointed out to vulgar notice by the attendance of those twins of Erebus, a couple of undertaker's Mutes!—

Yet, how wondrous the genius of these professionals! Throughout the street-brawl that grew, shouted, and subsided, before their eyes, not a token of human frailty in their stedfast countenances! True to their denomination, they breathed not so much as a word of reprehension to the budding *Abershaw*, when they saw him in the fact of abstraction; not a word of entreaty to the enraged mother, whose blows pommelled his head and shoulders with a forty-horse power of maternal castigation. They took no part with either the *Capulets* or the *Montagues* of the mob; the *Neri*, or chimney-sweeps, the *Bianchi*, or bakers' boys. They looked on unmoved, like marble effigies upon a tomb. Their eyes so much as blinked not; their very noses refrained from contemptuous commentation: they kept silence, yea, even from good words: *they were Mutes!*—

Let it not be inferred, however, that Mutes are an inevitable fringe upon the sable garment of death. On the continent of Europe, their office is performed by proxy. On the day of burial, funereal draperies (black or white, as the sex and age of the defunct may be) are suspended, at early morn, across the ground floor of the house of death; which, being level with the causeway, and undivided from it by an area, is easily attainable. This drapery is of serge or velvet, plain or garnished with silver, according to the means of the family. For the noble, it is furthermore adorned with

heraldic escutcheons; by the opulent, it is even overscattered with silver tears and palms of triumph. For though "dust to dust" is the universal sentence of mortality, there is dust *and* dust! There is the dust of Rothschilds, and the dust of paupers; there was the dust of Dryden, which was bandied about for burial between the poverty of his family and the brutal jests of an insolent lordling; there was the dust of Frauenlob, the minne-singer, borne forth by the fairest damsels, clad in white, chanting his own sweet songs to the place of interment. There was the dust of Sheridan, snatched from the hands of the bailiff to be escorted to the immortality of the Abbey, by dukes and earls, eager to catch the reflection of the last gleam of his renown: and there is the dust of those whose coffins are made the rallying point of the seditious, who shake their clenched fists at government and spit their venom at the throne, under sanction of a hat-band and weepers.

But there is also the dust of the poor and nameless:—people, whose career on earth has been one of duty and submission;—people, over whose casual coffin the hearts that loved them have not leisure to break, lest those should starve who depend upon their labours for daily bread. These must be thrust into the grave in haste. These leave no memory to the multitude. In foreign lands, they boast no drapery of the *pompes funébres* above their doorway; at home, no nodding plumes. No ragged throng gathers before their threshold to see the coffin, covered with a parish pall, paraded beneath the lidless eye of heaven. The holiness of solitude is there, even amid the crowded city. Nature herself hath stationed beside their door, the unseen Mute.

It is often said that a man must be born an artist. Surely a Mute also must be a Mute by imprescriptible right. There is no accounting for tastes—there is no accounting for trades. To be a butcher, a dentist, a surgeon, a scavenger, may be "the gift of fortune;" but, to be a Mute at a funeral, must "come by nature." What but the decree of Providence can create that rigid immobility of feature—that leadenness of eye—that stoniness of brow—that more than military uprightness of deportment; not altogether like the African, "God's image cut in ebony," but an abstraction of sable woe, scarcely vivified by the touch of life. A mummy has more animation in it than the accomplished Mute in the discharge of his duties; and when stationed beside some aristocratic doorway in St. James's Square (to bespeak reverence for the ennobled clay, covered with crimson velvet glittering with cherubim of gold), the black marble figure of a knight templar, upon his tomb in some

mildewed cathedral, is not more rigidly unexistent than the well-drilled Mute.

Accident, however, hath sometimes created the singular individual which one might suppose a forethought of Providence.

In a cheerful, sunshiny cottage, on the Severn side, there once rolled upon the floor a chubby child, whose skin was glossy with healthfulness, whose eyes bright with joy, whose voice a carol, whose cheek red as the apples clustering in the tree that spread its knotty, shapeless branches beside the little homestead. Jem Willett was a pledge of joy to his parents,—for he was a firstborn; a ray of the sun of promise, which, in the early days of matrimony, beams alike for rich and poor; and he was dandled by his father, and hugged by his mother, till a little Jack came to claim a share in the family endearments. Still, Jem was the favourite. He was the first! He was such a merry, lightsome-hearted, little fellow. Nor was it till a whole tribe of Toms and Neds, Bets and Sals, put forth equal rights with himself to slices of the brown loaf, that poor Jem's humble garments were suffered to go ragged, and he was allowed to crawl to bed with the rest, unblest by the caresses of a parent. But what leisure had father or mother for domestic love?—Their bread was embittered by its scantiness;—the staff of life was a slender staff in their hands.—Taxed to support the waste and wantonness of the great castle whose towers were visible from their cottage door, the loaf, which was their luxury, scarcely sufficed their wants: and how could they be expected to love the children whose cries of hunger distracted their poor hovel?—The caress became a cuff; the tender word, a curse. The children were sent out to work. It was something that they were not sent out to beg!—

Yet, in spite of these clinging cares, there was an inborn joyousness in poor Jem Willett's nature, that would not be repressed. He seemed to whoop and halloo the louder for his rags; and even want sat so lightly on him, that "his cheek so much as paled not." A better fortune seemed reserved for him, than for his brother and sister starvelings. While one or two were draughted into a factory-team of drag-children, while Jack became a cow-boy, Bill a climbing-boy, and Tom the drudge of a collier's barge, Jem (who was growing up what the linen-drapers' advertisements call "a genteel youth") was apprenticed to a carpenter: apprenticed by the benevolence of the parish, which was now sole proprietor of Richard Willett's lame widow and fifteen children, the husband and father having fallen a victim to small gains and a large family,—high rent, and low fever.—

Jem was now the happiest of boys; that is, he had as much bread as he could eat, and a little more work than he could do. But a humane, intelligent master put him in the way of doing it in the best manner. He was an improving lad. By the time he was out of his apprenticeship, he became a good workman. Bill had been put out of his miseries by opportune suffocation in a narrow flue, belonging to the county member, at Marrowbone Hall;—Tom had *fallen* overboard, after a severe banging from his tyrant, and was gone to feed the lampreys of the Severn;—Jack was becoming almost as great a brute as the beasts he tended;—and the factory brother and sisters were slaved, gassed, and drubbed into a transfiguration tripartite of the yellow dwarf. But Jem was gay and rubicund as ever; well-grown, well-fed, well-taught,—a good-humoured, good-looking fellow as ever breathed.

Unluckily, the result of this even temper and comely aspect, was an early marriage. On finding that he could earn eighteen shillings a-week, one of the prettiest lasses in Gloucestershire persuaded him that it was too large a sum for his single enjoyment; and Jem Willett, like Richard Willett before him, became a father at so early an age, that there was little chance of his surviving to become a grandfather. He chose to gird on the crown of thorns, without allowing time for the previous expansion of its roses. He chose to jump from boyhood to middle age, without allotting a moment to the pleasures of youth.

Nevertheless, the plane and the chisel sped prosperously. Jem was never out of employ,—never sick,—never sorry. Children came; ay, and on one occasion, twins, who seemed to bring a blessing with them; for Jem Willett's household throve in proportion to its increase.

But, alas! the sin which—ere the foundations of this earth were laid—marred the harmony of primeval heaven, is still predominant below.—The Willetts were ambitious! Jem's pretty wife had been three years in service in London, before a visit to her friends in Gloucester converted her into the wife of the handsome young carpenter. Poor Mary could not forget Cheapside; and had a natural hankering after St. Paul's Church-yard. The High Street of Gloucester was not worthy to hold a candle to the Strand, among whose gay haberdashers' shops her green and salad days had passed. In the clear atmosphere of her country home, she pined after the smother of the metropolis; and, like others of her sex, from Eve modernwards, contrived to win over her partner to her fault. Her faithful Jem was taught to believe

that there was no promotion for him in a country town; that so good a workman might enjoy, in London, the wages of a cabinet-maker; and that two days' journey with his family, in the Gloucester wagon, was all that was wanting to convert his eighteen shillings per week into six-and-thirty. They were before-hand with the world. They had seven-and-forty pounds to draw out of the savings' bank, to establish them in London. It shewed a poor heart, according to Mary Willett, to sit down contented with their humble fortunes, when "happiness courted them in its best array." In short, after some prudential misgivings on the part of Jem, the woman persuaded him, and he did go. Their goods and chattels were sold off at considerable loss, but still so as to add some pounds to their capital; and having put money in their purse, and stowed away their five children under the awning of the wagon which was to prove their chariot of fortune, away they snail's-paced it, along that great western road, which has conveyed to Hyde Park Corner so many aspirants after metropolitan promotion.

Few are destined to reach it in such piteous plight as Jem Willett and his wife!—Within eight miles of London, thanks to an insufficient lantern and inefficient wagoner, the huge vehicle was overturned into a paviour's hole; and Jem all but crushed into nothingness, by the weight of a huge bale of merchandise.—The infant in his arms never breathed again!—The mangled father was transported upon straw, in a light cart, to St. George's Hospital, with his family, all of whom were more or less injured by the accident; and, at the expiration of a year from their departure from the country, the Willetts were settled in a squalid lodging of a by-street in Chelsea, with three out of their five children remaining, and two pounds ten, out of their forty-nine.

There was misery in the little household,—past, present, and in expectation. It was in vain that poor Mary cursed her restless spirit as the cause of all. Her self-accusations yielded no fuel to their empty grate; no food to their hungry mouths. A severe injury received by Jem in the right shoulder, at the time of his accident, incapacitated him for the carpenter's bench, and all other manual labour; nor could the poor people devise any mode of gaining a living for a man who was no scholar, and had not connexions to back him in applications for employment, as light porter to some house of business.

It was a sorry time. The winter was a hard one,—their money gone; even the last half-crown in their little treasury had been changed to purchase provisions for the day. Mary was eager with

her husband to make an application for parochial relief, such as might be the means of getting them passed back into Gloucestershire. She knew that they should be no better off there than in London. But it was their *own place*. They should hear familiar voices; their eyes would rest upon familiar spots; their hands be clasped in those of the humble friends of their childhood. There would be somebody to look upon their half-starved babes, and say, "God speed them!"—

But Jem resisted. Though his early condition had familiarised him with the shame of pauperism, yet the independence his own exertions had since achieved, had taught him pride. It was pleasanter to hope,—it was almost pleasanter to starve, than to confront that bitter tribunal, a Monday board.

Another day came; and Mary, who had looked so wistfully upon the last half-crown ere she could make up her mind to change it, found herself looking, with exactly the same shuddering, upon their last sixpence!—In the interim, their prospects had darkened. Jem had been refused work in various quarters, where he had flattered himself his crippled powers were still available. "You don't look strong enough," was the universal reply; and on returning from a grocer's, in Whitechapel, to whom he had taken a recommendation for employment in his warehouse, he found the eldest girl, a delicate slip of a thing, unable to bear up against the squalor and wretchedness with which she was surrounded, suffering under a violent attack of ague; the disease, of all others, requiring the administration of wholesome nourishment.

"She will die! She will follow her dear brother and sister!" faltered the poor fellow, rushing from the house, determined to seek for his sick child the parochial aid he had been too proud to seek for himself; and as he went along, the temptation was almost too strong to escape from the slow agonies of life, by plunging himself headlong into the Thames, that ran, temptingly, within reach. It was December; and the dingy waters rippled on, like the waves of an unclean element, under a heavy autumnal fog that shut out all prospect of the sky. How different from the dancing waters of his own translucent Severn; the friend and companion of his merry childhood!—The reminiscence brought back careful thoughts of his dead brothers;—of his old mother, the inmate of a poor-house; of toil and sorrow, hunger and cold,—till Jem Willett could not help feeling that it was a sorry world for those who, like himself, were born to work out the condemnation of the first human sin.

His eyes were red with unshed tears, his nose blue with heart-chill and a north-west wind, his features pinched, his looks meagre; it might almost be added, his "bones marrowless—his blood cold." Yet a sort of fierce striving against evil fortune, caused him to maintain a firm demeanour, and to erect his head to the utmost stretch, as he was about to enter the workhouse gate.

Such was the origin of the after fortunes of Jem Willett!—Ere he could cross the fatal threshold, he found himself civilly accosted by a solemn individual, who announced himself as "Mr. Screw, the eminent Knightsbridge upholsterer;" and the long rambling conversation that ensued, ended in Jem Willett's quitting the premises, "attached to the establishment" of his new acquaintance, at twelve shillings a-week wages, and the promise of advancement. He was about to be converted into a MUTE!

Jem was to enter upon his functions on the morrow. He was in fact as great an acquisition to Screw, as Screw to him. The Knightsbridge upholsterer and undertaker having been bereaved of one of his standard Mutes, by the great master and commander of his gloomy trade, was sadly at a loss for a fellow of sufficiently doleful countenance to match the fine funereal face of the survivor. "Poor Bill Hobbs, who was dead and gone, was a treasure; a man whom it brought tears into the eyes of the multitude to look on. He confessed he never expected to find an adequate substitute for Bill Hobbs. All he could expect of his new adherent was, to do his best,—that is, look his worst; and if he gave satisfaction to the customers, he might count upon eighteen shillings a-week, at the close of the winter. Perhaps, if the influenza was about and it proved a good burying season, something might be done sooner."

Poor Jem was beside himself with joy! Such an unexpected stroke of good fortune,—such manna in the desert,—such corn in Egypt!—His wife wept for gladness when she heard of his promotion. To be sure, it was not exactly the line of employment he would have solicited; not exactly the duty that the fair, chubby, laughing Jem seemed brought into the world to perform. But misery brings down the spirits to an incalculably low level; and Jem seemed to fancy it might be satisfactory to his poor disabled frame, to array itself in a decent garb of woe, and stand sentinel at the gates of death.

During the first week, he gave unqualified satisfaction. No advance having been made to him by Screw, whose name was prophetic of his nature, Jem had to endure the torment of taking up his position of a foggy morning, without having broken his fast,

after sitting up all night beside the pallet of his groaning child; and so piteous was his countenance, under sorrows and privations thus accumulated, as to excite the envy of his sable brother, as well as the admiration of his new master. Screw looked upon him as a Mute of genius. His countenance was something between that of Quixote, Reynolds's Ugolino, and the man who "drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night." His stomach was empty; his heart sinking with the idea of the family affliction, of which he was the outward and visible sign; his soul sickening at the whispered allusions of his professional brother on the opposite side the door, to "stiff'uns and black jobs, shrouds and winding sheets, pick-axes and shovels!" The last funeral in which Jem had borne a part, was that of one of his own beloved babes; and he could not hear a coffin made a theme for jesting! Mr. Screw and his men, when they drew up the hearse and mourning coaches to the door, were as much struck with the appropriate air and features of the new Mute, as some might be by the proportions of the Venus de Medicis. He was an honour to the profession;—tall and solemn as a cypress;—a frontispiece, foretelling the nature of a tragic volume. Screw went even so far as to advance him eight shillings, for the use of his family, on the Thursday night; an act of liberality unprecedented in the annals of his establishment. Nay, as the scarlet fever was rife in Chelsea, before the close of the month, the new Mute was raised to the promised modicum of eighteen shillings per week.

All now went well in his little household. The young ravens were fed, and Mary's clothes gradually returned from the pawnbroker's; and though Jem's vocation was still loathsome to him,—though he could scarcely restrain his tears when he saw white feathers nodding over the vehicle that bore forth the little coffin of some only hope from the roof of its parents, to be cast into the wintry earth,—the sensibility which made his calling thus distasteful rendered him invaluable to his master. While the Mutes of other establishments, or former Mutes of his own, degraded their scarfs and hatbands, by being seen tossing off a glass of gin, or a well-crested pot of porter, with their insignia of office fluttering about them, thereby bringing into discredit the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious undertakership, Jem was always dumb as death, and moulded in clay that required no wetting. He was, in fact, a model-Mute.

It is possible that the merits of the man contributed something to the prosperity of the master; for, in the course of a year or two,

Screw removed from his suburban abode to one of the handsomest streets at the west end; set up a shop, with a gothic front, on whose door, in lieu of panes, there figured two funeral escutcheons; with death's head, cross-bones, and "*Resurgam*," painted, achievement-wise, on one; and a street-door, guarded by two Mutes, holding handkerchiefs to their eyes, on the other;—for the off-Mute of which pictorial representation, Jem Willett was supposed to have sat to the artist. Above the escutcheons, was inscribed, in letters of gold, "Funerals Performed."—PERFORMED! ay, just as *Macbeth* is "performed" by Macready, or *Nicholas Flam* by Farren. On the other windows were pasted announcements of "Houses to Let; furnished or unfurnished;" Mr. Screw having taken upon himself the trade of providing mansions for the quick, as well as for the dead.

Upon his removal to this aristocratic warehouse, Screw felt in conscience bound to raise the wages of his Mutes to the level of those bestowed upon their black gentlemen by Gillow, Banting, and other fashionable purveyors to the last wants of humanity; and Jem, in the enjoyment of thirty shillings per week, lost all recollection of his former woes. "Who was it persuaded you to come to Lon'on, I should like to know?"—was now the favourite query of his wife. "How would a workman, with his bread-winner disabled, have found means of earning thirty shillings a-week, in Gloucester?"—And if Jem refrained from replying that, had he never come to Lon'on, his shoulder would never have been broken in the socket, when he might have enjoyed the same wages, with a less noisome occupation, it was because he was too good-natured to cause vexation to his wife. The Willets had now their share of the good things of this world. They ate, drank, and were merry. After burial-hours, Jem might be seen taking his pipe and glass, in winter at "The Undertakers' Arms," in summer at "The Adam and Eve" tea-gardens. Care came no longer near him. He said to himself, "Soul, take thine ease!"—and his soul did as it was bid!—

But, alas! ruin was laying a train under his feet!—Amid all this jollification, his features lost their sharpness; his complexion, its pallor; his limbs, their dignified gauntness. The ruddy tints of his Severn days came back in undiminished brilliancy; nay, his very nose became "celestial rosy red."—An incipient paunch was springing.—*Othello's* occupation was gone!—In the overflowing of his heart, he could not forbear, now and then, a jovial word with his brother Mute; and, in the awful discharge of their duties at the doors of defunct peers of the realm or ministers of state, he

had even been betrayed, by absence of mind, into humming snatches of a tune, haunting his imagination after the carouse of the preceding night.—The starveling Mute was become a jolly dog!—It was no longer "Willow, willow," with him, but "Wine, mighty wine!"—

Under such circumstances, it was scarcely wonderful that Screw and Co. should require his resignation to be sent in. One Saturday night, in Midsummer time (when the morning sun shines with tell-tale brightness on the minutiæ of the rites of sepulture), Willett was requested to give his receipt in full, on receiving his final one pound ten. The "establishment" required his services no longer. He was superseded;—not superannuated, but super-gladdened. The foreman said to him, like Apollo, in the song, to "Voice, fiddle, and flute,

No longer be Mute!"

His jolly face reflected discredit on the house. At a funeral, he was the impersonation of a practical joke;—a figure of fun;—a parody upon the tragedy;—a jest upon a grave subject. He was like Æsop's weasel in the meal-tub; the only difference, that Jem was turned *out* of his luxurious berth, while the weasel was forced to remain *in*. Though twice the man he was when taken into Screw's establishment, he was not half so good for the undertaker's purpose. He was as much out of place as a fat harlequin, or gouty rope-dancer.—He was a merry Mute!—

Poor Jem is, at this moment, looking out for a new place. He is too tender-hearted for a beadle, though the gold-laced hat would mightily become him. But our friend is unconsciously dwindling into such a condition, as may entitle him, a second time, to the honours of Muteship. As Napoleon became a second time Emperor, it is by no means impossible, that the now sorrowing father of four needy children may shortly return to the establishment of Messrs. Screw and Company,—well-qualified to become anew—a MUTE!

THE WHIG.

We live hardly anywhere else than in St. Stephen's.

THE WHIG.

BY AN M. P.

Among the "Heads of the People," our members in both Houses of Parliament surely deserve a place. Without being a very great politician, one may naturally feel a little desire to know something of the structure of those wise heads, the contents of which exercise so very great an influence on our fortunes, as theirs occasionally do. Not that I think, with the Chartists, that we depend entirely on acts of parliament for our food and clothing. I believe that much less depends on our legislators than many of them would be inclined to allow. Still they can do us some good, and a great deal of harm. Many of us know, to our costs, that the maggot in a member of parliament's head is oftimes a very dangerous insect.

I am tempted, therefore, to take a sketch of one or two specimens of the varieties of this genus; and, as the "Heads of the People" will most assuredly outlive the British constitution, we may serve our posterity by letting it know what kind of folks the rulers of Great Britain were in 1840. And I shall begin with the Whig, because that is a species of which I had better lose no time in catching the features, ere they pass, as they bid fair very soon to do, entirely out of the political world.

The Whig party, unfortunately for itself, is not only very small, but it daily becomes smaller. Like all other parties, it has its divisions. There are old Whigs and new Whigs; moderate Whigs and decided Whigs; and the party suffers by defalcations from each extremity. The old and moderate Whigs are constantly passing into the ranks of the Conservatives; the decided Whigs daily become more and more Radical: and the supply of Whiggism is directed into one or other of these two channels by the Tory education of the Universities, and the tendency of the times towards movement politics. Small, however, as the party is, it possesses, from

mere historical and personal associations, considerable attractions for the observer. The Whig party has, since the American war, been a mere coterie, which might, almost every day of the season, be found divided among five or six dinner-tables. But the successive members of that coterie have been the most distinguished public men of their time; and the privilege of dining at these particular tables, has been handed down so long from Whig father to Whig son, that it has all the interest of ancient hereditary rights. The houses of the great Whig aristocracy are connected by continual associations with the great men of past times. You sit at the table at which Fox enjoyed and imparted a social relaxation from the toils of the senate, and at which Burke rolled forth his didactic eloquence of conversation; your laugh wakens the echoes of the very walls that rung with the mirth which Sheridan provoked: the portraits of bygone statesmen hang around you; trifling articles of what was once their property, are treasured as the most valuable of gifts; and amid the inanimate memorials of their existence, you talk with some old gentleman, whose pride it is to tell you how, at that very table, he used to sit with those very men; or, sometimes, you listen to one of those statesmen who were their colleagues in opposition, or in power, and who boast that they are now the consistent depositories of their tenets, and representatives of their policy.

Of the party thus linked together by old recollections and personal associations, there are yet some fine specimens left in the House of Commons. Your pure old Whig is generally old in the literal sense of the word. He came into the House at the end of the last, or the beginning of the present, century. He proved his devotion to his party, during many long years of opposition, by sticking to it in divisions, and contesting his county, or his borough, most gallantly at successive elections. He thinks that, by all this, he has merited well of his country; and as he holds that patriotism, like all other virtues, should have its reward, he is strongly of opinion that his former sacrifices should be rewarded by the honours of the peerage, and the solid gifts of the Treasury. Still his predominant motive in coming up from the country, at the call of the whipper-in, and for sitting up, night after night, in order to vote, is the pure desire of supporting those whom he calls "his friends." His attendance is a personal service of personal friendship. Not that he do n't feel very public spirited; but he feels that his first public duty is that of keeping Lord John Russell in office.

I think, indeed, that the old Whig's objects in politics may best be described by saying, that he is a supporter of Lord John Russell. I won't impugn his allegiance to Lord Melbourne. He does not wish to turn him out; he likes him; he will make great sacrifices to keep him in. But Lord Melbourne once lapsed into heresy; he followed Canning, and remained in office with the Tories, after the other Whigs went into opposition, in '28. His Whiggism is tainted by this falling off; whereas Lord John's is pure and unsullied. A Whig from his entrance into parliament, he has never for a moment renounced the name of Whig, or separated his fortunes from those of his party, in order to ally himself with either Tory or Radical. He is the idol of your pure Whig. While he is speaking, the old Whig listens in a deep attention, of which the silence is only broken by his occasional hearty cheers; and for the rest of the evening he expatiates in praise of his speech, which is just as enthusiastic, whether his lordship spoke, as he often does, with great effect, or whether he happened to speak ill, which, like other mortal men, he is apt, sometimes, to do. I don't think any other of the cabinet ministers are particular favourites with the old Whig, except Lord Morpeth, who stands next, and is destined to succeed him; and the old Whig likes to hear Macauley, and cheers him loudly when he sits down. But Lord John is the main object of his thoughts. He does n't call him by his title; not from any affectation of familiarity, but because the calling him "John Russell" indicates the personal friendship which, with all his deference, he loves to express. Some even say "Johnny;" but I think this heretical, and should say that it savours of Radicalism, or Toryism. Your old Whig says "John Russell."

The whole political conversation of the Whigs is singularly tinged with this amiable personal feeling; and they, oddly enough, manage to speak of all political incidents and conduct, as if they were matters that merely concerned individuals. If a Liberal member happens to vote against ministers; or if a Radical, in perfect sincerity of political deference, chances to say something cutting, respecting the ministerial policy; it is always treated by the Whigs as a sin against the party leaders; and the offending member is remonstrated with, for the unkindness of his act. He is asked why he "says things that give John Russell pain?" and, above all, he is severely rated for "giving those d—d fellows (pointing to the Tories) a triumph:" for, next to the amiable feeling towards the hereditary leaders of the party, comes, in the heart of your old

Whig, a very great hatred to the Tories. However the chances of politics may bring the Whigs into very frequent fellowship with the Tories in divisions, there rankles in the minds of all of them a very deep and bitter recollection of the long triumph of the rival party, and their own long exclusion from power. Whigs meet Tories in society; they are connected by blood, and marriage, and social intercourse: but when they speak of each other as party opponents, there is hardly any bad feeling, or bad conduct, which they won't impute to the other party in the lump. One of the strangest things in the world, is the entire distinction which English gentlemen manage to keep up, between public and private conduct; and the way in which you may see a man maintaining the most intimate intercourse with those who are active members of a party, the whole conduct of which, in elections, and in parliament, he will not hesitate to accuse of the grossest immorality. The public are apt to laugh at the parliamentary explanation, which wipes off all intention of offence, by the assertion that the lie was given, and the baseness imputed, "in a parliamentary sense;" inasmuch, as it appears to plain folks, that if a lie is told, or a dirty action done, it does n't make the turpitude of either a wit less, that it was told or done in respect to some political matter. But members of parliament think otherwise; and you must n't be surprised if the old Whig, who has walked down very amicably with his Tory friend, should tell you that the part taken that very day, by that very friend, among others, was the very shabbiest that he ever had any conception of.

Your old Whig, nevertheless, prizes himself on his fairness towards his political opponents. He likes, every now-and-then, to pay them compliments. He thinks it right, on questions that concern his own neighbourhood, to bear his testimony, that "a more honourable man, or one more incapable of the act attributed to him, does n't exist than" Mr. Such-a-one, who has been accused of some roguery or oppression. In his speeches in the House, he even thinks it right to speak fairly of the "other side." Nay, he will sometimes give them a cheer, when they are not attacking his "friends." He can find one or two merits in Peel: will often praise his speeches, even when they tell against the government; and sometimes wonder how a man of such good sense should n't regularly act with "us." He has a sneaking kindness for Lord Stanley, though he severely rates his "bad taste," whenever he attacks his former colleagues: and he hates Sir James Graham pretty much as he would the Devil.

But, on the other hand, he is by no means perfectly satisfied with all those who sit on his own side of the House. He does n't at all like finding his friends so entirely dependent on the votes of the Radicals. Since so many good Whigs, of the best antiquated purity, have voted for the Ballot, your old Whig does n't absolutely quarrel with a man for voting for the Ballot, but he suspects all who do; and if he happens to have become a convert himself, to that Radical doctrine, he half suspects himself. He has grown greatly reconciled to the "Tail," since it has attached itself to the ministerial extremities; and he begins to look even with some favour on "Dan." He is tolerant of Wakley; rather dreads the sight of Harvey getting up; and views "Joey" Hume with a good deal of mild contempt. On the whole, however, he can bear the opposition of Radicals, as long as they keep themselves in a duly insignificant minority; but when they put the Tories in a majority, he looks upon them as very heinous traitors.

The political opinions of the old Whig, I will trouble the reader very little with describing, because that is a purely political topic; and, besides, all that need be known about them, is it not written in "The Edinburgh Review," and "The Chronicle," and "The Globe?" The old Whig is a zealous supporter of the constitution; and of all such of our ancient institutions as work well for the happiness of the—Whigs. His loyalty to the Queen is perfectly enthusiastic; he loves her as the mainstay of the present ministry. He carries back this loyalty to the first two sovereigns of the House of Brunswick; for whom, with the principles that placed them on the throne, he constantly expresses the warmest attachment after dinner: but between the death of George II., and the accession of Victoria, there is a great gap in his loyalty; and I rather think that he is puzzled to make out how the deuce those said principles came to place the intervening members of the House of Brunswick on the throne. Of the "good old King" he has a very hearty detestation. George IV. he considers in the yet more odious light of a kind of traitor to the Whigs; and though he cannot but recollect with gratitude all that William IV. did, in the first two years of his reign, he reflects, with all the soreness of recent disappointment, on the foolish courses into which his late Majesty fell in his latter days.

The old Whig is by no means for destroying the House of Lords; but he finds it so terribly in the way of ministers, that he really thinks something must be done with it; though what that something should be, he can by no means say. I should say, that his general opinion is, that there remains no other remedy for

ministers, than to go on making peers till his own turn comes, and then stop.

The old Whig loves the church; but it is a very abstract love, and by no means extends to the clergy. Ever since the Revolution of 1688, the clergy of the Church of England and the Whig party have been constantly opposed to each other; and the quarrel is just now rather more bitter than ever.

On these points, there are a few, and very few, young Whigs, who take after the old race. Of this select body, some dozen are in office; and a very red-tapish, under-secretaryish air they have managed, in their short apprenticeship of office, to pick up. About the same number are very innocuous country-gentlemen, or very aspiring lawyers, or would-be lords of the treasury. Then, as many more are young lords and honourables; elder and younger sons of ministers, and ministerial peers; little to be distinguished from the same noisy set of animals on the other side—with whom they come down to the House, about ten or eleven on great nights, and never on others—except that they cheer those whom the Tory lordlings hoot, and hoot those whom the Tory lordlings cheer. For, the only purpose for which our young nobility appear to have been sent into parliament, or, indeed, into the world, is that of making inarticulate noises, and going out into one lobby or the other. There is no more striking feature in the political state of this country, at the present moment, than the utter dearth of rising talent, among either of the aristocratic parties; and the young Whigs are not, in this respect, a bit better than their hereditary antagonists.

Neither old nor young Whigs are by any means broken in to the altered habits of the House in modern times. They come down about five to hear questions asked of ministers, and their replies; talk very loudly for the next half-hour; then go and make a noise at the bar, for another half-hour, in trying to get a pair; and about half-past six, or seven, go off to dine. Then the House is quit of them till nine or ten, when they drop in again, and listen to the speaking (if it be such as it is possible to listen to) till about eleven, when the "dinner-men" begin to get very noisy, and cluster at the bar, and interrupt the speeches; or gather behind the Speaker's chair, and bray and shout, while some few ensconce themselves in safe nooks in the galleries, and sleep; and a still smaller number while away their time with a book in the library. It is, generally speaking, however, rather a hard process for the whipper-in to get his Whigs to the House, and very difficult to keep them there,

when once got. When they are there, to be sure their votes are pretty well to be depended on; and that is no bad, or common quality in these strange times.

On the whole, take them altogether, the Whigs, old and young, are by no means a bad set of fellows; and, as individuals, they form rather the pleasantest society that you meet with among political men. The Whig party is the only party that uses society as a really efficient political engine; and though there are certainly a great many more fine houses in London, to which the Tories have access, yet there are none of them to be compared with the leading Whig houses; and not only is this the case, but the Whig aristocracy apply their great houses, and great dinners and assemblies, much more effectually to political purposes. People in the country have strange notions on this subject. They read in the Tory papers that the whole aristocracy is Tory; and that every well-dressed man and woman in England is Conservative. They get a vague notion that the Liberal members of both Houses live in garrets and cellars; and eat their beef-steak and potatoes, or potatoes without the beef-steak, in the solitude of a box in some second-rate eating-house. When a simple country gentleman, or still simpler inheritor of a mercantile fortune, has got into parliament, with a profession of those Conservative politics, which he has thus been taught to consider a passport to every good house in town, and comes up to enjoy his senatorial gentility, he must find himself most wofully taken in. The unhappy Tory must find that he has come into a party, with which he is to meet only in the House of Commons; while his Whig neighbour is received at once into the fellowship of Whig dinners and entertainments. He finds that social habits are not the fashion of his political chiefs; that their hospitality extends only to the dull formality of one or two great dinners; and that for the Tories, there is no Holland, or Lansdowne, or Devonshire House. These are joys reserved for Whigs alone. And though wise men may wonder at there being any little man, to whom such objects are great, you may depend upon it that members of parliament are a kind of people, on whose senses, and even votes, a good dinner, and a grand house, exercise a very great influence.

Another great joy reserved for Whigs alone, is one of which, I must confess that, the enjoyment is wholly incomprehensible by me. The reader will see that I can be no Whig, when he finds that I speak thus sceptically of "Brookes's." Do you know "Brookes's?" It is that low, dingy-looking club-house, about half-way on the left

side, going down St. James's Street. Conducted on the most antiquated principles of the old style of clubs, it affords no earthly accommodation, or amusement, except fires, chairs, and sofas, newspapers, and the society of Whig gentlemen. You can get a dinner there, if you have a particular fancy for eating a solitary dinner, at about double the expense for which you would get a better one anywhere else. But no one ever dines there, except at their occasional house dinners, which serve the purpose of semi-public entertainments. Suppers are gone out of fashion; gambling is monopolised by "Crockford's;" and "Brookes's" does n't any longer furnish even a rubber. At about twelve o' clock in the day, you begin to see the straggling quidnuncs of the party drop in, and pore over the papers, or gaze out of the windows into St. James's Street. About four or five, the attendance begins to get numerous. Whig lords and gentlemen drop in at the beginning or close of their rides; and all the rumours and news of the morning pass rapidly about. But even a more favourite hour for "Brookes's," is late in the evening, after dinner. If you meet two or three old Whig gentlemen at dinner, ten to one but, when your party breaks up about eleven, you will hear them say that they are going down to "Brookes's." I mean, of course, on Saturdays, or Sundays; or when the Houses of Parliament, which supply the place of all clubs, are not sitting. On these occasions, the congregation of "Brookes's" assembles from all quarters of London, between eleven and one, to hear the complete news of the twenty-four hours; and, by this solemn rite of Whiggism, to finish their Whig-spent day. There may be great enjoyment in all this; but, for the life of me, I cannot comprehend how anybody can find it half so agreeable as going to bed.

THE FARMER.

A better Farmer ne'er brushed dew from lawn.

Byron

THE FARMER.

BY ALICE.

Of the very many pursuits that in this age of busy industry engage the attention of man, that of agriculture, whether as regards its antiquity, its utility, or its rationality, deserves to rank the highest. When man first stood forth a living soul beneath the hand of his Creator, it was to the cultivation of the earth that his attention was directed; and although the Divine malediction, which the subsequent disobedience of our great progenitor called down upon it, has not ceased to operate, causing the thorn and the thistle to spring forth spontaneously, and Adam's posterity literally to eat bread in the sweat of their brow, yet has the judgment been so tempered with mercy, that the arts of agriculture have, in all ages of the world, been held in the highest estimation.

All the great and good men who figure in the earlier pages of Scripture history, followed, in some of its various branches, the same vocation; and whether we consider it as sanctified by the example of the patriarchs, ennobled by the practice of the Roman dictator, selected as the favorite amusement of a British king, or, in its humbler capacity, chosen as a means of subsistence by the English Farmer, it is equally worthy of our respect and veneration. Forming, as it does in this country, one of the principal sources of our national wealth, and the great fountain of all our materials for commerce, few will, we think, attempt to question the good policy of promoting its interests, and yielding to the cultivator of the soil the high and gradually rising position which he occupies.

Of all the changes which the rapid march of improvement has effected in our social system within the last half-century, none is greater than that which has taken place in the character and condition of the Farmer; and though the few who remain of a generation fast passing away, look back with regret to those days of good old English hospitality, when he feasted his guests at one end of the board, and his labourers at the other (a custom, it must be owned, in strict conformity with the manners of the patriarchal ages), yet,

as society is now constituted, it may be doubted whether the moral and intellectual improvement that has resulted to the employer from a somewhat less unrestrained intercourse with the employed, and the consequent change in his tastes and habits, may not in the end be productive of good to both. There are, we know, some who hold a contrary opinion; and who wish, as formerly, to regard the Farmer as a mere animal, whose only business it is to raise the fruits of the earth, and whose sole pleasure, as these persons seem to think, consists in devouring them; whence, we suppose, the proverb, to "eat like a Farmer." But we own we cannot see why a man, because he has made choice of a calling which we have proved to be honourable, should be unfitted for a participation in those enjoyments which tend to raise his species to its proper place in the scale of creation. Happily, these unworthy prejudices are fast wearing away: a bookish Farmer is no longer a term of reproach; and the honour of being regarded as a "fine hearty fellow" (for which read one whose convivial qualities constitute his only recommendation) has ceased to be the highest to which the brotherhood may aspire. A young Farmer may now, instead of spending his evenings at the market-table, or the village club, and returning to his family in a state of inebriation, as was formerly too often the case, devote them to the enlightened pages of Sir Humphrey Davy; and go forth in the morning to test the theories contained therein, while watching the progress of his crops, or enquiring into the qualities and capabilities of his soil, without exposing himself to the sarcasms of any save the vulgar and the illiterate. Yet would we not, on any account, detract from the merits of our respectable forefathers; most fully do we appreciate their genuine hospitality, for which the cold and superficial politeness—so called—of the present day forms but a poor substitute; their warmth of feeling, their liberality to the poor, and the honest pride which disdained to make even wealth a stepping-stone to raise them to a station for which they were, both by education and habits, disqualified.

The Farmers of England, in the present day, may be divided into three classes; and we will take a sketch from each, as we see them hastening towards their place of general rendezvous, the weekly market. The first in advance, both as regards the time of day, and his time of life, is the respectable occupier of from fifty to a hundred acres of land, in addition to which he fills the office of bailiff to a neighbouring gentleman, who professes to farm his own estate, but who, having been brought up to the good and lucrative trade of sugar-baking, and passed the greater part of his life in a

London warehouse, has but a very slight acquaintance with country matters; and, therefore, wisely leaves all, save the financial department, to his deputy; he (the bailiff, not the master, who though a large cultivator, must not be regarded as a fair specimen of the genus—English Farmer) partakes rather of the characteristics of the old than the new school, inasmuch as he wears a shabby fustian coat, a hat browned by age, and bared by exposure; rides in an old-fashioned taxed cart, with his name, residence, and calling set forth thereon in large white letters, and has by his side his portly and well-looking wife, her business at market being indicated by the presence of a large basket of fowls, and a smaller one of eggs, swinging beneath the cart. This worthy couple, as they go shaking along in their uncouth vehicle, passing their harmless jokes on the less fortunate pedestrians whom they overtake, present a true picture of rustic felicity. Their good-natured faces beam with health, and the easy nod of recognition with which they salute the owners of the more dashing carriages that pass by them, prove them to be in possession of that independence which honesty, integrity, and (alas! that it must be added) a well-filled purse, can alone secure. They are going early to market; but we will not undertake to predict the hour at which they will return, for these weekly migrations constitute their only holidays, and as they are all in the way of business, an extra hour or two may be fairly allowed them. Besides all will go on well at home in their absence: the brick floor will be cleanly swept, and the long oaken board duly spread; for they have a large family of boys and girls, all brought up to work hard, to whose care the farm, the dairy, and even the bailiffship may be very safely intrusted.

Following closely upon the couple we have described (for he, too, must be early at his post) comes the thrifty, money-saving, thorough-paced man of business; he of the high price and short credit school, who prefers a canvass purse to a silk one because it will hold more money; and, for some equally cogent reason, never gives away silver when copper will answer as good a purpose. Formerly he rode on horseback, and the pockets of his sprucely-cut green coat were made sufficiently capacious to contain the large sample bags of corn, which it was necessary to take with him; but latterly he has grown too stout for an equestrian, and a something between a chaise and a cart—a sort of connecting link between the two, as he himself is between the past and present race of farmers—has been invented for his use. To avoid the tax (for he is far too good a judge to let his pride get the better of his prudence), he also has his name and

dwelling set forth; but the large capes of his driving coat, now rendered otherwise useless by the impertinent innovations of the Mackintosh, are cleverly disposed, so as to hide them from public view. Being of a social disposition, he generally offers his nearest neighbour a ride, which civility he fully expects to be reciprocated the following week; and if we may judge of the conversation between them by the signs and gestures that accompany it, we should conjecture that it turned principally on the state of the crops, and the prospects of the next harvest, varied occcasionally by a dispute, backed most likely by a wager, as to the qualities of their respective samples. The Farmer of this class is good-tempered, convivial, and apt to be rather boisterous in his mirth; yet, even in his gayest moments, there is an expression of care lurking in his eye, that seems to indicate an undue anxiety after the things of the world; and though he is far too honest intentionally to overreach in driving a bargain, yet he is, to use a phrase common amongst them, "a hard man to deal with."

The third and last Farmer who makes his appearance on the road is a young and good-looking man, whose high-spirited horse and dashing gig, together with his own dress—as far removed from the vulgar foppery of the ultra-fashionable, as from the slovenly indifference that formerly distinguished those of his own caste—betray, perhaps, a somewhat too great desire to step out of his sphere, and often lay him open to the charge, even from the elders of his own fraternity, of getting above his business. Disdaining the use of his whip, which hangs carelessly over his shoulder, he prides himself on passing everything on the road, and feels, it must be owned, far greater pleasure in discussing the merits of his own horse than his neighbours' crops; yet, when arrived at market, and engaged head and hand in business, he proves himself no whit behind his more experienced brethren in the arts and mysteries belonging to his craft: and it is to him, the young and rising Farmer, that we shall hereafter look, when time has sobered him down into a contempt for those youthful vanities, from a love of which so few of any class are exempt, to prove that a good education, a cultivated mind, and, unless carried to an unbecoming excess, refined tastes, are by no means incompatible with the activity, zeal, and ability, necessary to make a skilful Farmer, a good master, and an honest and respectable tenant.

We will now accompany the Farmer to his home, as the scene where his character may be studied to greater advantage, and its lights and shadows more carefully noted. Here he is a busy and a bustling

man, especially during hay-time and harvest: woe to the unhappy wight under his control, who presumes to feel either hunger, thirst, or fatigue, except at stated hours, during these seasons; yet better, far better, were it for him to endure these three craving evils united, than to be caught away from his post while the sky is lowering and the corn uncarried; even the female inmates of the farm-house (though, in these degenerate days, they have little to do with the operations going on without) are expected to assume an unwonted air of business; and they can hardly be guilty of a greater offence against the code of laws drawn up by the Farmer for the regulation of his own establishment, than to require the aid of either man or boy in the home department during the harvest month. There is something very agreeable in the aspect of a farm at this season; and its master, while watching the ingathering of the precious fruits of the earth, may well seem an object of envy to those whose lot is cast within the murky walls of a great city; and this is the reason, we suppose, why so many who have acquired property in trade, risk and (as harvest does not last all the year) too often lose it in farming. Yet is the Farmer's temper often severely tried; for it requires no little philosophy to be able to console himself with the belief that the heavy rain, which is destroying his wheat, is benefiting his turnips; and the canvass purse aforesaid is often filled and emptied ere the corn is housed, and the hay safely stacked. It is not much the fashion, now-a-days, for the Farmer to put his own shoulder to the wheel, or, in other words, to take part in the actual labours of the day; but if he does, by chance, for an hour or so, it is astonishing what feats he will perform; the strongest and most efficient labourer has no chance with him; indeed, we have his own authority for stating that *he*, himself, can do the work of two able-bodied men.

The Farmer boasts of enjoying considerable influence in his parish; on him the chief of the parish offices devolve: he is churchwarden, overseer, surveyor, and a hundred other things in turn, all calculated to increase his importance, in precisely the same ratio that they diminish his comfort. Then his yard is the grand emporium from whence all the edibles, so essential to the carrying on of vulgar, every-day life, find their way to the tables of his richer neighbours; nay, he is fond of reminding you how the supply of the giant city itself depends on him, and facetiously remarks that even the palace of royalty is indebted for much of its internal comfort and external popularity to his labours. The poor of his vicinity are all more or less connected with him, from the little urchin of five years old, who trudges forth to keep his sheep, to the

veteran labourer who, after having toiled through three score years and ten, is too often reduced to receive from his hand the scanty pittance which the parish allows him. An undue severity in his intercourse with the poor, and an aptitude to overlook their past services when old age comes upon them, are charges that have, and, we fear, with too much reason, been brought against the Farmer; how far the fault may have originated in a defective law, causing the poor to weigh too heavily upon him, it is not for us to determine; but we hope a better order of things is at hand; and we hail, with sincere pleasure, the attempts that are being made in many counties by the farmers themselves, headed by certain patriotic and amiable noblemen, to amend the condition of the agricultural labourer; they have our warmest wishes for their success: in the mean time, a word in season, how good is it! and many an opportunity has the Farmer of speaking that word to his labourer; of leading him—while breaking up the soil, or committing to its bosom the tender grain so soon to spring forth with new life—to look, through Nature, up to Nature's God: on him, his temporal master, no less than on his spiritual pastor, does the duty of directing his thoughts to another state of existence devolve. The Farmer is seldom niggardly in administering to the temporal wants of the poor around him; as freely hath he received, so freely doth he give, and it should be so; of the fruits of the earth, and the firstlings of the flock, he is no longer, as in the earlier days of agriculture, required to yield sacrifice, yet ought he still to "cast forth his bread upon the waters, that it may return to him after many days."

The politics of the tenant were formerly those of his landlord; and though, in this more enlightened age, he has learned to think and act for himself, he generally makes a point of voting on the same side, if he can do so without any violent compromise of his principles. We have even known him refrain from exercising his highly prized elective franchise, rather than oppose the family under whom his grandfather, his father, and himself, had rented. The Poor-laws and the Corn-laws are the great objects of his political watchfulness; and to the repeal of the latter, he is firmly, and we really believe, conscientiously opposed; being convinced that irretrievable ruin—not only to the agriculturist, but, through him, to the community at large—must ensue. Except on these two points, his fervour as a politician by no means equals that of the Farmers of the old school; for well do we remember sitting open-mouthed, our infant senses lost in bewilderment, at the blindness and inefficiency of the then monarch and his ministers, as set forth by a coterie of country poli-

ticians; and deeply did we wonder why men so very capable of governing, as those to whom it was our high privilege to listen, were not immediately placed at the head of affairs, in order to the salvation of our unhappy country from the dangers that hung over it.

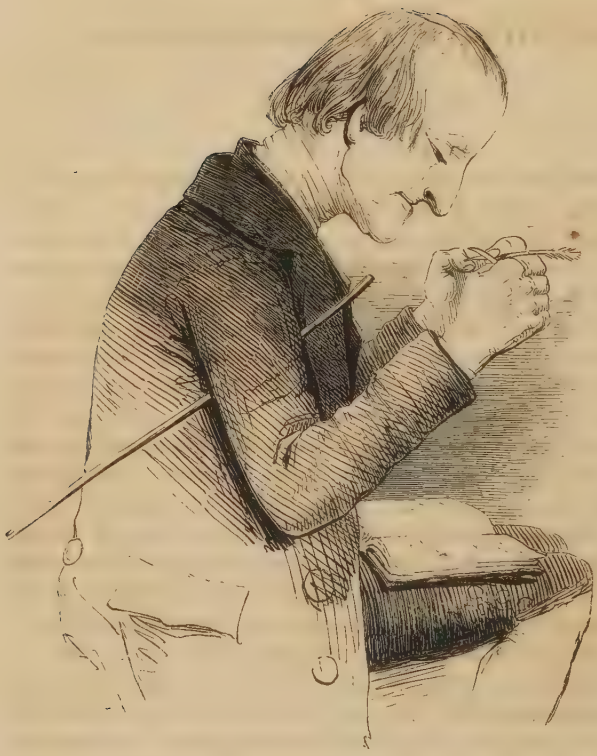
The Farmer loves his country; and imagines that freedom and domestic comfort, those two essentials to happiness, are not to be met with out of it; nor is the "roast beef of Old England" forgotten in his catalogue of the advantages it possesses over its continental neighbours, whose ragouts, fricassees, and omelets, he holds in the most unqualified contempt. Yet his patriotism rests on higher grounds than these: he loves the land of his birth for its own sake; he values its laws and institutions; is proud of its political importance, and loves to talk of its widely extended dominion. That he is ready to fight for it, he has proved; that he would die for it, if necessary, we firmly believe. The narrow-minded and unworthy prejudice which he entertains against foreigners, merely as such, is a defect in his character, which nothing but that increased intercourse with them, which the nature of his occupations almost precludes, can remove.

The Farmer is a keen sportsman, and his favourite diversion is fox-hunting. He is seldom better pleased than when riding forth, booted and spurred, on his gallant grey, or bonnie brown; his spirits high, his cares laid aside; indifferent whither he goes; unknowing when he shall return; anxious only that his favourite animal should acquit itself well in the day's chase. It is astonishing, on these occasions, with what a total recklessness of consequences he gallops across his own and his neighbours' fields, forgetting, in the ardour of the pursuit, the destruction that follows on his horse's heels, alive only to the gratification of the moment: can he be the same man who, at a later period of life, when his increased bulk, or his increased cares, or a union of both, have compelled him to relinquish the sport, stands pointing, with angry gestures, to a party of fox-hunters, and wonders that any man, that farmers especially, can be so cruelly thoughtless as to "destroy the young corn after that fashion;" an ebullition of displeasure that generally terminates with a threat (never put in execution, however) to prosecute for damages.

If it be a weakness, it is certainly a pardonable one—the veneration with which the Farmer generally regards the person, and even the family of "my lord," especially if the connexion between them has been of long standing; but their intercourse is not now marked by that haughtiness on the one side, and servility on the

other, which formerly characterised it; the tenant no longer looks up to his landlord as if he were the only person who wears a coronet, and makes long speeches in parliament; and the latter has ceased to regard the respectable man, who pays him a fair and liberal rent for his land, as a feudal dependant, from whom the laws of custom, if not those of the country, justify him in exacting an undue and unworthy homage: they meet—not, indeed, as equals; that the inbred dignity of the one would not permit, nor the good sense of the other desire; but as persons connected together by a tie, which, if the relative duties that it enjoins are strictly performed, is equally honourable to both: the lord well knows how to condescend; and if the Farmer be not uncommonly deficient in tact, he knows how to receive such condescension. When they meet in their rides or walks, his lordship will often linger behind his family, to exchange a few words on parish or other matters with his tenant; or he occasionally joins him in his fields, and solicits from him a lesson in practical farming, taking care to impart a little of his theoretic knowledge in return,—to make the balance of obligation even, we suppose. The Farmer always makes a point of attending public meetings and dinners, whenever his landlord takes the chair; for he argues, that if great men, whose natural sphere is the court or the cabinet, trouble themselves with country matters, it is a shame not to support them.

On rent-day, he finds it consistent both with his pride and policy to present himself early at the steward's room; for, besides the "look of the thing," which goes very far with him, all questions of reductions, deductions, and repairs, stand a much better chance of obtaining a favourable hearing then, than at a later hour. At the dinner which follows, who so ready to do honour to the toasts of "Queen, Church, and State," as the Farmer? who so loyal in sentiment, who so vehement in expression? Yet not in word only is he so; he knows himself to be the link uniting the rich and poor together, which, if it be snapped, both classes must fall to the ground; with proud confidence, therefore, he looks for the support of his Queen and his country, and feels at the same time that, if (which Heaven avert!) danger should threaten either, though all else forsook them, the British Yeoman would stand by them to the last.



THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write—and cipher too.

GOLDSMITH.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

The Country Schoolmaster is one of the most marked characters of the country. Spite of the tingling remembrance of his blows, we have a real love for him, and sympathise with him in his sense of neglect. He complains, and justly too, that he has had the first moulding of the intellects of many of the greatest geniuses which this country has produced, yet what genius in his glory has looked back to his old dominie with a grateful recognition? The worthy Sir Walter Scott is almost the only one. Dominie Sampson, Reuben Butler, Jedediah Cleishbotham, schoolmaster and parish-clerk of Gaudercleugh, and Peter Pattieson, are delightful proofs of the fact. But Scott saw the world of peculiar character which lies in the Country Schoolmaster, and disdained not to honour it as it deserved. Beyond this, little renown, in faith, has the village Dionysius won. Shenstone has done fitting honour to the village schoolmistress; but the master has been fain to shelter himself under the sole bush of laurel which good-natured Oliver Goldsmith has planted to his renown in "The Deserted Village."

But "past is all his fame," at least with this learned and march-of-intellect modern public. We have got steam and railroads; and now there is a cry for a steam and railroad system of education. Lancaster, and his rival, Bell, have turned the schoolmaster into a sort of drill-serjeant, and marched the children of the poor by whole troops and regiments into the mysteries of A, B, C. But beyond the mysteries of A, B, C, they have not got them; or if they have taught them more than that, it is only to calculate how they can cheat one another with the greater adroitness. By their A, B, C, they are able to *see* further into mischief; their letters prove no lets to a wider acquaintance with crime; and their manœuvres within doors are only the forerunners to manœuvres without. The moral interior is found to be yet untouched by the marching and manœuvring machinery; and there is now one wide outcry for a national, religious, moral, and intellectual education, or all is declared to be over with us.

Well, success to the experiment! Let Churchmen and Dissenters adjust their plans for carrying it on, without running foul one of another. Let us have a great national school in each parish in the kingdom. It is easy enough to build when the funds are once got. Plenty of children are ready to rush in as soon as the new doors are opened; but there is just one little difficulty which the sanguine abettors of the scheme, amid all their valour by which they knock down objections and dispose of difficulties as easily as Don Quixote squandered the flock of sheep, never seem for a moment to dream of—and that is, *Where are the schoolmasters to come from?*

Ay, where are the schoolmasters to come from? A single schoolmaster is not a thing which can be made in a moment. If he is to be good for anything, he is a work of toil and time; how, then, are you to come in a single day at at least ten thousand?—for so many are our parishes. From the days of Milton to the present, what philosophers and statesmen have been labouring to devise a perfect system of tuition! Locke strove to *unlock* the mystery. Bacon had tried it before him. Descartes, Rousseau, Miss Edgworth, Miss Hamilton, Hannah More, and a great many *more*, have been at it since. Well, then, if we have not been able to discover the true system, how are we to discover—*heigh presto*—the true men? Are the system and the men to work it to be created by the miraculous powers of an act of parliament? An act of parliament can decree funds, and create a commission and branch of commissioners, I grant you, and that is about all that the majority of our most zealous advocates for government education seem to see. A commissionership, with about eight hundred a year and a guinea a day for expenses, is a particularly beautiful prospect, and to desire a commissionership is certainly to desire a good thing. But will a board of commission as a matter of course become a board of education? By what enchanter's wand are Messieurs the commissioners to evoke, in one hour, for the supply of all her Majesty's ten thousand parishes, as many schoolmasters, accomplished in all the knowledge, and the moral fitness, and the practical skill, which are necessary to carry into effect such a perfect system of popular education as the world has not yet seen? The system of Fellenberg is, perhaps, the very highest approach to that system of literary, intellectual, and Christian education, which we need; but where are the men to direct even Fellenberg's system? Fellenberg, during a labour of forty years, has been compelled to begin by teaching himself, and to go on by moulding and creating teachers to his mind. All those in England who have assayed a better system of popular education, Lancaster, Bell, Wood of Edinburgh, Captain Brenton of Hackney, Lady Byron at

Ealing, Lord Lovelace at Ocham, Dr. Hay at Norwood, Mrs. Tuckfield at Fulford in Devonshire, have found that there were no such things as masters ready made to carry on a truly effective system of popular tuition. They all cry out, "We want masters." They all declare, "There are no such things in existence as schoolmasters qualified to administer a suitable education to the people."

Thus, they who are clamouring for an immediate enactment for a national system of education (and no man is more anxious for a good, national system than I am), are calling for a clock which shall go without a pendulum, or mainspring; a steam-engine without piston or cylinder; or a coach without horses. They want, in fact, a system superior to all that has yet been introduced, and ten thousand masters to work it, each individual man of whom must be in himself the highest specimen of combined intelligence and moral training;—in a word, the noblest achievement of modern education, or he is not competent to the solemn duties of his office. The old race of schoolmasters cannot serve the need; they are declared to be ignorant pretenders, and on an erroneous system. Here leave we then the flaming advocate of instanter reformation, a national enactment, and ten thousand duly prepared and accomplished professors of the new system, to chew the cud over this one little query, "Where are the schoolmasters to come from?" and turn again to our master of the old school.

Poor fellow! true enough are Oliver's words, "Past is all his fame." He has had a quiet and a flattering life of it, for many a generation; the rustics have gazed and wondered

"That one small head could carry all he knew."

But the innovations of this innovating age have reached even him at last. He has built his cabin in an obscure hamlet, or, as in Ireland, set up his hedge-school under some sunny bank; he has retreated to the remotest glens, and the fastnesses of unfrequented mountains, but even there the modern spirit of reform has found him out. He sees a cloud of ruinous blackness collecting over his head, out of which are about to spring ten thousand schoolmasters of a new-fangled stamp; and he knows that it is all up with him for ever. The railroad of national education is about to run through his ancient patrimony, and he shakes his head as he asks himself whether he is to come in for equitable compensation. No, his fame is past, and his occupation is going too. He is to be run down by an act of parliament, though he never asked for an act of parliament to set him up. He was the selector of his own location, the builder of his own fortunes. The good old honest

stimulant of caring for himself led him to care for the education of his neighbour's children: he needed no subscription to buy land and build a spacious school; he opened his cottage door, and in walked all the lads of the hamlet and neighbouring farms, with slates slung round their necks, books under arms, and their dinners in their bags. For fourpence a week, reading and spelling, and sixpence for those who write and cipher, he gave them hard benches and hard blows; and when he had as many stowed into his little house as were about enow to stifle him and one another, thought himself a lucky fellow, and looked round on the whole horde, with dirty faces and corduroy jackets and trousers, rough heads, and white or blue pinafores, with a pride which saw the future neighbourhood filled with clever fellows, all of his own drubbing.

Poor old schoolmaster! little didst thou foresee these topsy-turvy times when I used to sit amongst such a rustic crew, and achieve pot-hooks and fish-hooks at that sorely blotted and lacerated desk; and saw thee sitting in thy glory, looking, in my eyes, the very image of mortal greatness. Little, as we stole late into school, having been delayed by the charms of birds'-nests or cockchafers, and heard thee thunder forth in lion-tones, "Eh! what's this?—

> 'A miller, a moller,
> A ten o'clock scholar.

March this way, march this way!" little, as we ran, wild truants, through cowslip fields, and by sunny brooks, with hearts beating with mingled rapture and dread of the morrow; little, as we riotously barred thee out for a holiday, did we ever dream that so dark a day could come upon thee! But, in faith, it is just at hand, and if we are to preserve a portrait of the Country Schoolmaster, we must sketch it now or never.

Oliver Goldsmith has hit off some of his most striking features. The Country Schoolmaster, in his finest field of glory, the hamlet—where, except the clergyman, there are no higher personages than old-fashioned farmers, who received their *book-larning* from himself or his predecessor—is a man of importance, both in his own eyes and others. He yet makes the rustics stare at his "words of learned length and thundering sound;" he can yet dispute with the parson, though he more frequently is the profound admirer of his reverence: he looks upon himself as the greatest man in the parish, except the parson, whose knowledge he extols to the skies, and whose reading of the church services he pronounces the finest in the world. The villagers always link "our parson and our schoolmaster" in one breath of admiration. If the Schoolmaster

can quote a sentence of Latin, wonderful is then their wonder of his powers. He is always styled "a long-headed fellow, as deep as the north star." As in Goldsmith's days, he can still often guage, and is the land-measurer of the district. In the bright, evening nook of the public-house, where the farmer, and the village shopkeepers, and the blacksmith duly congregate, his voice is loud, his air is lofty, and his word is law. There he often confounds their intellects by some such puzzling query as "Whether the egg or the bird was made first?" "What man Cain expected to meet in the wilderness before there was a man there?" or, "Who was the father of Zebedee's children?"

If he be self-educated, as he generally is, he has spent the best part of his life in studying Latin; or he is deep in mathematics; or he has dived into the mysteries of astrology; has great faith in Raphael's annual prognostications, and in "Culpepper's Herbal." His literature consists of a copy of verses sent now-and-then to the neighbouring newspaper, or solutions of mathematical problems for the learned columns of the same. Perhaps he adventures a flight so high as one of the London magazines; and if, by chance, his lucubration should appear in the "Gentleman's," his pride is unbounded, and his reputation in his neighbourhood made for life. His library has been purchased at the bookstall of the next market-town, or he has taken it in at the door in numbers from the walking stationer. "Rapin's History of England," "Josephus," and "Barclay's Dictionary," in large quartos on coarse paper, and the histories with coarse cuts, are sure to figure amongst them. He carries on a little trade in ink, pens, writing paper, and other stationery, himself. If he be married, his wife is almost sure to drive a still brisker trade in gingerbread, Darby-and-Joans, toffy, and lollipops. As he is famous for his penmanship, he is the great letter-writer of the neighbourhood, and many is the love secret that is confided to his ear. Nay, he letters signboards, and cart-boards, and coffin-plates; for who is there besides that can? He makes wills, and has in former days, before the lawyers hedged round their monopoly with the penalty of illegality on such deeds, drawn conveyances, and was the peaceful practitioner in all such affairs for his neighbourhood.

Oh! multifarious are the doings of the Country Schoolmaster, and amusing are their variety. What an air of pedagogue pomp distinguishes him; how antiquely amusing is his school costume often; how much more amusing the piebald patchwork of his language. His address has frequently no little of mine ancient *Pistol* in it. But how uniquely curious is the Country Schoolmaster in love! I happen to have in my possession the actual love-letter of a

Country Schoolmaster, which, as a curiosity, is worth transcribing. The Dominie has now long been married to his fair one, who is as pretty a little Tartar as any in the country. He writes something in the phraseology of a Quaker, but he is, in fact, the parish-clerk. In copying the letter, I alter not a word, except the actual names of places.

NUTHURST, Nov. 1st. 1816.

"ESTEEMED FRIEND,—I embrace the present opportunity of addressing these few lines unto thee, hoping they will find thee in good health, which leaves me the same, thank my God! Respected P., I have often told thee I don't much like illustrating my sentiments by correspondence, but I write with a majestic air of animation and delight when I communicate my thoughts to one that I love beyond description; yes! to one that is virtuous, innocent, and unblemishable; which has a comely behaviour, a loving disposition, and a goodly principle. And thou, the person! charming fair one, which may justly boast of thy virtue, and laugh at others' aspersion. Dear P., when I reflect on all thy amiable qualities, and fond endearments, I am charmingly exalted, and amply satisfied. My senses are the more stimulated with love, and every wish gives thee a congratulation. Amiable P., I've meditated on our former accompaniments, and been wonderfully dignified at thine condescending graces. I, in particular, admire thy good temper, and thine relentful forgiveness. For when we have partook of a walk together, some trifling idea has exasperated my disposition, and rendered my behaviour ungenerous and disreputable. Thou, like a benevolent friend, soothest the absurd incensement, and instantly resuscitated our respective amourousness, and doubly exaggerated our loving enamours. While, above all others, I thee regard, and whilst love is spontaneously imprinted in our hearts, let it have its unbounded course. Loving Friend, I was more than a little gratified that thou wrote to thy Mrs., which was thy duty, for she has been thy peculiar friend, and gave thee competent admonition. She is a faithful monitor, and a well-wisher to thine everlasting welfare. I was absolutely grieved when I heard of thee not being well, and completely fretted that I was aloof, and could not sympathise with thy inconsolitary moments. I candidly hope thy cough is better, and I earnestly desire that our absence may be immediately transformed into lasting presence, that we may enjoy our fond hopes and loving embraces.

"My Dear, the last Sunday night that I was at Bevington, I parted with thee about four o'clock; and I stopped in the market-place looking at the soldiers parading, and harkening the band playing, till about six; then I proceeded on my nightly excursion. I called at the public house, and was spouting a little of my romancing nonsense, and I instantly received a blow from a person in the adjoining company. I never retaliated, which was very surprising, but a wisely omission. I should not have troubled thee with this tedious explanation hadst thou not been preposterously informed about the subject. Thy ingrateful relations can't help telling thee of my vain actions, which is said purposely to abolish our acquaintance. But we are so accustomed to their insinuating persuasions and ambidextrous tales, that renders them unlikely to execute their wishful designs. Our loves are too inflexible than to be separated by a set of contemptuous oafs.

"My dearest Dear, at this present time I wish I had thee dandling between my arms. I would give that sweet mouth ten thousand kisses, for I prefer thy well-composed structure above all other secular beauties.

"Loving P—, I will positively come to fetch at the respective period, when we can have a consolable and delightful journey homewards, reanimate our fond and innocent delights, salute at pleasure, and every kiss will sweeten our progressive paths; they will add delightfully to our warm affections, and invigorate us to perform our journey with the greatest facility.

"I thank thee for sending thy complimental love to me, which I conclude with ten thousand times ten thousand respects.

"I remain, thine ever faithful and constant lover,

"S. G——."

But this is only the ludicrous side of the Country Schoolmaster: he has another and a noble one. Much as we may now despise him, and lightly as we may desire, by one sweeping act of parliament, to consign him and all his compeers to instant ruin and a union workhouse *finale*, to him the country owes a large debt of gratitude. Without aid of parliament, or parish, from age to age, he has opened his little gymnasium, and tamed and civilised the Fauns and Satyrs of the rural wilderness. What little light and knowledge have radiated through our villages and fields, it is he that has kindled them. It is he who has enabled the farmer, the miller, the baker, and every little tradesman and mechanic to conduct his affairs, manage his markets, and add to the capital of the nation. It is he who has taught the rough cub of the hamlet to make his bow, to respect his superiors; in fact, to get a little glimmering of morals and manners, and a passable shape of humanity. Nay, many of these humble men have been clergymen, who have won honours at college, and have been full of the fire of genius and the kernel of wisdom, but who, having not the golden wings of this world, have sunk down into obscure Thorpes and Wicks, and in far off fields and forest regions have gone on their way like little unnoticed books, moaning over their lot, yet scattering plenty and greenness around them. How many such are there, at this day, sitting in uncouth garbs, in uncouth places, on dreary moorlands, and amongst wild falls and mountains. Such have I seen in various parts of these kingdoms, and wondered at their patience and holy resignation. On the the tops of wildest hills, by some little chapel like that of Fribank, near Sedberg, in Yorkshire, I have opened the door of a cabin which was filled with a hum as with bees, and found a company of bare-legged boys and girls round a peat-fire on the hearth; and a young man, with the air of a scholar and a clergyman, sitting as their teacher. Yea, in many a bleak and picturesque situation, where the old school-bell hangs in the old chesnut-tree; in a little rude church, or chapel, or ancient school-house, are such men as Wordsworth has described in Robert Walker of Cumberland still to be found. What a picture

that of Robert Walker is! "Eight hours in each day, during five days in each week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were very urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion table was his desk; and, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side."

This mountain patriarch, who never made any charge for teaching, but took in all that came, and such as could afford gave him what they pleased, not only performed service twice every Sunday, but was the scrivener of the neighbourhood, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, &c.; so that, at certain periods of the year, he was obliged to sit up the greater part of the night. Besides spinning at all possible hours, he also cultivated his garden and a little farm, and assisted his neighbours in haymaking and shearing their sheep. "I found him," said a stranger, "sitting at the head of his table, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons; a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes, plated with iron to preserve them; a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast; his wife and other children waiting on each other, or teasing and spinning wool. Every Sunday was served, upon the long table, messes of broth for such of his congregation who came from a distance, and usually took their seats as parts of his household." And what was the value of his living? £17 10*s.* a-year!

It would be difficult, perhaps, to find exactly another Robert Walker; but men of like character and habits many a primitive nook can yet shew us. It is under such men that Shakspere, Burns, Wordsworth, Newton, Crabbe, and many another noble genius, have sate in their boyish days, and received from them the elements of that knowledge with which they were afterwards to do such marvels before all mankind. We will warrant that such was the man whom good-hearted Goldsmith first trembled at, and then immortalised. The Country Schoolmaster, indeed, has cause of high pride; and when we pass our act of parliament for our ten thousand new schools and spic-and-span new masters, let us remember the long reign, and the old glories, and the patient and ill-paid merits of the old Country Schoolmaster, and "temper the wind to the shorn lamb." Bitter will be that day of revolution to him, but we can make it less bitter; hard will be the fall, but kindness and generous sympathy can break it,—and dismiss the picturesque, if somewhat dogmatic, old man, to an old age of honourable ease.

THE FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS.

How fluent nonsense trickles from her pen.

THE FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS.

BY WILLIAM THACKERAY.

PAYING a visit the other day to my friend Timson, who, I need not tell the public, is editor of that famous evening paper, the *, (and let it be said that there is no more profitable acquaintance than a gentleman in Timson's situation, in whose office, at three o'clock daily, you are sure to find new books, lunch, magazines, and innumerable tickets for concerts and plays); going, I say, into Timson's office, I saw on the table an immense paper cone or funnel, containing a bouquet of such a size that it might be called a bosquet, wherein all sorts of rare geraniums, luscious magnolias, stately dahlias, and other floral produce were gathered together—a regular flower-stack.

Timson was for a brief space invisible, and I was left alone in the room with the odours of this tremendous bow-pot, which filled the whole of the inky, smutty, dingy apartment with an agreeable incense. "*O rus! quando to aspiciam*," exclaimed I, out of the Latin grammar, for imagination had carried me away to the country, and was about to make another excellent and useful quotation (from the 14th book of the Iliad, Madam), concerning "ruddy lotuses, and crocusses, and hyacinths," when all of a sudden Timson appeared. His head and shoulders had, in fact, been engulphed in the flowers, among which he might be compared to any Cupid, butterfly, or bee. His little face was screwed up into such an expression of comical delight and triumph, that a Methodist parson would have laughed at it in the midst of a funeral sermon.

"What are you giggling at?" said Mr. Timson, assuming a high, aristocratic air.

"Has the goddess Flora made you a present of that bower wrapped up in white paper, or did it come by the vulgar hands of yonder gorgeous footman, at whom all the little printers' devils are staring in the passage?"

"Stuff," said Timson, picking to pieces some rare exotic, worth at the very least fifteen-pence; "a friend, who knows that Mrs.

Timson and I are fond of these things, has sent us a nosegay; that's all.

I saw how it was. "Augustus Timson," exclaimed I, sternly; the Pimlicoes have been with you; if that footman did not wear the Pimlico plush, ring the bell and order me out; if that three-cornered billet lying in your snuff-box has not the Pimlico seal to it, never ask me to dinner again."

"Well, if it *does*," says Mr. Timson, who flushed as red as a peony, "what is the harm? Lady Fanny Flummery may send flowers to her friends, I suppose? The conservatories at Pimlico House are famous all the world over, and the countess promised me a nosegay the very last time I dined there."

"Was that the day when she gave a box of bonbons for your darling little Ferdinand?"

"No, another day."

"Or the day when she promised you her carriage for Epsom races?"

"No."

"Or the day when she hoped that her Lucy and your Barbara-Jane might be acquainted, and sent to the latter from the former a new French doll and tea-things?"

"Fiddlestick!" roared out Augustus Timson, Esquire; "I wish you wouldn't come bothering here. I tell you that Lady Pimlico is my friend—my friend, mark you, and I will allow no man to abuse her in my presence: I say again *no rom;*" wherewith Mr. Timson plunged both his hands violently into his breeches-pockets, looked me in the face sternly, and began jingling his keys and shillings about.

At this juncture (it being about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon), a one-horse-chay drove up to the ✳ office (Timson lives at Clapham, and comes in and out in this machine)—a one-horse-chay drove up; and amidst a scuffling and crying of small voices, good humoured Mrs. Timson bounced into the room.

"Here we are, deary," said she: "we'll walk to the Meryweathers; and I've told Sam to be in Charles Street at twelve with the chaise: it wouldn't do, you know, to come out of the Pimlico box, and have the people cry, 'Mrs. Timson's carriage!' for old Sam and the chaise."

Timson, to this loving and voluble address of his lady, gave a peevish, puzzled look towards the stranger, as much as to say, "*He's* here."

"La, Mr. Smith! and how *do* you do?—So rude—I didn't see you: but the fact is, we are all in *such* a bustle! Augustus has

got Lady Pimlico's box for the *Puritani* to-night, and I vowed I 'd take the children."

Those young persons were evidently, from their costume, prepared for some extraordinary festival. Miss Barbara-Jane, a young lady of six years old, in a pretty pink slip and white muslin, her dear little poll bristling over with papers, to be removed previous to the play; while Master Ferdinand had a pair of nankeens (I can recollect Timson in them in the year 1825—a great buck), and white silk stockings, which belonged to his mamma. His frill was very large and very clean, and he was fumbling perpetually at a pair of white kid gloves, which his mamma forbade him to assume before the opera.

And "Look here!" and "Oh, precious!" and "Oh, my!" were uttered by these worthy people, as they severally beheld the vast bouquet, into which Mrs. Timson's head flounced, just as her husband's had done before.

"I must have a green-house at the Snuggery, that 's positive, Timson, for I 'm passionately fond of flowers—and how kind of Lady Fanny!—Do you know her ladyship, Mr. Smith?"

"Indeed, madam, I do n't remember having ever spoken to a lord or a lady in my life."

Timson smiled in a supercilious way. Mrs. Timson exclaimed, "La, how odd! Augustus knows ever so many. Let 's see, there 's the Countess of Pimlico and Lady Fanny Flummery; Lord Doldrum (Timson touched up his travels, you know); Lord Gasterton, Lord Guttlebury's eldest son; Lady Pawpaw (they say she ought not to be visited, though); Baron Strum—Strom—Strumpf——"

What the baron's name was I have never been able to learn; for here Timson burst out with a "Hold your tongue, Bessy," which stopped honest Mrs. Timson's harmless prattle altogether, and obliged that worthy woman to say meekly, "Well, Gus, I did not think there was any harm in mentioning your acquaintance." Good soul! it was only because she took pride in her Timson that she loved to enumerate the great names of the persons who did him honour. My friend the editor was, in fact, in a cruel position, looking foolish before his old acquaintance, stricken in that unfortunate sore point in his honest, good humoured character. The man adored the aristocracy, and had that wonderful respect for a lord which, perhaps, the observant reader may have remarked, especially characterises men of Timson's way of thinking.

In old days at the club (we held it in a small public-house near the Coburg Theatre, some of us having free admissions to that

place of amusement, and some of us living for convenience in the immediate neighbourhood of one of his Majesty's prisons in that quarter)—in old days, I say, at our spouting and toasted cheese club, called "The Fortum," Timson was called Brutus Timson, and not Augustus, in consequence of the ferocious republicanism which characterised him, and his utter scorn and hatred of a bloated, do-nothing aristocracy. His letters in "The Weekly Sentinel," signed "Lictor," must be remembered by all our readers: he advocated the repeal of the corn laws, the burning of machines, the rights of labour, &c. &c., wrote some pretty defences of Robespierre, and used seriously to avow, when at all in liquor, that, in consequence of those "Lictor" letters, Lord Castlereagh had tried to have him murdered, and thrown over Blackfriars Bridge.

By what means Augustus Timson rose to his present exalted position it is needless here to state; suffice it, that in two years he was completely bound over neck-and-heels to the bloodthirsty aristocrats, hereditary tyrants, &c. One evening he was asked to dine with a secretary of the Treasury (the * is ministerial, and has been so these forty-nine years); at the house of that secretary of the Treasury he met a lord's son: walking with Mrs. Timson in the park next Sunday, that lord's son saluted him. Timson was from that moment a slave, had his coats made at the west end, cut his wife's relations (they are dealers in marine stores, and live at Wapping), and had his name put down at two clubs.

Who was the lord's son? Lord Pimlico's son, to be sure, the Honourable Frederick Flummery, who married Lady Fanny Foxy, daughter of Pitt Castlereagh, second Earl of Reynard, Kilbrush Castle, county Kildare. The earl had been ambasssador in '14; Mr. Flummery, his attaché: he was twenty-one at that time, with the sweetest tuft on his chin in the world. Lady Fanny was only four-and-twenty, just jilted by Prince Scoronconcolo, the horrid man who had married Miss Solomonson with a plum. Fanny had nothing —Frederick had about seven thousand pounds less. What better could the young things do than marry? Marry they did, and in the most delicious secrecy. Old Reynard was charmed to have an opportunity of breaking with one of his daughters for ever, and only longed for an occasion never to forgive the other nine.

A wit of the Prince's time, who inherited and transmitted to his children a vast fortune in genius, was cautioned on his marriage to be very economical. "Economical!" said he; "my wife has nothing, and I have nothing: I suppose a man can't live under *that!*" Our interesting pair, by judiciously employing the same

capital, managed, year after year, to live very comfortably, until, at last, they were received into Pimlico House by the dowager (who has it for her life), where they live very magnificently. Lady Fanny gives the most magnificent entertainments in London, has the most magnificent equipage, and a very fine husband; who has his equipage as fine as her ladyship's; his seat in the omnibus, while her ladyship is in the second tier. They say he plays a good deal—ay, and pays, too, when he loses.

And how, pr'ythee? Her ladyship is a FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS. She has been at this game for fifteen years; during which period she has published forty-five novels, edited twenty-seven new magazines and I don't know how many annuals, besides publishing poems, plays, desultory thoughts, memoirs, recollections of travel, and pamphlets without number. Going one day to church, a lady, whom I knew by her Leghorn bonnet and red ribbons, *rûche* with poppies and marigolds, brass ferronière, great red hands, black silk gown, thick shoes, and black silk stockings; a lady, whom I knew, I say, to be a devotional cook, made a bob to me just as the psalm struck up, and offered me a share of her hymn-book. It was,

HEAVENLY CHORDS;

A COLLECTION OF

SACRED STRAINS:

SELECTED, COMPOSED, AND EDITED, BY THE

LADY FRANCES JULIANA FLUMMERY

—being simply a collection of heavenly chords robbed from the lyres of Watts, Wesley, Brady, and Tate, &c.; and of sacred strains from the rare collection of Sternhold and Hopkins. Out of this, cook and I sang; and it is amazing how much our fervour was increased by thinking that our devotions were directed by a lady whose name was in the Red Book.

The thousands of pages that Lady Flummery has covered with ink exceed all belief. You must have remarked, madam, in respect of this literary fecundity, that your amiable sex possesses vastly greater capabilities than we do; and that while a man is lying painfully labouring over a letter of two sides, a lady will produce a dozen pages, crossed, dashed, and so beautifully neat and close, as to be well-nigh invisible. The readiest of ready pens has Lady Flummery; her Pegasus gallops over hotpressed satin so as to distance all gentlemen riders: like Camilla, it scours the plain—of Bath, and

never seems punished or fatigued; only it runs so fast that it often leaves all sense behind it; and there it goes on, on, scribble, scribble, scribble, never flagging until it arrives at that fair winning post on which is written "FINIS," or, "THE END;" and shews that the course, whether it be of novel, annual, poem, or what not, is complete.

Now, the author of these pages doth not pretend to describe the inward thoughts, ways, and manner of being, of my Lady Flummery, having made before that humiliating confession, that lords and ladies are personally unknown to him; so that all milliners, butchers' ladies, dashing young clerks, and apprentices, or other persons who are anxious to cultivate a knowledge of the aristocracy, had better skip over this article altogether. But he hath heard it whispered, from pretty good authority, that the manners and customs of these men and women resemble, in no inconsiderable degree, the habits and usages of other men and women, whose names are unrecorded by Debrett. Granting this, and that Lady Flummery is a woman pretty much like another, the philosophical reader will be content that we rather consider her ladyship in her public capacity, and examine her influence upon mankind in general.

Her person, then, being thus put out of the way, her works, too, need not be very carefully sifted and criticised; for what is the use of peering into a millstone, or making calculations about the figure 0? The woman has not, in fact, the slightest influence upon literature for good or for evil: there are a certain number of fools whom she catches in her flimsy traps; and why not? They are made to be humbugged, or how should we live? Lady Flummery writes everything; that is, nothing. Her poetry is mere wind; her novels, stark naught; her philosophy, sheer vacancy: how should she do any better than she does? how could she succeed if she *did* do any better? If she did write well, she would not be Lady Flummery; she would not be praised by Timson and the critics, because she would be an honest woman, and not bribe them. Nay, she would probably be written down by Timson and Co., because, being an honest woman, she utterly despised them and their craft.

We have said what she writes for the most part. Individually, she will throw off any number of novels that Messrs. Soap and Diddle will pay for; and collectively, by the aid of self and friends, scores of "Lyrics of Loveliness," "Beams of Beauty," "Pearls of Purity," &c. Who does not recollect the success which her "Pearls of the Peerage" had? She is going to do the "Beauties of the

Baronetage;" then we shall have the "Daughters of the Dustmen," or some such other collection of portraits. Lady Flummery has around her a score of literary gentlemen, who are bound to her, body and soul: give them a dinner, a smile from an opera-box, a wave of the hand in Rotten Row, and they are hers, neck and heels. *Vides mi fili, &c.* See, my son, with what a very small dose of humbug men are to be bought. I know many of these individuals: there is my friend M'Lather, an immense, pudgy man: I saw him one day walking through Bond Street in company with an enormous ruby breast-pin. "Mac!" shouted your humble servant, "that is a Flummery ruby;" and Mac hated and cursed us ever after. Presently came little Fitch, the artist; he was rigged out in an illuminated velvet waistcoat—Flummery again—"There's only one like it in town," whispered Fitch to me confidentially, "and Flummery has that." To be sure, Fitch had given, in return, half-a-dozen of the prettiest drawings in the world. "I wouldn't charge for them, you know," he says, "for hang it, Lady Flummery is my friend." Oh Fitch, Fitch!

Fifty more instances could be adduced of her ladyship's ways of bribery. She bribes the critics to praise her, and the writers to write for her; and the public flocks to her as it will to any other tradesman who is properly puffed. Out comes the book; as for its merits, we may allow, cheerfully, that Lady Flummery has no lack of that natural *esprit* which every woman possesses; but here praise stops. For the style, she does not know her own language, but, in revenge, has a smattering of half-a-dozen others. She interlards her works with fearful quotations from the French, fiddle-faddle extracts from Italian operas, German phrases fiercely mutilated, and a scrap or two of bad Spanish: and, upon the strength of these murders, she calls herself an authoress. To be sure there is no such word as authoress. If any young nobleman or gentleman of Eton College, when called upon to indite a copy of verses in praise of Sappho, or the Countess of Dash, or Lady Charlotte What-d'ye-call-'em, or the Honourable Mrs. Somebody, should fondly imagine that he might apply to those fair creatures the title of *auctrix*—I pity that young nobleman's or gentleman's case. Doctor Wordsworth and assistants would swish that error out of him in a way that need not here be mentioned. Remember it henceforth, ye writeresses—there is no such word as authoress. *Auctor*, madam, is the word. "*Optima, tu proprii nominis auctor eris;*" which, of course, means that you are, by your proper name, an author, not an authoress: the line is in Ainsworth's Dictionary, where anybody may see it.

This point is settled then: there is no such word as authoress. But what of that? Are authoresses to be bound by the rules of grammar? The supposition is absurd. We don't expect them to know their own language; we prefer rather the little graceful pranks and liberties they take with it. When, for instance, a celebrated authoress, who wrote a Diaress, calls somebody the prototype of his own father, we feel an obligation to her ladyship; the language feels an obligation; it has a charm and a privilege with which it was never before endowed: and it is manifest, that if we can call ourselves antetypes of our grandmothers—can prophesy what we had for dinner yesterday, and so on, we get into a new range of thought, and discover sweet regions of fancy and poetry, of which the mind hath never even had a notion until now.

It may be then considered as certain that an authoress *ought* not to know her own tongue. Literature and politics have this privilege in common, that any ignoramus may excel in both. No apprenticeship is required, that is certain; and if any gentleman doubts, let us refer him to the popular works of the present day, where, if he find a particle of scholarship, or any acquaintance with any books in any language, or if he be disgusted by any absurd, stiff, old-fashioned notions of grammatical propriety, we are ready to send him back his subscription. A friend of ours came to us the other day in great trouble. His dear little boy, who had been for some months attaché to the stables of Mr. Tilbury's establishment, took a fancy to the corduroy-breeches of some other gentleman employed in the same emporium—appropriated them, and afterwards disposed of them for a trifling sum to a relation—I believe his uncle. For this harmless freak, poor Sam was absolutely seized, tried at Clerkenwell Sessions, and condemned to six months' useless rotatory labour at the House of Correction. "The poor fellow was bad enough before, sir," said his father, confiding in our philanthropy; "he picked up such a deal of slang among the stable-boys: but if you could hear him since he came from the mill! he knocks you down with it, sir. I am afraid, sir, of his becoming a regular prig; for though he's a cute chap, can read and write, and is mighty smart and handy, yet no one will take him into service on account of that business of the breeches!"

"What, sir!" exclaimed we, amazed at the man's simplicity; "*such* a son, and you don't know what to do with him! a cute fellow, who can write, who has been educated in a stable-yard, and has had six months' polish in a university—I mean a prison—and you don't know what to do with him? Make a *fashionable novelist* of him, and be hanged to you!" And proud am I to say that that

young man, every evening, after he comes home from his work (he has taken to street-sweeping in the day, and I don't advise him to relinquish a certainty)—proud am I to say that he devotes every evening to literary composition, and is coming out with a novel, in numbers, of the most fashionable kind.

This little episode is only given for the sake of example; *par exemple*, as our authoress would say, who delights in French of the very worst kind. The public likes only the extremes of society, and votes mediocrity vulgar. From the Author they will take nothing but Fleet Ditch: from the Authoress, only the very finest of rose-water. I have read so many of her ladyship's novels, that, egad! now I don't care for anything under a marquis. Why the deuce should we listen to the intrigues, the misfortunes, the virtues, and conversations of a couple of countesses, for instance, when we can have duchesses for our money? What's a baronet? pish! pish! that great coarse red fist in his scutcheon turns me sick! What's a baron? a fellow with only one more ball than a pawnbroker; and, upon my conscience, just as common. Dear Lady Flummery, in your next novel, give us no more of these low people; nothing under strawberry leaves, for the mercy of Heaven! Suppose, now, you write us

ALBERT;

OR,

WHISPERINGS AT WINDSOR.

BY THE LADY FRANCES FLUMMERY.

There is a subject—fashionable circles, curious revelations, exclusive excitement, &c. To be sure, you *must* here introduce a viscount, and that is sadly vulgar; but we will pass him for the sake of the ministerial *portefeuille*, which is genteel. Then you might do "Leopold; or, the Bride of Neuilly;" "The Victim of Wurtemberg;" "Olga; or, the Autocrat's Daughter" (a capital title); "*Henri;* or, Rome in the Nineteenth Century:" we can fancy the book, and a sweet paragraph about it in Timson's paper.

"Henri, by Lady Frances Flummery.—Henri! who can he be? a little bird whispers in our ear, that the gifted and talented Sappho of our hemisphere has discovered some curious particulars in the life of *a certain young chevalier*, whose appearance at Rome has so frightened the court of the Tu-l-ries. Henri de B-rd—ux is of an age when the *young god* can shoot his darts into the bosom with fatal accuracy; and if the Marchesina Degli Spinachi (whose

portrait our lovely authoress has sung with a *kindred hand*) be as beauteous as she is represented (and as all who have visited in the exclusive circles of the eternal city say she is), no wonder at her effect upon the Pr—nce. *Verbum sap.* We hear that a few copies are still remaining. The enterprising publishers, Messrs. Soap and Diddle, have announced, we see, several other works by the same accomplished pen."

This paragraph makes its appearance, in small type, in the ⁂, by the side, perhaps, of a disinterested recommendation of bears' grease, or some remarks on the extraordinary cheapness of plate in Cornhill. Well, two or three days after, my dear Timson, who has been asked to dinner, writes, in his own hand, and causes to be printed in the largest type, an article to the following effect:—

"HENRI.

BY LADY F. FLUMMERY.

"This is another of the graceful evergreens which the fair fingers of Lady Fanny Flummery are continually strewing upon our path. At once profound and caustic, truthful and passionate, we are at a loss whether most to admire the manly grandeur of her ladyship's mind, or the exquisite nymph-like delicacy of it. Strange power of fancy! Sweet enchantress, that rules the mind at will: stirring up the utmost depths of it into passion and storm, or wreathing and dimpling its calm surface with countless summer smiles (as a great Bard of Old Time has expressed it); what do we not owe to woman?

"What do we not owe her? More love, more happiness, more calm of vexed spirit, more truthful aid, and pleasant counsel; in joy, more delicate sympathy; in sorrow, more kind companionship. We look into her cheery eyes, and, in those wells of love, care drowns: we listen to her syren voice, and, in that balmy music, banished hopes come winging to the breast again.

This goes on for about three-quarters of a column: I don't pretend to understand it; but with flowers, angels, Wordsworth's poems, and the old dramatists, one can never be wrong, I think; and though I have written the above paragraphs myself, and don't understand a word of them, I can't, upon my conscience, help thinking that they are mighty pretty writing. After, then, that this has gone on for about three-quarters of a column (Timson does it in spare minutes, and fits it to any book that Lady Fanny brings out), he proceeds to particularise, thus:—

"The griding excitement which thrills through every fibre of the soul as we peruse these passionate pages, is almost too painful to bear. Nevertheless, one drains the draughts of poesy to the dregs, so deliciously intoxicating is its nature. We defy any man who begins these volumes to quit them ere he has perused each line. The plot may be briefly told as thus:—Henri, an exiled prince of Franconia (it is easy to understand the flimsy allegory), arrives at Rome, and is presented to the sovereign Pontiff. At a feast, given in his honour at the Vatican, a dancing girl (the loveliest creation that ever issued from poet's brain) is introduced, and exhibits some specimens of her art. The young prince is instantaneously smitten with the charms of the Saltatrice; he breathes into her ear the accents of his love, and is listened to with favour. He has, however, a rival, and a powerful one. The Pope has already cast his eye upon the Apulian maid, and burns with lawless passion. One of the grandest scenes ever writ, occurs between the rivals. The Pope offers to Castanetta every temptation; he will even resign his crown, and marry her: but she refuses. The prince can make no such offers; he cannot wed her: 'The blood of Borbone,' he says, 'may not be thus misallied.' He determines to avoid her. In despair, she throws herself off the Tarpeian rock; and the Pope becomes a maniac. Such is an outline of this tragic tale.

"Besides this fabulous and melancholy part of the narrative, which is unsurpassed, much is written in the gay and sparkling style, for which our lovely author is unrivalled. The sketch of the Marchesina Degli Spinachi and her lover, the Duca of Di Gammoni, is delicious; and the intrigue between the beautiful Princess Kalbsbraten and Count Bouterbrod is exquisitely painted: everybody, of course, knows who these characters are. The discovery of the manner in which Kartoffeln, the Saxon envoy, poisons the princess's dishes, is only a graceful and real repetition of a story which was agitated throughout all the diplomatic circles last year. 'Schinken, the Westphalian,' must not be forgotten; nor 'Olla, the Spanish Spy.' How does Lady Fanny Flummery, poet as she is, possess a sense of the ridiculous and a keenness of perception which would do honour to a Rabelais or a Rochefoucault? To those who ask this question, we have one reply, and that an example:—Not among women, 't is true; for till the Lady Fanny came among us, woman never soared so high. Not among women, indeed!—but, in comparing her to that great spirit for whom our veneration is highest and holiest, we offer no dishonour to his shrine:—in saying that he who wrote of *Romeo* and *Desdemona* might have drawn Castanetta

and Enrico, we utter but the truthful expressions of our hearts; in asserting that so long as Shakspere lives, so long will Flummery endure; in declaring that he who rules in all hearts, and over all spirits and all climes, has found a congenial spirit, we do but justice to Lady Fanny—justice to him who sleeps by Avon!"

With which we had better, perhaps, conclude. Our object has been, in descanting upon the Fashionable Authoress, to point out the influence which her writing possesses over society, rather than to criticise of her life. The former is quite harmless; and we don't pretend to be curious about the latter. The woman herself is not so blameable; it is the silly people who cringe at her feet that do the mischief, and, gulled themselves, gull the most gullible of publics. Think you, O Timson! that her ladyship asks you for your *beaux yeux* or your wit? Fool! you do think so, or try and think so; and yet you know she loves not you, but the ☼ newspaper. Think, little Fitch, in your fine waistcoat, how dearly you have paid for it! Think, M'Lather, how many smirks, and lies, and columns of good three-halfpence-a-line matter, that big garnet pin has cost you! The woman laughs at you, man! you, who fancy that she is smitten with you—laughs at your absurd pretensions, your way of eating fish at dinner, your great hands, your eyes, your whiskers, your coat, and your strange north-country twang. Down with this Dalilah! Avaunt, O Circe! giver of poisonous feeds! To your natural haunts, ye gentlemen of the press! if bachelors, frequent your taverns, and be content. Better is Sally the waiter and the first cut out of the joint, than a dinner of four courses, and humbug therewith. Ye who are married, go to your homes; dine not with those persons who scorn your wives. Go not forth to parties, that you may act Tom Fool for the amusement of my lord and my lady; but play your natural follies among your natural friends. Do this for a few years, and the Fashionable Authoress is extinct. O Jove, what a prospect! She, too, has retreated to her own natural calling, being as much out of place in a book as you, my dear M'Lather, in a drawing-room. Let milliners look up to her; let Howell and James swear by her; let simpering dandies caper about her car; let her write poetry if she likes, but only for the most exclusive circles; let mantua-makers puff her—but not men: let such things be, and the Fashionable Authoress is no more! Blessed, blessed thought! No more fiddle-faddle novels! no more namby-pamby poetry! no more fribble "Blossoms of Loveliness!" When will you arrive, O happy Golden Age?

THE BASKET-WOMAN.

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

SHAKSPERE.

THE BASKET-WOMAN.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"God be wid ould times! Sure it makes altogether an ould fool of me to see yer honour onc't more. Och, musha! musha! God be wid ould times! whin the masther (God be good to him!) would say, 'I 'll have no Basket-Woman but Katty Nowlan'—and the blagards trying to circumvint me, but no good to them. And may be it's myself that would n't carry home the fruit for him illigent; and then it 's he would drop the noble pay into my hand, and say, 'Katty Nowlan,' says he, 'you do n't brush the bloom off a plum, nor the lafe off a rose'—thim war his words. Och, the ould times! the ould times! the ould times! God be wid ould times!"—And Katty Nowlan, one of the very few of her order who are now as they were some eighteen years ago, knocked the ashes out of her "national" pipe, stuffed the relics of tobacco tightly down with her middle finger, grasped the handle of her flat basket firmly within her hand, and then looked up into my face, her features trained as a silent echo to her voice—all submission and entreaty. Having conquered her emotion, she drawled out, in a delicious Munster brogue that wound round my heart at once, "I hope yer honour wants a Basket-'Ooman to-day—a Basket-'Ooman, plase yer honour—any weight—any distance. I hope yer honour won't forget the poor Basket-'Ooman." She certainly was a specimen-portrait of her class: her age about fifty, to judge from the hard lines graved by the iron *pen* of labour upon a broad and not uncomely countenance; her eyes were still bright and vigilant, and the eyelashes and eyebrows still thick and dark. The Irish mouth, though in *wide* defiance of all rules of beauty, is always expressive: English mouths are cut to pattern; they fit, if not well, neatly: but the Irish mouth is eloquent, without the aid of words; it is large and loose; the muscles dilate or compress without an effort; it has some sudden and quick communication with the heart, and will not be controlled:—the sneer of an Irish lip is bitter as hyssop; the smile of an Irish lip is sweet as honey. And Katty Nowlan's

smile, without, in this instance, being the extreme of either the one or the other, was insinuating: it did not amount to positive sweetness when she proffered her usual petition, particularly when the memory of "ould times" still caused her lip to quiver; but it was was inimitable in its way. Her grey hair was almost entirely concealed by a coloured silk handkerchief, tied gipsy-fashion over her head, and knotted beneath the chin. This characteristic head-gear was surmounted by one of those nameless species of straw hats, scorched brown by the sun, and completely flatted in the crown by the pressure of her market-basket. Two or three strips of bass, twisted together, might be termed a hatband to this strange tiring, which looked picturesque amid well-ordered bonnets. Inside her loose bedgown of striped linsey-woolsey, she wore a gay-coloured cotton neckerchief, fastened at the throat by a large yellow-headed pin. Her petticoat was short, and of black quilted stuff; her legs covered by blue worsted stockings, knitted by herself; and her brogues came high on the instep, and were neatly tied by a leather thong. Her entire dress hung loosely over her strong and muscular figure: her chest was broad, and her head and gait erect and firm, except when she petitioned for employment; then she curtseyed deeply, and bent her body into the curve of humble service. Sometimes Katty sported a red stuff petticoat, and an open cotton gown of a large chintz pattern, which was always looped up behind, and secured from the muddy contaminations of the street by a "corking" pin. This dress, however, was seldom "sported" except on Sundays and saints' days; so that the Covent Garden Basket-Woman is more identified with the former habiliments than with the latter. Take note, also, that her arms were muscular, not large-boned nor fleshy, but rather as the arms of a *man* acquainted with labour than those of a woman ought to be; and her hands—those rude and sternly honest hands—wrought into ridges and bony knobs, how eloquent were they of the toils and endurings of a life knowing no cessation from severe daily work!

And yet what a world of mirthfulness laughs out at times from those deep grey eyes! What real sparkling wit has bounded from those indescribable lips! What sudden and quick replies! What cutting sarcasms!—and when her days were not so many, and her spirit younger, I 'll not deny that the Covent Garden Basket-Woman could defend her prerogative as well as any other person having authority. Now, indeed, times are changed, though Katty still stands as I have seen her stand in years gone by, before the market was arched over, and, as she says, "rendered an aisy and genteel

walk for such as never lay out a halfpenny in it; only just come to look at it for divarshun, or stand up in it for shelter from the rain, in everybody's way—bad cess to them!"—before it was *improved*, and, consequently, despoiled of its original features. Though Katty stands almost as erect as I have seen her long ago, still the spirit within her is crushed:—the world is changed—the market *spoiled!* Still she is a fine specimen of her people—of her class; a fine specimen of a hard-working and high-spirited Irishwoman, who would scorn a "dirty turn" or a "mane action," and share the "last bit and sup she had in the wide world wid any poor traveller or stranger from Ould Ireland, God be wid it!"—of that class, like many others going out, who gave a distinctive character to a particular district—of the original Covent Garden Basket-Woman—Katty, I repeat, is a fine specimen. Covent Garden Market, but for its Irish Basket-Women, would have had nothing to distinguish it from all the fruit and vegetable markets in Europe: their oddity, drollery, humour,—either good or bad,—civility and persecutions (I have seen my grandfather beset by seven or eight at a time, all anxious to know if his honour wanted a basket, and claiming the right to be employed on the grounds that they came from the same parish, same county, or same kingdom, "any way," as "his honour") were as peculiar and celebrated as the extraordinary eloquence of their sisters of Billingsgate.

It was really fearful to see the loads they carried on their heads; but the lightness of their hearts buoyed them up, and they trotted on in a sort of swing-trot—patient, uncomplaining, and cheerful. This was when the fashion existed for ladies and gentlemen to go to Covent Garden, to buy and send home their "marketing;" before greengrocers hung out carrots and faded "savoys," as types of fresh vegetables; and women in what might then be truly called "the happy" middle class, were neither too fine nor too foolish to ascertain what a thing was to cost before it was purchased, and not too proud to purchase themselves: before English housekeeping was done by deputy;—in that same middle class, which constantly, as it is now organised, calls to mind the story of the frog that would be an ox. When the sun shone gaily over the fragrant market; and, above all, before poor plants were sent to wither on the hot leads of the "Bedford Conservatory:"—then the Covent Garden Basket-Woman was, indeed, somebody.

I remember how delighted I was, when first I came to England, to hear half-a-dozen of my countrywomen jabbering real Irish as gaily as if they had never left the fertility of Munster, or the wilds

of Connamara, shelling peas, or picking spinach, or, in the autumn time, removing the green coating from the milky walnuts—never too much occupied not to have an eye on every passer by, likely to "Want a Basket-'Ooman, yer honour;" ready, with a compliment or a petition, to bewitch the money out of your purse; or, "Is it a shilling or a half-crown I 'll have the honour to rasave from yer ladyship by'n by, afther I have the pleasure to walk home afther ye—carrying what ye 'll be plazed to buy—the best in the market—I 'll go bail;" or, "Oh, sure it is n't going out of poor ould Covent Garden yer honour would be, without laving a *little tester* for luck among us, and we watching for yer smiling face this hour back:" or, one addressing the other quite loud enough for the visitor to hear: "Nelly—Nell Gowrie, I say—take yer eyes out of the bane pods, and let 'em have a new lase o' their lives; look! well, it 's long since sich a noble looking gintleman as that come into the market;" then turning to the stranger with an air of deferential admiration: "May be yer honour wants a Basket-'Ooman to-day, sir, to carry home some marketing to the happy lady that owns ye? If his ear was deaf to the voice of the charmer, Nell Gowrie would be sure to observe: "Ye did n't butther him enough, Peggy, honey; the gintlemen likes it mighty thick.

These observations flowed on, if not harmoniously, abundantly. In auld langsyne, Covent Garden Basket-Women were as numerous as amusing; but now the few who come, partake of the nature of the market—they are remodelled. I saw one with a well-shaped bonnet, and a black apron! I do not think she was genuine; she only said, "Please ma'am, shall you want a basket?" That 'shall' settled the question; an Irishwoman, though she might have so far abandoned her vernacular as to say, "Please ma'am," like a cockney housemaid, instead of "Plaze yer honor," never would have substituted 'shall' for 'will.' Oh, Covent Garden! Covent Garden! improvement has destroyed thy originality; thou art no longer ALONE amid the gardens of Europe; thou art but one of many! Let no one talk to me of thy shops, and fruits, and seeds, and sweet herbs; thy potatoes, in and out of the clay; thy vegetables in all their abundant varieties. Where are thy Irish Basket-Women?—a few poor, heart-broken creatures linger in thy outskirts. Katty Nowlan, and Peggy Maclure are almost the only ones who persist in walking under thy shadow: rival queens they always were, until linked together by that which so often separates friends—the poverty that parts (according to the song) "good companie," has united *them*.

"Nelly, avourneen!" said Katty, after she had knocked the ashes out of her pipe, and, as she justly supposed, bespoke my employment, by the appeal I repeated at the commencement of this paper. "Nelly, avourneen, there's the look of a job, pinching the oranges, and feeling the pears at t' other end; ye'd betther have an eye to her: half a loaf is betther than no bread."

"Bread!" sighed Nelly, as she turned to take Katty's advice; "there's nothing but mouldy bread going through the poor ould market this many a day,—that is, for the like of us. I think she's a school-misthress in disguise, buying the fruit chape, to sell to her scholars." Notwithstanding this supposition, she did as Katty desired; her adviser stood by my side while I purchased a moss-rose. A beautiful and bright complexioned girl—a creature not town bred, certainly — who was buying flowers at the same stand, attracted Katty's attention. I saw her eyes fixed upon her, as she bent her head over my rose-tree. "I ax yer pardon, young lady," she said, "but if it's plasing to ye, I'd thank ye to keep yer cheek away from that rose: ye'll put the lady out of consate with the colour of her flower." Was not that exquisite?—as sweet as a line of old Herrick's. The young girl felt it; she blushed deeply, then taking her purse, she said timidly, "I should like to give you something, but it would seem paying you for a compliment."

"I'm paid already," answered the Basket-Woman, looking with an expression of respectful admiration into the cherub face of the young English girl.

"Holloa!" called a policeman to Katty Nowlan, "you'll set the market on fire some of these odd days with that trick you have of knocking the fire out of your pipe—look here." The embers were certainly on the pavement, and the man placed his foot on them.

"Be dad! its thanking me you ought to be, instead of blowing me up before my customers. See what a beautiful extinguisher ye make, misther. I ax yer pardon, but what's yer name?" continuing in a lower tone of voice; "ye'r known by your numbers, like the blanks in a lotthery; only whin onc't ye'r baptised wid the Regulation blue-bag, it would take cleverer than Katty Nowlan (the powers sind her wit!) to know one from the other, of yer numerous family. Ah, ye'r a fine set o' boys—yer are," she added, in a half mutter, looking slyly after the lounging figure of the policeman, as he crossed over to the piazzas, tired enough, poor fellow, of his labour in idleness; "you're fine boys, so you are; but, bedad! I know the boys that would take the shine out of ye, fine as ye are—whoo-rishe!—May be I don't!—Ah, thin, my lady, it's a poor case, so it is!"

"What is, Katty!"

"Whisht! I 'll say it aisy;—for the people are such tame nagurs here, that they 're never up to Bannagher; but it 's a mighty poor case, so it is, to be always behaving oneself."

"How do you mean, Katty?"

"The quality do n't feel it, ye see, because whin they 're mighty dull intirely in the time o' pace, they can horse-race, or fight a bit of a jewel, or twinty little things that way for divarshun; but it 's a poor case intirely, that the likes of us poor people, and poor Irish people especially, are so kep' down—no divarshun at all for us. Sure we used to say long ago, 'Niver mind how close they keep us wid their law: we work hard, and we work fast; we work early, and we work late: the youth passes from us, 'like the sunbeam off the sea,' laving no trace behind. But bother it all! sure we have the elections!—in the heart's blood of the market! think of that, and grow light-hearted. 'Girls alive!' I used to say to them, keep aisy, sure we 'll have the election—come it must;—and then the fun! the houstins! the flags! the music! the spaking!—Och, the beautiful spaking that you could n't hear a word of for the noise! and the noble fine gintlemin, all talking till they got black in the face! May be I do n't remember that long ould gintleman, Sir Francis Burdett, and he thin so fresh and graceful! and the little travelled gintleman, Mr. Hobhouse, and Sir Murray Maxwell. That was afore your time, but that *was* an election! I niver took a tack o' clothes off me for ten days; becase, ye see, they war so torn wid the scrimmage and the fun, that I knew I could n't get them on again. But we carried the day; we did it! we, the Covent Garden Basket-Women, returned Sir Francis into parliament! We kept all the cabbage-stalks and praytees, and sometimes what was rayther stiffer, for Sir Murray's people—and our hearts and voices for Sir Francis. Och, musha! musha! the day we returned him I climbed up the car myself that he was chaired in, and whin all the rest war giving him roses and flowers, 'Yer honour,' says I, 'there 's a bunch of shamrogues for yer honour,' says I; 'and I make bould to say,' says I, 'that the Covent Garden Basket-Women did their duty,' says I, 'like pathriots, as they are to a man,' says I. And wid that his honour takes the shamrogues and presses them to his heart; and thin there was a *pillalieu*—(*i. e.* shouting)—that shook the houses to the foundation—all raised by the Irish; and 'Hear him, hear him!' shouts the English (they war jealous, d 'ye see, of the distinction '*Ould Glory*' put upon the shamrogues), and the shouts of the Irish

war any thing but plisant to them—they 've no natural taste for music in 'em;—'Hear him, hear him!' they calls out. 'Shout, boys,' says I, waving my *praskeen* (*i. e.* apron) of true blue in the air; 'shout! for sorrow a word his honour is saying at all, at all: sure I ought to know, and I here to the fore.' And wid that, God bless him! he puts a guinea into my hand. We 've had elections since that, to be sure—odds and ends—heads and tails, or tails widout the heads to 'em—of elections; things that last about as long as it takes to put a sexton to his trade, or turn a melted butterman into a fine blue and red beadle: no giving the people time to know what they mane, or if there 's any maning in 'em; no time for divarshun; a gintleman sent into Parliament as if he was nobody. Och, my bitther grief! a Covent Garden Basket-Woman is no more at a Covent Garden election now, than if she was nothing but a stall-keeper!"

Katty gave me no time to think over her opinions, when she changed her heroic tone into one of confidential communication:—

"Do n't have anything to say to thim artichokes *avourneen!* they 've stood the batther of the market these four days, and more than that—they can't be wholesome."

"Not wholesome?—Why?"

"Whisht! whisht!—but the man that owns them lets his own ould mother lie in a workhouse, and he flashing about in a fine taxed cart! The very white-heart cabbages turn black on his ground—the unnatural baste!"

I could not help smiling at this genuine evidence of natural Irish feeling.

Notwithstanding my old friendship with Mistress Catherine Nowlan, if the proprietor of the artichokes had been a good instead of a bad son, I suspect I should have been suffered to purchase them, "batthered" though they were. Katty could not separate the man's vegetables from his unnatural conduct to his mother. How varied were the shades of character my poor countrywoman had displayed in a few brief moments! Why, I should not have discovered so many in an Englishwoman in as great a number of years! First, there was the warm, the affectionate recognition, followed as rapidly by the trick, the petition of her trade, given in the rich Munster whine, which only my countryman, Power, can imitate; then, the little bit of good-nature towards her countrywoman, evincing how rapidly she observed; the graceful and poetical compliment to the lovely English girl; her reply and taunt to the policeman, so expressive of the national hatred which all the lower order of

Irish entertain towards every public body, in and out of the country, organised by law. Why such is the case, this is not the place to shew. But the panoramic view of her character was completed by her reminiscence of the Westminster, or, as she called it, Covent Garden election: this stirred her up, as an old war-horse is roused by the sound of the trumpet; and then, the excitement over, down she came to her knowledge, not altogether of artichokes, but of the want of filial piety on the part of the man who had artichokes to sell.——

"And now, Katty," said I, "I want to buy a hedgehog—for my garden."

"A grassnogue is it?—Oh, madam dear, I must bespake that."

"Bespeak it? Why there were plenty to be had at the bird-stand."

"There were—there *was*—to be sure, long ever ago; not now, lady;—it's a woful time!—not a linnet, nor a lark, nor a thrush, nor a blackbird, to be had in the market for love or money; not a sign or mark of *young life*, barring a rose-bud, or young peas, or things that way. Oh, thin, they might ha' left a bit o' natur, wid their improvements; sure, I thought my heart would break in two halves when they did away with the bird-stall: it might litther the market—I'll not deny that; but it was mighty pleasant to hear the chirrup of a wild bird; it was an hour's youth come back to our ould age; but sure I'm a fool to be talking this way—what is it all but a drame?" She turned to prepare her basket, and I thought her eyes filled with tears.

After the lapse of an hour, the Covent Garden Basket-Woman had discharged her cargo at my dwelling; and here I must say, for the honour of my country, that I never heard of one of the sisterhood being guilty of the least act of dishonesty: neither do they beg; they hint perhaps that they are poor, and can be grateful; but that is the extent of their petitions. Before she returned to the market, she had of course more than her fare; and after expressing her thanks, she said:—"I'm thinking yer honour thought me an ould fool a while agone about the birdeens that they turned out of the market; but, my! sure the gentry think because they see fine flowers there, it's always flowering time! There's many a scene of bitther, heart-scaulding misery in that same market! many a poor craythur shelters there at night, who has no other home! Och, my! those that wake and walk early see strange sights. It's about ten years agone, my lady, come Candlemas, that I was very, very early in the market: trouble is a wonderful watchman; and calls

the hours and the halves betther than a Charley, and louder than St. Paul's: and it was just at that time that my husband left me for nothing but what takes off many a man—a younger face: and I could n't sleep, and used to get up and be in the market afore the carts: well, wandering up and down, I heard a smothering cry, like the cry of a young child; and the moon and the morning war striving together which had the most light: and at last I found the cry, and looked, and there, in the heart of the market, with her white face upturned to the starfull sky, and her thin arm pressing a babby to her bosom, lay a woman, upon a heap of stalks and leaves. I called:—no answer. I laid my hand on her face:—she was dead. Lady! there 's something frightful in the *feel* of death, even whin ye have living faces to look upon; but though I called loudly, no one spoke; and the glittering stars were shining on her large glazed eyes; and the babby wailing, and my own heart full of trouble. I felt asier, and less tarrified, when I got the grawleen (infant) in my arms: *it* was alive, anyhow; and thin I found a watchman, and the carts began to come. The Lord forgive that poor dead craythur! but they said she had took pisin. Myself found it hard to believe that she could leave the craythur that smiled in my face; but the want of the fear of God, or of a proper trust in Him, drives many to the last sin, for which there is no repintance. There was no marriage lines in her pocket; but there *was* a lock of strong curling hair, tied wid a lover's knot (the babby's hair grew the same colour); and the parish had her bones. I think the Almighty sent that babby to save my sinses: it came to take my husband's place in my poor bursting heart; and I used to have it wid me, sometimes in my basket, sometimes tucked in my gown-tail at my back."

"But what did you do with it when you got a job?"

"Oh, sure there would n't be a mother in the market that would n't do a hand's turn for a motherless babe: it was the pet of the basket-women; a little thing like a sun-twinkle—here and there and everywhere, and would foot a jig before she could rightly walk across the flure: but above all, whin she could only crawl, she 'd be at the bird-stand—feeding the rabbits, watching the young hawks, or chirping to make the nest-blackbirds open their yellow throats. She seemed to have a natural knowledge about thim wild animals; and I took to be as fond of the stand as herself. Oh, dear! the fourth year I had her—before the birdeens of that Spring that she took sich delight in war fledged—my poor orphin bird was fledged, and flitted; the sun rose on her eyes, bright as diamonds; when it set, my little darling, the loan of the

Lord, sint to me to keep my heart open, was in its own heaven. Ah! ma'am, dear, the breath of a child is as swift to pass from its sweet body, as the scent from a rose. The parish, though," she added, shouldering her basket, "had nothing to do with *her* funeral; I laid her dacently in the earth, and for ever so long I used to stand gazing on thim birds, and feeding thim, thinking of my poor babby, and her loving ways, and innocent talk, until the birds war to me (God forgive me) a'most like a child: ye see one must have something to love."

"Katty, what did you do when the birds were gone?"

"Be dad, my lady, I was wearing to a skilliton, and would have been in my grave, what wid the loss of the babby, and the change over everything; and no elections, and growing ould and stiff; only——"

(She paused, and commenced rubbing the fore-finger of her right hand along the edge of her basket, with a perplexed air, as if she did not know how to proceed—rather an unusual dilemma for an Irishwoman.)

"Only what, Katty?"

"Why, my lady, only ye see: just thin, I was mighty lonesome intirely; and so I took up wid Larry."

"Larry! who is Larry?"

"My ould husband, Larry Nowlan, at yer sarvice, my lady," she replied, curtseying, and looking very much ashamed of her good-natured weakness; "my ould husband! He found the differ betwixt a purty face and an honest heart, on the long run, and so he come back, jist as my heart was breaking, quite a pinitint; except whin he draws his pension (it's a soldier he was—a full corporal); and thin, if he takes a drop too much, it gets into the crack in his skull; and if he had n't a bit of a row wid me, he would wid some one else, and have to pay for it; but, among ourselves, it's give and take, and no harm done; so, except jist thin, he's a grate pinitent intirely."

I have not space to illustrate these fresh traits in my poor country-woman's character; they must speak for themselves. There is much virtue clad in russet in old England still; we have only to separate the matter from the manner, and——But Katty shoulders her basket—

"Well, God be wid yer! and if yer honour, or any of yer honour's frinds wants a Basket-'Ooman, maybe ye 'll be so kind as to think of poor Katty Nowlan, the Covent Garden Basket-'Ooman, plaze yer honour!"

THE LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER.

She let her second floor to a very genteel man.

TATLER.

THE LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

The Lodging-House Keeper is a person who, in more than one sense of the phrase, lives by taking people in. This, perhaps, is the best description of one that can be given; for it is not enough to say that a Lodging-House Keeper is a person who lets lodgings. There are many who do that because they have no other means of eking out a subsistence: for instance, poor old maiden ladies; widows of physicians or of half-pay officers, left alone and unprovided for in the world; and other people who have seen better days; about whom we shall have nothing to say, there not being money-lenders, sharp practitioners, or sheriffs' officers enough amongst our readers to render such like characters generally diverting. The individual with whom we have here to do, is the common, regular, or professional Lodging-House Keeper.

The avocation of a Lodging-House Keeper is, for many weighty reasons, one peculiar to women. Not only are there various negociations, best accomplished by a female diplomatist, to be carried on in a lodging-house, as in all other houses, with the baker, grocer, milkman, cobbler, and laundress, but there is also somewhat to be done with regard to the lodgers themselves. They must be *managed*. Now no one can do this so well as a woman. As far as all matters of business are concerned, the daughters of Eve are most undeservedly termed the *softer* sex; and were they not so fond of making bargains as sometimes to buy a great deal more than they want, linendrapers, jewellers, and upholsterers, would be much worse off than they are. Being *managed*, means being induced to put up with imposition; in short, being humbugged. The attempt at this sort of management is a perilous one to a male practitioner, who, if a waiter or a footman, stands, in the event of detection, a good chance of being exceedingly well cudgelled, or kicked downstairs, according to circumstances. It is a point of honour not to allow ourselves to be imposed upon by men; acquiescence in being cheated by them is akin to cowardice, and rather than be liable to such an

imputation we would "cavil on the ninth part of a hair." But averse as we all are to being defrauded, there is something or other about womankind, independently of the properties of the nails and tongue, which induces us to avoid collision with them. It is not beauty, for it disinclines us to dispute, even with an unconscientious apple-woman; albeit it is much that a smile and soft answer, though coming from an ugly mouth, can do in the way of pacification. For aught we know it may be animal magnetism; but, at all events, it exists, and we need not confuse the Heads of the People by speculating about its cause. One thing is certain, namely, that the fairer part of our race often avail themselves of it to a great extent; and none of them more than the Lodging-House Keeper: not that she is exactly *fair* in a general way, either in her person or her dealings. Suppose, for example, that your tea-caddy feels suspiciously light on your return home of an evening; though you would hardly scruple to say to a host, "Who has been at my cupboard?" you would hesitate in even hinting to a hostess your conviction that you were an injured man: delicacy would restrain you. But even should you be what is elegantly and appropriately termed "too far north," and that weakness be a stranger to your nature, how would you brook the endurance of such a tempest of exclamation as the following:—"La! sir; well, I'm sure! to think that any gentleman should ever go for to dream of such a thing for an instant moment! There's nobody in *this* house, sir, I'll warrant, would touch a thing belonging to a lodger. As for Sally, poor girl! I'm certain sure you might trust her with untold gold, as the saying is: she'd never touch a pin, not she; and as for me, I'd rather go without tea, or sugar, or cream, or anything, from now till next July (and this here is Christmas), before I'd even borrow ever such a morsel, or bit of anything in the world, even if people *was n't* no ways close! Why, sir, there's Mr. Brown, him as lodges in the first floor front, he *is* a gentleman, *he* is, and has been a living here these four year, and always give the servant a suvring reg'lar as the time come; and his friends is highly respectable, and his eldest brother as used to lodge here too, was as thick as thieves with the King of the Belgiums, and he never once—no, nor more did n't his brother, all the blessed time they was here together—never asked a single question, nor found fault with anything: no, and did n't even look over a single bill, only to see how much it come to; nor did n't mind what they paid no more than if they was a couple of princes! I declare I would n't have such a thing happen for all the world; and if I was a goin' to die this moment, as I'm alive this day, I would n't mind taking my

oath that all the time I 've been a housekeeper, and that 's ten year come next Lady-day, no gentleman ever suspected such a thing; no more they do n't now, I 'm sure, for no *gentleman* would ever think of bothering, and poking, and looking, and lifting, to see if he 'd lost three ha'porth of tea. But a farthing 's a great matter to some people!" Having thus added insult to injury, the enraged landlady flounces out of the room, and slams the door after her, leaving you to wish that you had swallowed your loss, and she the tea caddy and its contents together, so that your ears had remained unwounded by her oratory.

Here a question arises which it may be well to consider, even at the risk of a short digression. How is such peculation as that above adverted to, to be prevented? It is needless to tell the reader, unless his mind be of the complexion of a water-meadow in April, that locking the cupboard door and pocketing the key is of no manner of service; on the contrary, distrust, when people are but indifferently honest, is sure to confirm them in roguery, and precaution is the most likely thing in the world to put those who are cunning on their mettle. It is virtually defying them to do their sharpest. The case, however, is not entirely hopeless: even animals may be cured of the propensity to pilfer, by causing it, in a manner, to punish itself. A cat is seldom caught twice misconducting herself in the larder, if, on the commission of her first offence, she happened to be snared in a gin. Perhaps the practical hint contained in the following narrative may be useful to some of the victimised:—

A Mr. Tompkins had resided for some time at No. —, ——— Street, ——— Square. Being a clerk somewhere in the City, he was absent from home every day until rather late in the evening. He was not, on the whole, dissatisfied with his abode; his landlady was tolerably civil; the servant-maid not intolerably dirty; there were no children scuffling and screaming in the passage; nor was there a foolish fellow, with a flute and heavy boots, making a worse noise over head—a nuisance particularly incidental to the ground floor, that is, in technical language, the gentleman who lives there. The beds were places of rest, not of suffering; they contained no entomological curiosities, and were provided with a sufficiency of blankets. *But*—word which (following praise or congratulation) is the sure forerunner of a qualifying clause; but—some of the people about the place were less honest than plausible. Mice do not eat tea or sugar, and when they *do* eat cheese, they contrive to help themselves without knives. When cupboards are shut and locked, and provisions, which cannot evaporate, mysteriously decrease, there

neither needs a ghost to say that a thief has been at work, nor a conjuror to guess what sort of one. So thought Mr. Tompkins; but not wishing to indict all parties with the chance of wronging some, and the certainty of not bringing any to justice, he devised a plan by which, unaided either by judge or jury, steel trap or spring gun, he might inflict, and that instantly on the perpetration of the crime, condign punishment on the offender. He took a handsome tea-service, belonging to the house, usually kept on a tray in another cupboard, and transferred it to that appropriated to the eatables and drinkables, fastening the whole concern, by means of a bit of string, to a nail on the inside of the cupboard door, which he then shut and locked as usual. The consequences likely to befal the crockery on an attempt to open the cupboard being made by any one not acquainted with these arrangements, may be easily conceived. Having finished setting his trap, Mr. Tompkins repaired to his office. When he returned home, he found things in the cupboard apparently in the state in which he had left them; but on closer inspection he discovered that a milk jug was missing, and that the pattern of the cups and saucers was marvellously altered. His landlady, too, kept out of his sight for a week, and when she at last made her appearance looked monstrously red in the face. After this affair, Mr. Tompkins lost no more tea.

Those who are fond of looking about them may derive a good deal of amusement from a lodging-hunting expedition. You knock at a door, on which, or in the adjoining window, you see, inscribed on a card, "Apartments to let, furnished." A slip-shod slavey answers the door, and almost before you have told her what you want, an eager-eyed woman appears, all pelerine, cap and ribbons, smiling with all her might, and rubbing her hands together as if in the act of washing them. "Did you wish to see the rooms, sir? Walk this way, sir, if you please—you 'll find them very pleasant, and quite genteel, I assure you, sir. Hann, go down stairs and wash your face.—Up stairs, sir, if you please: we 've had the carpets took up, you see, sir, because this is Friday, and that 's the day that we always have a regular clear out, as I call it. There, sir; these are the rooms, furnished quite elegant and complete, with sofa, chairs, book-case, beautiful mogany table, and everythink; and this, look, sir, opens into the bed room, all clean and comfortable and nice; the last gentleman as slept there, sir, was first cousin to a member of Parliament; and he used always to say—he was such a funny gentleman—'Mrs. Miffin—that was just his way, sir—Mrs. Miffin, I tell you what; this is a very

cosy little place:'—a nice gentleman he was, and I should have had him now if he had n't been sent out by the Government somewhere—to New South Wales, I think." The time occupied by the foregoing speech has enabled you to glance your eyes around the room. Perhaps you notice some defect,—for instance, that it is too dark, and express your opinion to that effect. "Too dark, sir?" is the reply; "Oh! *dear* me no, sir; you 've only just to draw this curtain aside, and the room is as light as possible. See, sir: I had a very celebrated artist here once, sir, and I 'm sure I would n't say so if I had n't, and he declared he was never in such a room for painting in his life." "Very likely, ma'am," you reply; "what are your terms?" "Is it for a permanency, sir, or tempory?" "Why, perhaps I may be here six months." "Oh! hem; well, sir, I should say—partial board I suppose, sir?" "Yes." "Well then, sir, perhaps I *ought* to ask three guineas a week, but as it *is* for a permanency, I *think* I may make it two and a half, lodgings and attendance and all." The bargain, in case you are disposed to strike one, now proceeds as all bargains do, and ends, unless you are very inexperienced, in your obtaining a further abatement of some eight or ten snillings. If you feel an inward determination to have nothing to do with the place, you put on a look of reflection, and intimate that perhaps you may call again.

We have always been at a loss to know where a Lodging-House Keeper *lives*: ground floor, first floor, second floor, and two pair back, are either let or to be let, in all lodging-houses. As long as even an attic is unoccupied, there is a bill to be seen in the window. Sometimes there is a queer-looking place out in the yard where the landlady may dwell; her habitation, if not in the back settlements, would seem to be under ground; and one of the tribe, under whose roof we formerly sojourned, really used, when suddenly summoned to our aerial citadel, to look as if she had just come out of the coal-hole.

It is equally difficult to judge from the appearance of the Lodging-House Keeper whether she is maid, wife or widow. On enquiry, it is usually found that she is married; her husband, it may be, has run away from her; sometimes he is a butler in a nobleman's family, or a copying clerk in a lawyer's office; and almost always has some occupation which takes him a great deal from home. He is often a mysterious personage, whose visits occur at long intervals, and late in the evening; are announced by a stealthy ring at the door, and attended, in a few minutes,

with a strong smell of fried liver and bacon. Occasionally, you may meet with a Lodging-House Keeper who has a small family; a boy, perhaps, who might serve for a living illustration to one of Doudney's advertisements, and a girl who looks like a juvenile performer on the tight rope. These children are usually spoilt, troublesome, and noisy in the extreme. They go every morning to a neighbouring day school, and on their birth-days, which are regularly and duly celebrated, a few of their "young friends" are invited to partake of a grand "jollification"—in the nether regions, should the house be full, or in the room of any lodger who may chance to be absent. On these occasions, the recitation of various selections from "Enfield's Speaker," and the performance of a *pas seul* by each of the prodigies, in the presence, and for the gratification of, the surrounding relatives and friends, are sure never to be omitted.

Be cautious how you entrust yourself to a landlady who has a grown up daughter. From inattention to this point, a friend of ours, a gentleman of the name of Smith, who, although no Captain, yet "lived in country quarters," was nearly meeting with a serious accident. While rusticating, he was taken ill, and so pointed were the attentions paid him, during his sickness, by the daughter of his hostess—a young lady, he confessed, of some personal attractions, that it was only by great prudence and self command that he was rescued from an untimely marriage. Remember that there is a dilemma which it is easier to get into than it is to get out of; with Matrimony and its terrors for one horn, and Law with its damages for the other.

We have here an important remark to make. The late alarming increase in the number of marriages must fill every thinking mind with apprehension and alarm. No doubt there are many other causes predisposing to the rash act; but we are certain that young men are often driven to the commission of wedlock by that want of comfort which they endure in a lodging-house. It is high time that a "Bill for the Amendment of Lodging-House Keepers" should be brought forward in Parliament. It is clear on what foundation such a Bill should be based. Exalt the Lodging-House Keeper's *morale;* supply her with sound principles; in short, educate her. By these means, her conduct will be improved; and many a young man, now discontented with his apartments and condition, will then, happy in the enjoyment of domestic quiet and cleanliness, regard his lodgings as a home; and, existing really in a state of single blessedness, be no longer tempted to exchange it for one discountenanced by the laws of his country, and justly punishable in a workhouse.

THE BRICKLAYER'S LABOURER.

Young Ambition's ladder.

SHAKSPERE.

THE BRICKLAYER'S LABOURER.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Most people have heard the story of the Bricklayer's Labourer, who laid a wager with a "a boy" in the same "trade," that he would carry him, on his hod, to the summit of a five-storied house in perfect safety. The feat was accomplished; and the delighted carrier capered with glee at his triumph. "Ah, be dad!" exclaimed the carried, who most unquestionably would have been dashed to atoms if the other had made a false step; "Ah, be dad! I had grate hopes once, whin, a little more than half way up, *ye made a stumble!*" It is impossible not to laugh at this recklessness of consequences, so very characteristic of my poor countrymen. The story may be called "a Joe" or "a jest;" but there is no mistaking the nationality of its detail and its moral. Paddy's whole body and mind is imbued with a love of "fun:" no matter what the hazard may be, he will have his fun out; he never could, never can, never will, trim his barque carefully, and sail quietly down the stream of life. Not he, indeed! He will feather his oar with the breakers a-head; and mingle death and laughter together. Not that he is unfeeling; oh, no! When away from the influence of either of the three excitements that, united, may be termed the *Black Shamrock* of Ireland—the excitement of whiskey, sectarianism, or politics—Paddy's heart is full of the most generous sympathies and affections. He will weep at the misfortunes of others, but laugh at his own. I remember once hearing of a young countryman, Alick Grace by name, who had lost his all by the failure of a provincial bank. A gentleman overtook him as he was returning to his farm, and perceived that he was labouring under some strong feeling: he was running, springing, and whirling his shillala; at last, his animal spirits sunk; and, leaning his head against a tree, the poor fellow burst into tears. "For shame, Alick!" exclaimed the gentleman: "for shame! bear up against your troubles like a man: you have youth, health, strength, and a good character; there is no fear of your doing well, Alick Grace—none in the world."

"The devil a fear, sir; I know that, *now that I come to think of it:* but sure it's little right that a *gorsoon* like myself would have to think of himself, and trouble over the poor cabin-keeper like a thundercloud powering down destruction on him and his:—and the thing that crushes my heart most, is the picture of Mary Mulvany—God look down on her!—standing like a statue opposite the bank door, pressing her small children to her bussum, and the thrifle her young husband left gone, and nothing *but the road to take to.* I never thought of my own share when I looked at her, until I thought if I had it back, it's to her I'd give it—the darlint!"

"Marry her, Alick," said the gentleman.

"Be dad, I would, sir! and take poor Larry's children into the bargain; but I would n't distress her feelings by naming the like in her hearing; for well I know *her heart's in her husband's grave!* I wonder at ye, sir, to think Alick Grace could cry for the loss of *his own money!*"

This little episode may, perhaps, be considered out of keeping where it is the writer's duty to pourtray but one object; a thing I find it difficult to do when treating of the inhabitants of the "green isle," because obliged to select out of an abundance, not a dearth, of subjects. At least, forty Bricklayers' Labourers pass our garden-gate every morning and evening; the sound of their brogue ascends, though there is neither mirth nor quarrelling amongst them; for the Bricklayer's Labourer is a peaceable person, except, perhaps, on Sundays; when he loses his identity, exchanges his cap for a hat, his jacket for his national long coat, his hod for a shillala, and becomes, instead of an up-going, down-coming, mortar-making machine, a genuine son of the sod! Dwelling, most likely, in the neighbourhood of Saffron Hill, Seven Dials, Paddington, or Jew's Row, Chelsea, there, on a Sunday morning, he sometimes indulges in certain outbreaks which invariably create much amusement in the police-offices:—except then, he is a well-ordered machine as to his labour, careful and circumspect, well knowing that his lot is cast in an enemy's country; knowing that every labouring Englishman would be most happy that he remained in his own island to starve, so he did not trench upon what he considers his exclusive property. The Bricklayer's Labourer lives upon one-third of what is required to support an Englishman, and he does a third more work; he eats his mid-day meal, brought to him by a fair-haired *colleen* or a rosy boy, under the wall he is building; he does not heed the weather; he does not, if he can

help it, heed the reproaches flung in his teeth by those who feed on bread and bacon, while he is content with a herring and potatoes; he sacrifices (without thinking it a sacrifice) a portion of his earnings to keep his old mother from the parish. His charities are voluntary: an Irishman, no matter how poor, is generous; if he has not money to bestow, he gives his sympathies, his time, his affections; his heart is never closed, though his pocket may be empty. There is Lawrence Larkin, or, as he is called, Larry Larkin—I cannot select a better specimen than Larry—whom I have known long, and whose virtues I honour—I do not care whether a man's shoulder bears an epaulette or a hod, if he has a generous and feeling mind—I honour *it*, and not the badge he wears. Larry, in his calling, is a genuine Bricklayer's Labourer; a creature perpetually moving between earth and heaven, continually ascending and descending; whose existence depends on the soundness and safe placing of a ladder, and the balancing of a hod. See him as he stands in the very act of preparing for his ascent, his hod heavily laden with its usual freight; he rubs his hands together to rouse their dormant circulation; then weighs it, as it were, but the motion is to ascertain if the bricks are securely in; and then, having found all right, places it on his shoulder, which he jerks so as to fit on the hod as if it were a part of his dress: all this is done carefully, treating the hod as if it were a badge of honour; and so it is, Larry—the badge of honourable industry.

The hod being fixed, up he goes, firmly and lightly, rapidly too, considering the load he carries—and now observe him: his figure is not very tall, but it is muscular and compact: has he not less of the gay-hearted Irishman in his manner, while at his work, than any other out door labourer? those who labour within doors are always more silent, more shut down, as it were, by the roof that covers them—less buoyant, less gleesome than those around whom the fresh, free air, even of a city, blows, during the hours of toil; but Larry Larkin's business, though out of doors, is both laborious and careful; a false step, on the ladder, would be his destruction, and he knows it; he does not sing at his work, though he is happy; his jacket of white flannel is powdered with the mingled dust of lime and brick; his stockings are of white worsted, similarly spangled; his brogues, guiltless of blacking, and his cap, a low, flat, round cap, of grey skin, does not descend low on the back of his head, so that you see his thick, bushy, lime-powdered hair, curling beneath it; his great bodily attribute is strength—his mental one, patience; there is no variety in his occupation, no

change; consequently the Bricklayer's Labourer is the most steady of all Irishmen. Sometimes when the wind blows the smoke in an opposite direction, and the clouds disperse, he leans his arms for a moment on the hod which he has rested on the corner of the parapet wall of that tall house, turns up his face to the clear, blue sky, and fills his ample lungs with a long draught of heaven's elixir. Who can tell, within the compass of a few moments, the torrents of ideas, the floods of precious memories, that rush back into his heart; he does not know how they come—those mysterious visitors—but they are there, winged by the western wind from his own isle: not redolent of abundance, that idol of a mind more gross than the poor Irishman's, but laden with dreams of the affections of his youth, his mother's blessing, his father's advice, the parting words of some "little Colleen," whom his own fagging, faithful Peggy would just as soon he did not remember; the dance, the jest, perhaps the fight at the last fair, or the memory of some love-lay rises above the turmoil of the noisy street, though the lips that breathed it may have long been cold; he gazes on the expanse of sky until his imagination has converted the very smoke, hanging like a pall over the great city of the world, into his native hills; and if the notes of a captive bird rise upon the air, his heart swells within his bosom: the carol of the wild lark, the blackbird's whistle, the thrush's chaunt, the plover's lonely pipe, the music of early peasant life, ring in his ears—and all this passes within the compass of a minute, before you can read half what I have written: the dream of his country is over, the romance is past; he is the poor, patient, plodding, Bricklayer's Labourer, descending with his hod, again to ascend, but not again to dream; those visions are "few and far between," but, like the mountain rill, rushing into the bosom of the silent lake, though its identity is lost in the tranquil waters; it has purified, in some degree, the stagnant pool; it has disturbed the weeds; it has brought the freedom of the hill into the valley; the spirit of the poor man is revived within him, and his step, in descending, is more firm, his eye more bright than it was.

I have observed that the relaxations of the country, the walk on the hill side, away from town, the stroll in the fresh air, the game of cricket on the broad green common, send men back to their work with renewed cheerfulness, and an increased disposition to labour, *while they are at it;* but the feverish and unhealthy relaxations of the town—the pint and pipe of the hot tap-room, the fever of the cheap theatre, dissipate without amusing. Our legislators would do well to encourage the occasional migrations of our working

classes to the neighbourhood of London; where strictly rural sports could be enjoyed under regulations conducive to health and mental cheerfulness.

No one, I repeat it, was ever able to recognise a Bricklayer's Labourer on Sunday: he casts his hod, his coat, and his carefulness together, as a snake does his skin; he is on Sunday like any other Irishman, ready for a spree or a fight, a frolic or a quarrel. On Sundays, even Larry Larkin is a complete Irishman; on other days, he is a Bricklayer's Labourer!

Larry occasionally, when out of work, does a small job for his neighbours: he will come over hours, repair a drain, mend a wall, or even dabble in what he calls "*Roman Cimint*—God bless it!" The greenhouse flue has been "touched up" by Lawrence half-a-dozen times; and the last time he came "to look at it," he was reproached with the fact, "that it smoked as much as ever—that the plants were suffocated!"

"See that now!" he replied; "See that now! did n't I know it! I said to Peggy, 'Peggy,' says I, 'I 'm sent for to the Rosery, and I 'll go bail it 's that vagabone flue again.' Sorra a plant 'ill be alive with it by Lady Day!"

"But that is your fault; you assured me you would cure it."

"*And so I did! but it's got bad again:* it 's had what the Doctor calls a railapse, and how can it help it—the craythur! Sure the air o' London would smotherificate any chimbley that ever was built: has n't it smothered myself, and Peggy, and the childre all out—bad cess to it for air: sure its thick enough for mate and drink; though bad as times are, we 're not behoulden to it, God be praised."

"Who do you work for now, Larry?"

"A grate gintleman entirely, a grate builder, though onc't he was n't much betther off than myself. I heard tell he come to London with little to cover him but the care of the Almighty; and he was n't altogether a *gorsoon* (little boy), but a fine lump of a young man; and he went to a gentleman, who (the heavens be his bed!) was mighty good entirely to the poor Irish, and he axed for work, and there was a big heap of stones at one corner of the coort yard; and the gentleman said, 'If ye want work, my man, carry them stones to the opposite corner;' and the poor stranger set too and did as he was bid; and when he had done, he tould the masther, and axed him what he should do next; and the masther said, 'Take every one of the stones back to where ye found them;' and he did so, and tould the masther again when he had done; and the masther was plazed, ye see, becase he did exactly as

he was bid, neither more nor less, and axed no questions; and the masther said, 'You'll do for me,' and gave him constant employ; and from that day he riz, riz, riz, like a house a fire; and grate sense, and grate luck he had: he knew the ganeus of the English —quiet, hard-working, aisy going, and no bother, nor blarney." During the latter part of these observations, Larry had been investigating the state of the flue, and, despite the air, again declared he could cure it.

"For how long, Larry?"

"Ah, thin, what doctor could answer such a question as that? we'll get rid of the desease for the prisint, any how; and then I must go home, where I'm wanting; for ye see I'm raythur tired to-day, and I'll tell ye how it was:—When I quitted the sod (left Ireland), I left no one at home with my poor mother but my little brother, Barney, a slip of a boy, and her heart and soul was in the child; but he turned out wild, and left the counthry. It's little I could do for the poor lone mother; and she so far off, but I often thought of her, and would send her a thrifle now and again, and a word, telling how I was treading the ladder of life—now up, now down, the same as the quality, who, many of 'em, are done up, like the houses, with the *Roman Cimint*—God bless it—to look like what they aint: but that's not my business; only there's nothing like the rale lime and stone, afther all. Well, my wife says to me one day, or raythur night—it was of a Sathurday; and I had earned a power that week, for it was task-work, and I had slaved over-hours, and felt wake in myself, and she was making me a sup of punch, and I had taken out my money, and laid a couple of shillings together for a throwel for the neighbour's jobs, and another thrifle for a pair of shoes, besides the rint; and there was a little over, and Peggy says to me—'Larry,' says she, 'our Heavenly Father's very good to us in a strange counthry,' says she, (for she was always a God-fearing woman); 'and ye'r a good husband, and a good father, and the quietest man in or out of Ireland, when the drop's not in,' she says (I'd be ashamed to be praising myself, only them war the very words she spoke); 'and I often see ye sit solid as a pillar, looking out of yer eyes, straight forward, saying and seeing nothing, until yer eyes, avourneen, swim in tears! and thin, Larry, I know you do be thinking of your ould mother, and she alone in her latther days: and here,' she says, taking out the rimnant of a leather apron, tied into a bag,—'here is what will bring her over; what I've saved out of my washing at the laundry; and put that thrifle to it: I hav n't

touched a drop of beer, nor would n't, for the last four months; and ye 'll be happy all *out* then, Larry; and we 'll make the ould woman happy; and sure she 'll take delight in the grand-childre. Often, when I 've been putting the bread in my mouth, I 've thought that your mother had nothing, may-be, but a *wet* payatee! And do, Larry, send for her, in God's name; we 'll be nothing the poorer for it, *for a mother's breath is a blessing in a poor man's house*. Well, I had Peggy in her young days; and at first her two cheeks war like two roses, and now they 're as white as lime; but I thought I never see anything look so handsome as she did then; and while her poor, hard, slaving hand trembled in mine, I could n't spake, but I hid my face in her apron, and cried as much tears as would make a hod of mortar:—the poor craythur! denying herself—and for *my* mother!

"Well, the ould woman came, and we would have been very happy, only the poor mother could not forget Barney, the boy that left her; and this very morning, we war mighty busy entirely with the new houses—and the masther gives a hand's turn to many a boy (God bless him for it!)—and I see two or three strangers among them—the labourers, I mane—and one poor looking fellow; and I observed him mighty wake. 'My man,' says I, 'do n't fill the hod; for you 'll not be able for it; and keep steady,' I says, 'and I 'll go behind ye.' With that, he shoulders it mighty awkward, like a young soldier with his musket on first drill, and with a laugh. 'I never could keep steady,' he says. Well, the laugh, and the look of his pale, rowling, but bright eyes, dull and starved looking, made my flesh creep. Death is bad enough to look at when it is could and stiff; but just so much life left as keeps fire in the eye, while everything else is all as one as dead, is shocking to see; and somehow, as I followed him up the ladder, I felt as if I was following a *corpse*.

"He had not gone up six rungs of the ladder, when he stumbled; but I let my own load go, and cotched him just as he went over the side. I carried him down; he was as light as a child of two years ould—no weight in him. With that, one of your half-gentlemen, who was passing, looks at him:—'He 's drunk,' he says. I could n't make him no answer, for I was choked *with the injustice of the world* (*the boy's breath had been on my cheek not three minutes before, and was as innocent of spirits as a new born babe's*); but Jerry Clure—a fine tongue has Jerry, when he lets it go, and fine edication—makes answer, 'He is drunk from the fulness of want: sorra a bit or sup has passed his lips these twenty-four hours: and it is a sin and a shame for the likes of you, who have

plenty, to turn such a word on a stranger. If a poor boy reels with the wakeness of starvation, *he is drunk;* if a rich one reels afther a dinner that would satisfy a wife and five children, *he is excited'*—them war his words: and at the same time, just as we war all gathered about him, one with wather, another with whiskey—all according to their ability—my poor mother comes up with the bit of dinner. 'What's the matter?' she says; and some one tould her: and with that, she makes into the throng; for she's a feeling woman. 'Give him air,' she says; and as they drew back, she looked in his face; and then—my grief!—the shriek of her would pierce a heart of stone. She just threw up her arm in the air, with one wild cry, and fell upon the poor stranger.

"I knew *who* it was *then*," said Larry, turning away to conceal an emotion which does honour to a man, and which, nevertheless, he is always ashamed of; "I knew the poor boy was—MY OWN BRTOHER!" He paused, and then added, "I wonder has any of the grate people made out, in these improving times, what it is that draws people's hearts together without a rason or a knowledge. I'm too ould to take much to strangers; but I felt my heart turn to that boy from the minute I seen him—a something stir in my breast to him—little thinking what it was. It's natur', I suppose; turn it which way they will, it's natur'; they can't go beyond it, nor get past it, with all their larning; it will have its own way—why not?"

I asked how he was.

"A wild life, ma'am; but I hope the end will be paceful; he can't live, he's too far gone: but sure his mother and people are with him—and the Lord is marciful!"

Lawrence Larkin shouldered his hod—the usual steady expression of his features returned—he, as I have said, shouldered his hod, and departed. Few, if any, who pass him in the street will vouchsafe a thought upon him. During the week, he is a Bricklayer's Labourer; a creature born to the destiny of carrying a hod and making mortar—and that is all!—on Sunday, he is confounded amid the hosts of "poor Irish," "disorderly Irish," "labouring Irish;" "dirty Irish!" hated with a bitter, but most unworthy and undeserved, hatred by his own class of English fellow-subjects, while the more refined consider him as a disorderly being, to be either feared or laughed at.

Does Larry Larkin, the Bricklayer's Labourer, deserve to be so looked upon? Believe me, English reader—you with whom justice is always a duty—believe me, amongst the class you either overlook or despise, Larry is by no means an uncommon character.

THE DEBTOR.

—— In a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness.

SHAKSPERE

THE CREDITOR.

Murder a man's family, and he may brook it,
But keep your hands out of his breeches' pocket.

BYRON.

THE DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

THE DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

We have heard of men who would boast that they "never had an hour's illness—never owed a shilling in their lives." Let us not be thought so credulous as to believe that the world abounds with such people; by no means: we hear of them with a like sense of curious wonder awakened by tidings of a spotted boy,—the horned woman,—the pig-faced lady, or any other human marvel that Nature, in her sport or idleness, deems good to send among us. The man who has never known sickness has, we fear, a very irreverential notion of the delicacy, the subtleties of his anatomy; and, with a certain senatorial philanthropist, may question the wise utility of hospitals. The man who has never owed a shilling cannot, we opine, have a just apprehension of the horrors of debt, and may look on prison walls with a deep and sweet conviction of their social worth and excellence. These people, however—the sacred few exempt from the apothecary and the attorney—are the precious babes of Fortune; dipped, heels and all, in Styx; powdered with gold, and swathed in finest linen. Our purpose is not with them; it is enough that we have glanced at their strange existence; that we have pointed at these monsters of felicity—these paragons of luck. The comprehensiveness of our theme embraces the whole world; for where, where is the man who, though he may never have had an hour's illness, has, at the same time, never owed a shilling?—where, where the man equally exempt from rhubarb and from writs?

It is, we hope, obvious that our present paper touches only the Debtor and Creditor as flourishing under the British constitution. We speak only of national evils and national remedies. Every land has, we believe, its own mode of recovery; in every nation, the Debtor meets with a peculiar attention; the Creditor, in the pursuit of his claim, conforming to the legislative genius of his maternal country. We would not, were we sufficiently scholarly, enumerate the different modes of different nations, detaining

the reader with a description of the thousand various processes to which the Debtor is subjected, in order to make him satisfy his lordly master; for, be sure of it, the Debtor, let him hold up his head and ruffle it as he will, is the bondman — the serf of the Creditor. We will not attempt a circumnavigation of the globe, to shew how Carib recovers of Carib; by what refined process the Patagonian is compelled to disgorge to his fellow; or how the men of Labrador recover of one another. This is a theme too vast and comprehensive for our purpose. We will take it for granted that, in some barbarian lands, the Debtor is doomed to servitude; in some, he suffers mutilation; in some, he is impaled; in some, branded. We will not dispute the stories of travellers who have printed as much. In England, Hesperian soil! the Debtor wears no slavish yoke, loses no limb, is fixed on no stake, bears no ignominious impress. No, in this our happy country, where law is the bright babe begotten by Wisdom upon Justice, the Debtor is only—skinned alive!

The reader, of course, perceives that we speak of the Debtor *in extremis*, when reduced to the last consolations of law. It is then that we recognise the wisdom and philanthropy of British legislators, who, imitating the benevolent example of Nature, that has expressly created certain food for the sustenance of meanest insects, make the offending culprit the lawful morsel of litigation —providing the Debtor as a dinner for the attorney.

How innocent, how guileless is the man who never dreams that there are cannibals in London! Why, society is beset by anthropophagi. One cannot walk the streets without rubbing coats with men-eaters; cannibals duly entered; consumers of human flesh and blood according to the statutes. They are to be known to the man who reads human faces—known as truly as the family of honey-feeders is known to the naturalist. They have, for the most part, a certain cadaverous aspect,—a restless, wily, eye, with a sneaking cruelty about the lips. Some few there are with full, rosy faces, and sleek, satin skins,—a plethoric variety of the race. And these have, times out of mind, fed upon the Debtor, duly provided for them by gracious law-givers. Like the ogre of our childhood, they have

"Ground his bones to make their bread."

The Debtor is, therefore, to be considered as he exists in himself, and as he lives for his consumers. He is, in the strongest and most significant sense, a national portrait; for in his person, and

in his experiences, are illustrated the social excellences of legislation. As a kitten suffering in an air-pump, or a dog with its arteries laid bare by the knife of the speculative anatomist, illustrates a certain principle in science, so does the Debtor, in the fangs of the sharp attorney, illustrate the delegated wisdom of the community. He proves the ignominy of poverty. The varlet who steals "some eightpenny matter," is sentenced to be whipped; the wretch who owes forty shillings is handed over to the attorney, who, the appointed officer to punish the iniquity of debt, in a trice doubles the amount, thus justly punishing the pauperism of the pauper. The hangman flourishes his whip; the attorney scourges with costs.

The philosophy of the law of Debtor and Creditor demonstrates that to be poor is to be punishable. Hence, certain instruments—not, indeed, the thumb-screw, the rack, or the strapado, but engines almost equally sanguinary—have been invented, and placed at the will of the legal executioner, wherewith, for his own especial advantage, he may torture the offender. It is not the Creditor for whom the law has shewn its most paternal care, but the lawyer. It is not justice that is to be vindicated, but litigation that is to be gorged. It is to this wise and goodly end that costs are not limited to shillings, but swollen to pounds. Justice might, indeed, be cheaply satisfied; but the attorney has a maw insatiate. Again, to make justice cheap, would doubtless make her contemptible: she is, therefore, dignified by expense; made glorious by the greatness of costs.

What a forlorn animal is the Debtor! See him hovering about yonder door. That, reader, is the office of Mr. ——, a sharp practitioner; a person who, to the utmost, avails himself of the benevolence of law-makers, and never spares the criminal in debt. It is that office,—that den of tape and parchment,—

"Where half-starved spiders prey on half-starved flies,"

that the Debtor would seek for mercy: he comes to beg for time; to supplicate that he may not be swallowed whole by law, but mercifully consumed by mouthfuls. He will sign any bond,—he will pay any costs; all that he wants is time; and he, therefore, with the deepest humiliation, entreats that he may only be devoured piecemeal. Look at the man, gentle reader, and shudder at debt: what self-abasement is in his mien! what an expression of anguish darkens his face; and now what a blush of shame! He crawls to the door; lingers at its step; his eye runs down the strips of

names painted at the door-post—he has read them a dozen times —to find the whereabout of the gentleman who has sued him; and he mounts the stairs with less alacrity than many a wretch has mounted Tyburn ladder. His debt is not of crushing amount; he could, in a little time, satisfy his Creditor; but then the costs have doubled the sum, and how to appease the lawyer? Well, the attorney has relenting bowels: yes, for see with what a gladdened face, with what lightened step, the Debtor, after half an hour's delay, descends the stairs, having, as he for the time believes, comfortably settled everything. Yes, he has signed a certain instrument, another wicked profit to the attorney, and he is graciously permitted to linger on to the exclusive profit of the compassionate lawyer. The Debtor owed five pounds, and with a benignity highly honourable to the professional philanthropist, he has been allowed a certain number of weeks to pay ten.

With what a mixture of pity and disdain do we contemplate the idols of the heathen! How we at once mourn and marvel at the darkness, the self-abasement of poor human nature, making its offerings of blood and violence at the shrine of superstition. We, who shrug our shoulders at Mumbo Jumbo; we, who turn with loathing from the blue monkey; we, who in the self-glorification of reason, in the pride and fulness of civilisation, laugh and spit at the ape with the golden tooth; alas! have we no idols? have we set up no fantastic image worship? have we erected no Moloch, to the profit of its high priests, and the suffering of thousands? Have we built up no idol, that with the mask of an angel has the claws of a harpy? Have we no shrine, at which multitudes, gathered in the name of justice, are despoiled and stripped by the murmuring priesthood of the law? Do we call for no offerings to ignorance, and craft, and legal lying? And by a strange and wicked superstition, do men not band themselves together to perpetuate the ill—to keep up the guilty farce acted in the outraged name of reason—to do the grossest wrong in the name of public right? Let him who would call this a rhapsody take his station at an inn of Court; let him watch the priesthood, glossy as ravens; let him mark the anxious faces, the distracted looks of the daily scores who do bleeding sacrifice to them. Let the unbeliever read the Debtor's bill of costs; and when he has marked the prices of the articles issued in the name of justice, let him conscientiously make answer, if crape and pistols, though most dangerous and ignominious, are, in very truth, the most dishonest instruments employed by reasoning man.

Do we blame the attorney? Do we condemn meek Mr. Lambsheart, of Chancery Lane, with his country-house and pinery in Maida Vale? Do we cast invective upon him, who has lived and grown sleek and rich upon the very marrow of the Debtor? By no means: we would as soon think of chiding a crow for feeding upon carrion. "The law allows it." He has been the child, the nursling of the system. To him, for thirty years, parchment has been daily bread; he is only just as bad as the law enables him to be, but is ready to be worse with any alteration of the statutes. This is merely human nature; and even Mr. Lambsheart, though a sharp attorney, is a reasoning animal, an excellent judge of port wine, and, indeed, in many other respects, a man.

We have considered the Debtor in what the state evidently considers to be his most important relation; as, in fact, so much food for the law: as a thing to be eaten clean up, if he be a very poor and small Debtor; or to be taken, as we have already inferred, mouthful by mouthful, according to the natural benignity of the priests of the mystery. We have next to consider him as in the immediate thrall of the Creditor, before delivered over to the mercies of sharp or gentle practice. And here we would fain set ourselves right with the reader, lest he should conceive that we hold every Debtor to be a person of interest, an unfortunate creature, calling loudly for our best sympathies. Some there are to whom debt seems their natural element; they appear to swim only in hot water. To owe and to live, are, to them, terms synonymous; the ledger is their *libro d'oro;* the call of the sheriff no more than the call of a friend. There are Debtors who, for their reckless sins, deserve flaying at the hands of law; but in the daily skinning that takes place, there is, unhappily, no distinction—there can be none. The law makes *all* eels that come to net, and all are flayed under one sentence.

There was Jack Brassly. We verily believe that his first debt commenced in his fourth year, for marbles. Certain it is, that the disease had attacked him when very young, and clung, increasing, to him through a long and various life. Yet, how airily would he plunge into debt! In the enlargement of his heart, he looked upon all mankind as brothers, and therefore never hesitated to put in a fraternal claim to a portion of their goods and chattels. The world, however—hard-hearted world!—did not reciprocate the kindly feeling of Jack; hence, he became known to every bailiff in London, and could, we honestly believe, give the exact dimensions of every sponging-house in the bills of mortality. What a sight was it to

see Jack in prison! How loftily, yet withal, how graciously, he suffered durance. Sir Thomas More and Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower, let them have braved it as they might, must have been sneak-ups to Jack. With what a majestic condescension would he address the menials of the gaol! The very pot-boy felt elevated. Guileless youth! Was it for nothing, think ye, that Jack Brassly pitched his silveriest tones to the carrier of malt? The coalman, a very Caliban, stood, with open mouth, fascinated by the dulcet voice and honied smile of Brassly; and the third half-bushel shot into the cupboard, departed, still unpaid. As for the laundress, week after week did Brassly smile away her lengthy bill; still the woman continued to wash, albeit, in her own equivocal words, "there was no end to Mr. Brassly's shirts." It was thus Jack wound himself about the heart of man and woman: everybody trusted him; he paid nobody, yet everybody conspired to declare that he was such a gentleman! Let it be confessed, no man better understood the graces of life; no man was more fully impressed with the necessary dignity of a dinner. He had been in gaol two months. A friend called, and, to his surprise, found Jack considerably agitated. "Bless me, Brassly! what's the matter? any new trouble?" "Very much annoyed, indeed," answered Jack. "I see how it is: a new creditor, I suppose has"—— "Not at all," interrupted Brassly; "creditor—pooh!—creditor." "Well, then," cried the friend, preparing himself for the worst, "put me out of suspense: what is it?" Brassly, after an effort, and laying his hand upon the arm of his friend, began his tale. "You see, my dear fellow, I am going up to-morrow; I shall be out the next day." "Perhaps," observed the friend, "if Dodgby, and Winkman, and Cramp,—" "Oh, I have renewed all their bills," said Brassly; "they have withdrawn their opposition, and I shall be sure to be out: but to the matter." "Aye, the cause of your anxiety; what is it?" "Before I went out, I wished to have a few friends to dine with me; there's fourteen of 'em—kind souls!—coming; I have a pretty little summer banquet; but what annoys me past expression, is this: although I have sent a mile about the neighbourhood—yes, at least a mile——" "Well?" "I can't—offer what money I will—get any ice-powders for the wine." Poor Brassly!

Everybody persisted in calling Brassly a gentleman; and we will do him the justice to avow, that let his difficulties be what they might, he never forgot the reputation thus forced upon him. He never condescended to any plebeian usage, if, by any importunity, he could obtain the means of passing gentility. "My dear Framp-

ton, it was Providence that sent you in my path," cried Brassly, addressing a portly gentleman in the street, squeezing his hand, and then looking with sorrowful eyes and depressed mouth into his face. "What's the matter, Brassly?" For some seconds, Brassly was too much overcome to speak; at length, he cried, "For heaven's sake, lend me a sovereign!"

"A sovereign!"

"A sovereign. I have not a penny in the world—I cannot tell you now; you shall know all some day; but I have a pressing (pressing, did I say?) nay, a sacred, a holy call for a sovereign. A shilling less will not do; it must be a sovereign."

"Well," said Frampton, with the face and air of a man to whom the incident was not altogether new; "well;" and he slowly drew forth his purse, took out the coin, and, evidently as if bidding an eternal farewell to it, placed the money in the hand of Brassly. "There it is," said Frampton, with great Christian resignation.

"Thank you," mildly replied Brassly; "much obliged to you. Here"—and to the consternation of Frampton, he saw Brassly lift his finger—heard him raise his voice:—"*Here, cab!*" The charioteer drove his cab to the kerb, and Brassly, not having a penny in the world except the sovereign, for every farthing of which he had a sacred, a holy use, was, bowing and smiling graciously to the lender, whirled away!

Years passed, and Brassly became the borrower of shillings; nevertheless, his strong sense of all the proprieties of a dinner remained with him; that, with all his losses, continued to dignify his squalor. With Brassly, there was only one snuff shop in London, only one butcher, only one vendor of oysters, and so forth. This prejudice even the bitterest poverty failed to cure in him. There were, to be sure, thousands of retailers of snuff and tobacco, thousands who cut up sheep and oxen, thousands who dealt in shell-fish; yet to Brassly there was but one of each: the snuff of all others was fiery dust; the mutton, tasteless; the oysters, poisonous. Beautifully did Brassly illustrate this, his potent belief. He had borrowed ten shillings;—he was living at the time in a wretched nook in the suburbs of the town, with wife and five children. Ten shillings!—and there was promise of a dinner. Airily did Brassly sally forth to purchase that, to a starving family, delicious luxury. A long walk lay before him; yes, it was two miles at least to the shop of Mr. ——, the only butcher in London. Brassly entered the shop; after much pondering, made purchase of a most sapid leg of mutton; and then (for Brassly was a gentleman,

and could not be seen in the company of a leg of mutton in the public street), with one of the only legs in London, took his seat in a hackney-coach, and drove, in "measureless content," to his alley home. He alighted at his door; and, having paid ready money for the mutton (a virtue he was wont to dwell upon when promissory payment was out of the case), having settled the fare of the coachman, Brassly congratulated himself on the wise economy of his dealing; for he had absolutely saved from the borrowed ten shillings sixpence-halfpenny for potatoes! Brassly lived and died a Debtor; but it is not for the large family of the Brasslys that we ask the sympathy of the reader.

Of what a hideous progeny of ill is debt the father! What lies, what meannesses, what invasions on self-respect, what cares, what double-dealing! How, in due season, it will carve the frank, open face into wrinkles; how, like a knife, 't will stab the honest heart. And then, its transformations! How it has been known to change a goodly face into a mask of brass; how, with the "damned custom" of debt, has the true man become a callous trickster! A freedom from debt, and what nourishing sweetness may be found in cold water; what toothsomeness in a dry crust; what ambrosial nourishment in a hard egg! Be sure of it, he who dines out of debt, though his meal be biscuit and an onion, dines in "The Apollo." And then for raiment: what warmth in a threadbare coat, if the tailor's receipt be in the pocket; what Tyrian purple in the faded waistcoat, the vest not owed for; how glossy the well-worn hat, if it cover not the aching head of a debtor! Next, the home-sweets, the out-door recreation of the free man. The street-door knocker falls not a knell on *his* heart; the foot on the staircase, though he live on the third-pair, sends no spasm through *his* anatomy; at the rap at his door, he can crow forth "come in," and his pulse still beat healthfully, his heart sink not in his bowels. See him abroad. How confidently, yet how pleasantly, he takes the street; how he returns look for look with any passenger; how he saunters; how, meeting an acquaintance, he stands and gossips! But, then, this man knows not debt; debt, that casts a drug into the richest wine; that makes the food of the gods unwholesome, indigestible; that sprinkles the banquets of a Lucullus with ashes, and drops soot in the soup of an emperor: debt, that, like the moth, makes valueless furs and velvets, enclosing the wearer in a festering prison (the shirt of Nessus was a shirt not paid for): debt, that writes upon frescoed walls the handwriting of the attorney; that puts a voice of terror in the knocker; that makes the heart quake at

the haunted fire-side: debt, the invisible demon that walks abroad with a man; now quickening his steps, now making him look on all sides like a hunted beast, and now bringing to his face the ashy hue of death, as the unconscious passenger looks glancingly upon him! Poverty is a bitter draught, yet may, and sometimes with advantage, be gulped down. Though the drinker make wry faces, there may, after all, be a wholesome goodness in the cup. But debt, however courteously it be offered, is the cup of a syren, and the wine, spiced and delicious though it be, an eating poison. The man out of debt, though with a flaw in his jerkin, a crack in his shoe-leather, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above him; but the Debtor, though clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a serf out upon a holiday—a slave to be reclaimed at any instant by his owner the Creditor?

My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; let thy mouth water at a last week's roll; think a threadbare coat the "only wear;" and acknowledge a whitewashed garret fittest housing-place for a gentleman. Do this, and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at peace, and the sheriff be confounded.

We have now to speak of the Creditor; and, having read what might well be termed "The Handbook of Debt,"* we can scarcely sufficiently express our admiration at the nice positions of Debtor and Creditor therein set down. Through the great public spirit of Mr. Tyas, the Creditor may cheaply arm himself at all points against the Debtor; whilst, with a humanity no less distinguished than the aforesaid public spirit, it is also shewn to the Debtor by what means he may make his best defence against what we must always consider our natural enemies, the men to whom we owe money. Many and beautiful are the tricks and sleights of law; delicate, exquisitely subtle, the cobwebs, the fine, reticulated work of senators, shewn and displayed in that small yet most significant volume. Having laid every page of it to our enlightened heart, we must confess that the law seems most especially solicitous for the interests of persons too frequently regardless of themselves. How often is the Creditor a self-doomed victim! How often, here in gorgeous London,

"Cette ville, pleine d'or et de misere,"

how often do we find the willing sufferer, pranked in smiles, all self-complacency and condescension, yearning to be robbed—yea,

* See "Handbook of the Law of Debtor and Creditor."

absolutely wooing destruction? "I pray ye, take my goods; let me have thy name in my ledger; make me happy—be thou my Debtor!" How often does it demand a stoicism hardly to be expected since the days of sour-faced Cato, to be deaf to the appeal of the tradesmen! How many young gentlemen, with nothing but their wits—poor destitute fellows!—have been forced into debt by the cordial manner, the gracious words of the man determined to be a Creditor!

In the present day, debt is made particularly easy to the lowest capacity. It is—we are convinced of the fact—this delightful facility of credit that has ruined thousands of fine spirited young fellows, who never had a penny to peril. Let us consult those social chronicles—those histories of daily life—the newspapers, and we must inevitably come to the conclusion that your London shopkeeper is the most ingenuous—the most simple-hearted—the most innocent of mankind. Can there be a more powerful, a more beautiful evidence of the philanthropic confidence of human nature, than that every day exhibited by the fashionable London tradesman? What practical benevolence is constantly displayed by the tailor, who, with the vaguest notions of the station and means of his customer—provided the future Debtor come to him in a coat of unexceptionable character—clothes the son of Adam from the shoulders to the heels! He, the tailor—the future despised, abused Creditor—puts no prying query, hesitates no frigid doubt; but with a sweet alacrity pleasant to behold, and grateful to contemplate, measures his man, and is forthwith doomed! Nevertheless, is not this a pleasing picture? To the libellous, carking cynic, who sneers and spits at human nature, should not this be a lesson of charity—a great moral teaching? Here is practical philanthropy—here the kindliest operation of the social virtues; when a man—his face steeped with satisfaction, his words words of honey, and his whole demeanour that of subdued felicity—straightway gives a portion of his goods to the stranger within his parlour; to a man he has never seen before, and whom it is more than likely he may never see or hear of again.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Rigid, a most punctilious gentleman—a man of all the proprieties, that of ready money included—"Good heavens, Augustus! why, yes—you have only been a twelvemonth in London, and you already owe three thousand pounds. Explain, sir—how came this about? Explain, sir; I command you."

"Only three thousand?" asked young Rigid.

"Only! and how dare you owe so much—how dare you get into debt?"

"Upon my soul, father," answered Augustus, "I could n't help it;—it was *so devilish easy!*"

Many a fine young fellow, condemned to the limited area of St. George's Fields, has bitter cause of complaint against the Creditor; whose innocence, whose unsuspicious nature, and unsophisticated determination to become what he is, has compelled the young gentleman to take advantage of suffering goodness; the temptation was too strong for the resolution of youth, and the willing tradesman became a Creditor. If the reader conceive that we paint the Creditor in too amiable colours; if he doubt the exceeding benevolence of fashionable tradesmen towards the dashing destitute, let him wear out a day or so in any office of police, and have his soul instructed. He will there perceive that of all animals the fashionable tradesman, the incipient Creditor, is easiest to be taken: no eider-duck suffers itself to be despoiled of its down with less resistance.

However, ere we quit the fashionable tradesman, we must do this justice to his natural and improved acuteness. He is not to be taken by shabby appearance. He is a fish that bites only at the finest flies. It is, therefore, highly essential that the would-be Debtor should appear before him bearing all the external advantages of Mammon. Then will the tradesman open his books to the stranger, and rejoice in his orders.

As a man is known by his associates, so we think may the character of the Creditor be known by his attorney: the sharp employ the sharp.

Mr. Macwriggle (we write a bit of real life) was a small tradesman, and had given credit to John Junks; the debt was demanded, sued for, and resisted. The cause came into court, and Macwriggle, for once having full justice on his side, was flushed with the confidence of victory. Already he felt the amount of the bill jingling in his pocket. Evidence was called to prove the delivery of the goods: nothing could be more plain—the delivery was certain: but what was the astonishment of Mr. Macwriggle to find witnesses in the box who, without prevarication, swore to being present at the payment of Junks's bill; Macrwiggle having solemnly promised to forward a receipt for the same! Macwriggle passed with the world for a religious man; therefore, thinking of his bill and costs, he stood in a cold sweat listening to the perjury of his fellow-creatures. The cause was soon over—verdict for the defendant.

Mr. Crooks was the adroit attorney for John Junks; and it was about eleven o'clock on the morning following the trial, when Mr. Crooks, seated in all legal serenity in his private room, was visited by the hapless plaintiff, Andrew Macwriggle.

"Your name is just Crooks?" asked Macwriggle, and the attorney, with slight dignity, bowed.

"My name is Macwriggle;" and the bearer of the name paused.

"Oh! indeed," observed Mr. Crooks.

"It appears, sir, that you were the attorney in the case of that infernal scoundrel——"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Crooks, "I know no scoundrels as clients."

"No matter for that," said Andrew, "you acted for John Junks?"

"I had that honour," replied Crooks.

Macwriggle advanced into the middle of the room, and clenching his fist, and casting his eyes towards a top row of "The Abridgment of the Statutes," he began, almost at a scream,—"If there was ever a scoundrel, if there was ever a villain—a thief—a pickpocket——"

"Really sir," said Crooks, rather uncertain as to whom Macwriggle applied the epithets, and not quite convinced that Andrew had not a horsewhip under his coat, "I cannot suffer this abuse. I insist, Mr. Macwriggle——"

"But no, sir," said Andrew, in a composed tone, and smiling, "that's not what I came for. Mr. Crooks, you were the attorney for Junks; you conducted his case; you know how it was got up."

"I conducted his case," said Mr. Crooks; "and what, sir, do you wish to say to me?"

"This, sir," answered Macwriggle; "that you're just the very man I've been looking for all my life: here's all my papers—all my business; for the man who could get off Junks, is the very man for Andrew Macwriggle's attorney."

We have said it; the sharp employ the sharp. Verily, a man is known by his attorney.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

—— By smiling Fortune blessed
With large demesnes, hereditary wealth.

SOMERVILLE.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

The old squire and the Young Squire are the antipodes of each other. They are representatives of two entirely different states of society in this country: the one but the vestige of that which has been; the other, the full and perfect image of that which is. The old squires are like the last fading and shrivelled leaves of autumn that yet hang on the tree. A few more days will pass; age will send one of his nipping nights; and down they will twirl, and be swept away into the oblivious hiding-places of death, to be seen no more. But the Young Squire is one of the full-blown blossoms of another summer. He is flaunting in the sunshine of a state of wealth and luxury which we, as our fathers in their day did, fancy can be by no possibility carried many degrees further, and yet we see it every day making some new and extravagant advance.

It is obvious that there are many intermediate stages of society amongst our country gentry between the old squire and the young, as there are intermediate degrees of age. The old squires are those of the completely last generation, who have outlived their contemporaries, and have made a dead halt on the ground of their old habits, sympathies, and opinions; and are resolved to quit none of them for what they call the follies and new-fangled notions of a younger and, of course, more degenerate race. They are continually crying, "Oh, it never was so in my day!" They point to tea, and stoves in churches, and the universal use of umbrellas, parasols, cork-soled shoes, warming-pans, and carriages, as incontestible proofs of the rapidly increasing effeminacy of mankind. But between these old veterans and their children, there are the men of the middle ages, who have, more or less, become corrupted with modern ways and indulgences; have, more or less, introduced modern furniture, modern hours, modern education and tastes, and books; and have, more or less, fallen into the modern custom of spending a certain part of the year in London. With these we have nothing whatever to do. The old squire is the landmark of the ancient

state of things, and his son Tom is the epitome of the new; all between is a mere transition and evanescent condition.

Tom Chesselton was duly sent by his father to Eton as a boy; where he became a most accomplished scholar in cricket, boxing, horses, and dogs, and made the acquaintance of several lords, who taught him the way of letting his father's money slip easily through his fingers without burning them, and engrafted him besides with a stock of fine and truly aristocratic tastes which will last him his whole life. From Eton he was as duly transferred to Oxford; where he wore his gown and trencher cap with a peculiar grace, and gave a classic finish to his taste in horses, in driving, and in ladies. Having completed his education with great *éclat*, he was destined by his father to a few years' soldiership in the militia, as being devoid of all danger, and, moreover, giving opportunities for seeing a great deal of the good old substantial families in different parts of the kingdom. But Tom turned up his nose, or, rather, his handsome upper lip, with a most consummate scorn at so grovelling a proposal, and assured his father that nothing but a commission in the Guards, where several of his noble friends were doing distinguished honour to their country by the display of their fine figures, would suit him. The old squire shrugged his shoulders and was silent, thinking that the six thousand pounds purchase-money would be quite as well at fifteen per cent. in consul shares a little longer. But Tom luckily was not doomed to rusticate long in melancholy under his patrimonial oaks; his mother's brother, an old bachelor of immense wealth, died just in time, leaving Tom's sister, Lady Spankitt, thirty thousand pounds in the funds, and Tom, as heir-at-law, his great Irish estates. Tom, on the very first vacancy, bought into the Guards, and was soon marked out by the ladies as one of the most *distingué* officers that ever wore a uniform. In truth, Tom was a very handsome fellow—that he owed to his parents, who, in their day, were as noble looking a couple as ever danced at a country ball, or graced the balcony of a race-stand.

Tom soon married; but he did not throw himself away sentimentally on a mere face; he achieved the hand of the sister of one of his old college chums, and now brother officer, the Lady Barbara Ridemdown. An earl's daughter was something in the world's eye; but such an earl's daughter as Lady Barbara was the height of Tom's ambition. She was equally celebrated for her beauty, her wit, and her handsome fortune: Tom had won her from amidst the very blaze of popularity, and the most splendid offers. Their united fortunes enabled them to live in the highest style. Lady Barbara's

rank and connexions demanded it, and the spirit of our Young Squire required it as much. Tom Chesselton disdained to be a whit behind any of his friends, however wealthy or highly titled. His tastes were purely aristocratic: with him, dress, equipage, and amusements, were matters of science. He knew, both from a proud instinct and from study, what was precisely the true *ton* in every article of dress or equipage; and the exact etiquette in every situation. But Lady Barbara panted to visit the continent, where she had already spent some years, and which presented so many attractions to her elegant tastes. Tom had elegant tastes too, in his way; and to the continent they went. The old squire never set his foot on even the coast of Calais: when he has seen it from Dover, he has only wished that he could have a few hundred tons of gunpowder, and blow it into the air;—but Tom and Lady Barbara have lived on the continent for years.

This was a bitter pill for the old squire. When Tom purchased his commission in the guards, and when he opened a house like a palace, on his wedding with Lady Barbara, the old gentleman felt proud of his son's figure, and proud of his connexions. "Ah," said he, "Tom is a lad of spirit; he'll sow his wild oats, and come to his senses presently." But when he fairly embarked for France, with a troop of servants, and a suite of carriages like a nobleman, then did the old fellow fairly curse and swear, and call him all the unnatural and petticoat-pinioned fools in his vocabulary, and prophesy his bringing his ninepence to a groat. Tom and Lady Barbara, however, upheld the honour of England all over the continent. In Paris, at the Baths of Germany, at Vienna, Florence, Venice, Rome, Naples,—everywhere were they distinguished by their fine persons, their fine equipage, their exquisite tastes, and their splendid entertainments. They were courted and caressed by all the distinguished, both of their own countrymen and of foreigners. Tom's horses and equipage were the admiration of the natives. He drove, he rode, he yachted to universal admiration; and meantime his lady visited all the galleries and works of art, and received in her house all the learned and the literary of all countries. There you always found artists, poets, travellers, critics, dilettanti, and connoisseurs, of all nations and creeds.

They have again honoured their own country with their presence; and who so much the fashion as they? They are, of course, *au fait* in any matter of taste and fashion; on all questions of foreign life, manners, and opinions, their judgment is the law. Their town house is in Eaton Square; and what a house is that!

What a paradise of fairy splendour; what a mine of wealth, in the most superb furniture; in books in all languages, paintings, statuary, and precious fragments of the antique, collected out of every classical city and country. If you see a most exquisitely tasteful carriage, with a more fascinatingly beautiful lady in it, in the park, amidst all the brilliant concourse of the ring, you may be sure you see the celebrated Lady Barbara Chesselton; and you cannot fail to recognise Tom Chesselton the moment you clap eyes on him, by his distinguished figure, and the splendid creature on which he is mounted — to say nothing of the perfection of his groom, and the steed which he also bestrides. Tom never crosses the back of a horse of less value than a thousand pounds; and if you want to know really what horses are, you must go down to his villa, at Wimbledon, if you are not lucky enough to catch a sight of him proceeding to a levee, or driving his four-in-hand to Ascot or Epsom. All Piccadilly has been seen to stand, lost in silent admiration, as he has driven his splendid britchzka along it, with his perfection of a little tiger by his side, and such cattle as never besides were seen in even harness of such richness and elegance. Nay, some scores of ambitious young whips became sick of sheer envy of his superb, gauntlet driving-gloves.

But, in fact, in Tom's case, as in all others, you have only to know his companions to know him; and who are they but Chesterfield, Conyngham, D'Orsay, Eglintoun, my lord Waterford, and men of similar figure and reputation? To say that he is well known to all the principal frequenters of the Carlton Club; that his carriages are of the most perfect make ever turned out by Windsor; that his harness is only from Shipley's; and that Stultz has the honour of gracing his person with his habiliments; is to say that our Young Squire is one of the most perfect men of fashion in England. Lady Barbara and himself have a common ground of elegance of taste, and knowledge of the first principles of genuine aristocratic life; but they have very different pursuits, arising from the difference of their genius, and they follow them with the utmost mutual approbation.

Lady Barbara is at once the worshipped beauty, the woman of fashion, and of literature. No one has turned so many heads by the loveliness of her person, and the bewitching fascination of her manners, as Lady Barbara. She is a wit, a poet, a connoisseur in art; and what can be so dangerously delightful as all these characters in a fashionable beauty, and a woman, moreover, of such rank and wealth? She does the honours of her house to the mutual

friends and noble connexions of her husband and herself with a perpetual grace; but she has, besides, her evenings for the reception of her literary and artistic acquaintance and admirers. And who, of all the throng of authors, artists, critics, journalists, connoisseurs, and amateurs who flock there, are not her admirers? Lady Barbara Chesselton writes travels, novels, novellets, philosophical reflections, poems, and almost every species of thing which ever has been written, such is the universality of her knowledge, experience, and genius: and who does not hasten to be the first to pour out in reviews, magazines, daily and hebdomedal journals, the earliest and most fervent words of homage and admiration? Lady Barbara edits an annual, and is a contributor to "The Keepsake;" and, in her kindness, she is sure to find out all the nice young men about the press, to encourage them by her smile, and to raise them, by her fascinating conversation and her brilliant saloons, above those depressing influences of a too sensitive modesty, which so weighs on the genius of the youth of this age, so that she sends them away all heart and soul in the service of herself and literature (which are the same thing); and away they go, extemporising praises on her ladyship, and spreading them through leaves of all sizes, to the wondering eyes of readers all the world over. Publishers run with their unsaleable MSS., and beg Lady Barbara to have the goodness to put her name on the title, knowing by golden experience that that one stroke of her pen, like the point of a galvanic wire, will turn all the dulness of the dead mass into flame. Lady Barbara is not barbarous enough to refuse so simple and complimentary a request: nay, her benevolence extends on every hand. Distressed authors, male and female, who have not her rank, and, therefore, most clearly not her genius, beg her to take their literary bantlings under her wing; and, with a heart as full of generous sympathies as her pen is of magic, she writes but her name on the title as an "Open Sesame!" and, lo! the dead becomes alive, her genius permeats the whole volume, which that moment puts forth the wings of popularity, and flies into every bookseller's shop and every circulating library in the kingdom.

Such is the life of glory and Christian benevolence which Lady Barbara daily leads, making authors, publishers, and critics all happy together, by the overflowing radiance of her indefatigable and inexhaustible genius, though she sometimes slyly laughs to herself, and says, "What a thing is a title!—if it were not for that, would all these people come to me?"—while Tom, who is member of parliament for the little borough of Dearish, most patriotically discharges

his duty by pairing off,—visits the classic grounds of Ascot, Epsom, Newmarket, or Goodwood, or traverses the moors of Scotland and Ireland in pursuit of grouse. But once a year they indulge their filial virtues in a visit to the Old Squire. The Old Squire, we are sorry to say, has grown of late years queer and snappish, and does not look on this visit quite as gratefully as he should. "If they would but come," he says, "in a quiet way, as I used to ride over and see my father in his time, why I should be right glad to see them; but here they come, like the first regiment of an invading army, and God help those who are old and want to be quiet."

The old gentleman, moreover, is continually haranguing about Tom's folly and extravagance. It is his perpetual topic to his wife, and wife's maiden sister, and to Wagstaff. Wagstaff only shakes his head, and says, "Young blood! young blood!"—but Mrs. Chesselton and the maiden sister say, "Oh! Mr. Chesselton, you do n't consider: Tom has great connexions, and he is obliged to keep a certain establishment. Things are different now to what they were in our time. Tom is universally allowed to be a very fine man, and Lady Barbara is a very fine woman, and a prodigious clever woman! —a prodigious clever woman!—and you ought to be proud of them, Chesselton." At which the old gentleman breaks out, if he is a little elevated over his wine,—

> "When the Duke of Leeds shall married be
> To a fine young lady of high quality,
> How happy will that gentlewoman be
> In his grace of Leeds' good company!
>
> "She shall have all that 's fine and fair,
> And the best of silk and satin to wear;
> And ride in a coach to take the air;
> And have a house in St. James's Square."

Lady Barbara always professes great affection and reverence for the old gentleman, and sends him many merry and kind compliments and messages; and sends him, moreover, her new books as soon as they are out, most magnificently bound; but all won't do. He only says, "If she'd please me, she'd give up that cursed opera-box. Why, the rent of that thing, only to sit in and hear Italian women, and men more womanish than any women, squealing and squalling; and to see impudent, outlandish baggages kicking up their heels higher than any decent heads ought to be,—the rent, I say, would maintain a parish rector, or keep half-a-dozen parish schools a-going." As for her books, that all the world besides are

in raptures about, the old squire turns them over as a dog would a hot dumpling; says nothing but a bible ought to be so extravagantly bound; and professes that "the matter may be all very fine, but he can make neither head nor tail of it." Yet, whenever Lady Barbara is with him, she is sure to talk and smile herself in about an hour into his high favour; and he begins to run about to shew her this and that, and calls out every now and then, "Let Lady Barbara see this, and go to look at that." She can do anything with him except get him to London. "London!" he exclaims, "no; get me to Bedlam at once. What has a rusty old fellow, like me, to do at London? If I could find again the jolly set that used to meet, thirty years ago, at "The Star and Garter," Pall Mall, it might do; but London is n't what London used to be; it's too fine, by half, for a country squire, and would drive me distracted in twenty-four hours, with its everlasting noise and nonsense!"

But the old squire does get pretty well distracted with the annual visit. Down come driving the Young Squire and Lady Barbara, with a train of carriages like a fleet of men of war, leading the way with their travelling coach and four horses. Up they twirl to the door of the old hall. The old bell rings a thundering peal through the house. Doors fly open, out run servants—down come the young guests from their carriage; and, while embraces and salutations are going on in the drawing-room, the hall is fast filling with packages upon packages; servants are running to and fro along the passages; grooms and carriages are moving off to the stables without; there is lifting and grunting at portmanteaus and imperials as they are borne upstairs; while ladies' maids and nurse-maids are crying out, "Oh, take care of that trunk!—mind that ban'-box!—oh, gracious! that is my lady's dressing-case: it will be down, and be ruined totally!" Dogs are barking, children crying or romping about, and the whole house is in a most blessed state of bustle and confusion.

For a week the hurly-burly continues: in pour all the great people to see Tom and Lady Barbara. There are shootings in the mornings, and great dinner parties in the evenings. Tom and my lady have sent down before them plenty of hampers of such wines as the old squire neither keeps nor drinks; and they have brought their plate along with them; and the old house itself is astonished at the odours of champagne, claret, and hock, that pervade,—and at the glitter of gold and silver in it. The old man is full of attention and politeness both to his guests and to their guests; but he is half-

worried with the children, and t' other half worried with so many fine folks ; and muddled with drinking things that he is not used to, and with late hours. Wagstaff has fled, as he always does on such occasions, to a farm-house on the verge of the estate. The hall and the parsonage, and even the gardener's house, are all full of beds for guests, and servants, and grooms. Presently, the old gentleman, in his morning rides, sees some of the young bucks shooting the pheasants in his home park, where he never allows them to be disturbed ; and comes home in a fume to hear that the house is turned upside down by the host of scarlet-breeched and powdered livery servants ; and that they have turned all the maids' heads with sweethearting. But at length the day of departure arrives, and all sweep away as suddenly and rapidly as they came ; and the old squire sends off for Wagstaff, and blesses his stars that what he calls "the annual hurricane" is over.

But, what a change will there be here when the Old Squire is dead! Already have Tom and Lady Barbara walked over the ground and planned it. That "horrid fright" of an old house, as they call it, will be swept as clean away as if it had not stood there five hundred years. A grand Elizabethan pile is already decreed to succeed it. The fashionable architect will come driving down in his smart close cab, with all his plans and papers. A host of mechanics will come speedily after him by coach or by wagon. Booths will be seen rising all round the old place, which will vanish away, and its superb successor rise where it stood, like a magical vision. Already are ponderous cases lying loaded, in London, with massive mantel-pieces of the finest Italian marble, marble busts, and heads of old Greek and Roman heroes, genuine burial urns from Herculaneum and Pompeii, and vessels of terra-cotta, gloriously sculptured vases, and even columns of verde-antique, all from classic Italy, to adorn the halls of this same noble new house. But, meantime, spite of the large income of Tom and Lady Barbara, the Old Squire has strange suspicions of mortgages and dealings with Jews. He has actual inklings of horrid post-obits ; and groans as he looks on his old oaks as he rides through his woods and parks, foreseeing their overthrow ; nay, he fancies he sees the land-agent amongst his quiet old farmers, like a wild cat in a rabbit-warren, startling them out of their long dream of ease and safety, with news of doubled rents, and notices to quit, to make way for thrashing machines and young men of more enterprise. And, sure enough, such will be the order of the day the moment the estate falls to the YOUNG SQUIRE.

THE BUM-BOAT WOMAN.

A name unmusical to the Volscian's ears.

SHAKSPERE

THE BUM-BOAT WOMAN.

BY CAPTAIN GLASCOCK, R.N.

What sounds fall so joyous on the naval ear, always excepting the spirit-stirring cry of "an enemy in sight" as those which announce the nearing of Bum-boat Bet, the pulling-off of Pilchard Poll, or the coming alongside of Coaxing Kate?* Not that we would pay so poor a compliment to the craft, as to place in parallels the friend with the foe of the fleet; but extremes will meet, ay, even in the teeth of the great mathematical saw.

It is true that in Johnson's voluminous work, the word "Bum-boat" is permitted to appear. But, mark! instead of the substantive being made "to stand by itself"—the naval noun to float on its own bottom, to swim freely, fitted and freighted—the lexicographer, in violation of all philological rule, exhibits it a shored-up uncommissioned craft, curtailed of its *fair* proportions, having for supporters two such unsightly and anti-nautical things as a "Bum-bailiff," and "a Bump."† Where was the "bump of order," when the doctor had recourse to such uncongenial juxtaposition?

Among other etymological matters, discussed over a strong Norwester in the larboard fore-cockpit cabin, Pipes, the boatswain, who was a man of letters (for a better A.B. was not borne on the books of any of his Majesty's ships), would have set the lexicographer right as to the due derivation of the title attached to the subject of our present sketch. In his usual familiar and flowing strain, would he thus have enlightened his plodding companion:—"See here, old boy, as regards what *you* calls the derrywation o' the word, but what *I* calls the christ'nin' o' the craft; yer just like all the rest o' the shore-going tribe—and that's preciously out in yer reck'nin'—for you see *that* warn't her *first* name—she went by a name of another natur; and, ye

* Celebrated Bum-boat beauties.

† Vide Johnson's Dictionary.

knows, as there's nothin' more nat'ral nor to give a name nearest to the natur of the thing in trade, why, in course, as she never brought nothin' aboard but buns, the craft was never no more nor a reglar-built Bun-boat Woman. But you see, old gemman, as the people afloat soon gets tired of buns, and wanted more substantialer stuff; buns no longer was brought aboard. So when they begins to bring off sogers,* sassingers, soft-tack beer, butter, soap, eggs, pipes, pigtail, and such like sarviceable stuff, why, in course, 't was no easy matter to fix upon a name as would suit every article taken on tick: and, as men-o'-war's-men, ye know, never do things hand over hand, in a hurry, but always likes first to *feel* their way, why, they thinks they cou'd'nt do better nor go grad'ally to work,—throw the N out of the name, taking the M as next above in lieu. By this, you know, they could n't make matters worse, whilst, on the tother tack, they was sarvin' *she* as sarved the fleet, by giving the craft a *higher* letter at Lloyd's.† So you see, old boy, they turns it end for end, and converts Bun-boat Woman into *Bum*-boat Woman; and, after all, take it by or large, it 's a better name—it sounds more ship-shape—less mincing—less young ladyish—and sartinly, a rounder and fuller mouthful in a seaman's mouth. There you has it, Doctor, short and sweet—*you* has it as *I* had it." And the Doctor would have had it, as we had it in our youth, years ago. But with derivation a truce. Proceed we with our sketch. We take as a sitter a sister from the Sister Isle.

Reader, permit us to introduce to your favourable notice and special protection, "Mother Donovan," of the Cove of Cork,—part owner (for the pig in the parlour pays the rint) of a much-frequented mud edifice located in the East Holy Ground, a patch of Paradise attached to the Great Island, and immediately facing the Spit Sand and Isle of Spike.

Well, we can now take her in all her glory, for at this moment a two-decker—a crack seventy-four gun ship—a stranger returning from a foreign station, possibly short of provisions, or short of water, is suddenly descried under a cloud of canvass, with a brisk breeze, a flood tide, and a flowing sheet, between the towering heads of the harbour's mouth. All Cove is already in a state of excitement. Chaos is come again. Milesian sounds startle the uninitiated ear, but the shriller tones of Mother Donovan outhowl every other hoveller, of either Holy Ground, east or west.

* The name by which men-o'-war's-men designate red herrings.

† At Lloyd's, vessels are estimated by letters affixed to their several names. The letter A stands highest in value.

"Oh! murdur, murdur," she exclaims, "if here is n't a big baste of a man-o'-war, after comin' right into the Cove. Honor! Honor! be quick! — sack the praties, string the sassingers, and basket the butter. Tim, be stirrin' yer stumps—launch the whaler —where in the dickins is Paddy Molloy? Could n't he be killin' the ould gander? For the lives o' yees, do n't be after lettin Mudder Murphy bate us in gettin' the business aboord."

Some score of bustling competitors are now heard cheering their Paddies, and hurrying their Honors (a name common in the south of Ireland) in the shipment of their marketable goods. Pots, pans, black jacks, red herrings, yellow soap, pails of sky-blue, and barrels of brown stout, are seen descending, or rather bundling, over the high and hanging cliffs, on their way to the boat on the beach.

Mother Donovan, who is a dame of double dimensions—a sort of Lambert in petticoats—with Honor, her "nate niece" (for the mothers afloat, like the fathers of the land, beget *nieces* rather than daughters), seat themselves in the stern-sheets of a white whaler. Both are clad in brown cloaks, called "jocks," with huge hoods covering their unadorned heads—for bonnets are held in utter contempt by the fair of Cove. Honor is a bright brunette, with eyes of hazel hue, flashing fire at every glance; hair black, glossy, and lank, like a skein of sable silk—with a face and figure (saving her feet) perfectly Spanish. And now, in the trying tug to fetch the ship already anchored, may be seen the opposing Paddies, and contending Tims, bending their broad backs to their huge unpliable sweeps (for oars they can hardly be called), sending the salt spray over the bows of their bounding boats, and drenching to the skin the fair sitters abaft. See how the brine stiffens the playful muscles of the mother's mouth, and still straightens the daughter's locks of love! After a tiring tug against wind and tide, the white whaler reaches abreast of the towering liner, in all the busy bustle of furling sails, and of squaring yards. There she is: the inner boat, lying off on her oars. And now watch the "sheeps-eyes," and imploring glances which Mother Donovan throws at the first-lieutenant, standing stiff as a steeple on the break of the poop, and who tries hard to preserve his official station, and maintain the gravity of his quarter-deck face.

"Honor, darlint! Stand up fornent him. Shew him you mane to give him the news. Hould up, child, hould up, and shew him the paper."

Honor does as desired; and standing erect in the boat, her dripping locks wafting in the wind, her anxious eyes following every

turn and tread of the first-lieutenant. At length, she catches his glance, and extending a bare arm of symmetrical mould, holds in her hand "The Cork Constitution, or Southern Reporter:" and now, in bewitching accents, she exclaims, "Ah, now, that's a dear jintleman—do, do, let us in—ah, now do—isn't it the day's paper I have here for ye? Ah, be marciful!—the saa's mighty salt! mighty tryin to the eyes!"

The eyes of Honor are more trying to the first-lieutenant: still, he assumes no show of favour or affection, and, in a commanding voice, he cries:—"Keep off that boat, master-at-arms; mind, no muslin aboard till the yards are square, and every rope taut as a harp-string."

"There's the raal gintleman—my blessin's wid ye," ejaculates the stout dame, implying by this loudly-delivered benediction—directed to silence the tiring entreaties of her trading opponents—that she is certain of "sarving the ship:"—and so she is—for the word of admission is soon after given by the sentinel pacing his post. "Up wid ye, child—quick!—there's a darlint—and, mind ye" (the caution is loudly delivered), "for the life o' ye, don't part wid de paper till ye place it in his honor's hands.—The Lord love him, and it's himself that *is* the raal gintilman."

A tall topman jumps down the gangway steps, to lend Honor a hand in ascending the side of the lofty ship. Her top-lights dazzle the eyes of the tar, and all her upper works are suited to his taste; but as the giggling girl places her foot on the first step (and the first *step* often mars a match), the conductor breaks out: "There we have it—all alike—fine above, and full below."

"Ah now, mister sailor, lave off your ticklin';" (Jack's only playful—nothing more than freshening her way aloft); "fait, I 'll be missin' my futtin', so I will." But no such thing: Honor arrives on the gangway;—and now to *undergo* an overhaul from the master-at-arms.

"Nothing *here*, I hope?" says the searcher, suiting the action to the word.

"Hands off, i' ye plase!" returns the indignant girl, keeping the master-at-arms at arm's length. "It's yer betters that darn't do the likes o' *that!* It's thrue for me—who d'ye think ye got hould of?"

The man of feeling relents, and the charmer is permitted to pass muster: and next comes, panting and blowing like a lady-whale, the huge and unwieldy owner of the stock-in-trade. After no little of exertion, she finds a footing on deck. She stops to regain her breath,—now throws her eyes aloft,—now directs them on the deck,

expressing, by dumb gesticulations, the greatest surprise. Her shoulders are up to her ears, and the elbows of her short arms are pinioned to her side, as she claps, with seeming delight, her small but fleshy hands.

"Oh, murdur! murdur! what a bu-tee-ful sight it is! Och, thin, is n't she a terrible size intirely!" (she had seen many ships before of a similar size:) "oh, by de book, a big man-o'-war bates every oder sight in nathur."

"Strange sights are sometimes seen in nature," says the official feeler, taking the fair Fatima in hand, and deliberately pursuing his system of search: "anything *here?*"

"Is it game yer makin' of a body? Sure, havn't I got quite enough of my own? Fait, my good man, there 's nothin' there but raal, wholesome, solid nathur."

"Can't say; can't always trust to the loom o' natur—tic'larly about the cat-heads:" and so saying, the searcher satisfies himself as to the reality of the trader's natural capacities. As there is nothing contraband traceable about her portly person, she descends the gangway ladder, following her marketable commodities, which are hardly placed between the two allotted guns on the main-deck, ere her baskets of bread, butter, eggs, sausages, apples, together with her pails of milk, are beset by shoals of the younger middies, watering at the mouth to taste the sweets of the sod. An elbowing and scrambling scene ensues; all are pushing for priority of purchase.

"Asy now, asy wid ye," ejaculates the portly purveyor, extending her short arms to preserve her eggs, and prevent, if possible, a crash of her crockery: "asy wid ye; first money, *first* sarved—that 's the way we sarves the young gintry afloat."

The young gentry afloat are no sooner "sarved," than a missive from the ward-room summonses the presence of the ladies abaft.

"Who, d' ye say, my good boy, does be wantin' the Bum-boat Woman?"

This interrogation, delivered in accents mild as milk, is put to a young urchin, who pertly replies, "The First Leaftennant."

"Honor! Honor!—the Lord save us! where 's the child got to? Honor!" again calls the startled dame, looking around for her lost lamb.

"Here am *I*, mudder—*aunt* I mean;" (for sometimes the outbursting of nature causes Honor to trip on the truth: a *lapsus linguæ* proclaims the parent, and identifies the daughter.)

"Well may the crathur call me mudder. It 's myself that 's been more than a fader to all her mudder's childer. But sure," she adds, turning to the master-at-arms, "does n't all the world, ould and young,

be now afther callin' me mudder? It 's for all the world like puttin' ducks' eggs undher a hin. The young ducklins think, from the care the ould cackler takes of the web-footed crathurs, that the hin must be their raal mudder, whin, at the same time, it 's as plain as the nose on yer face, the hin 's no more nor their nat'ral aunt:—it 's thrue for me."—The mother's art corrects the daughter's nature, and now both "aunt" and "niece" are themselves again.

[But, on retiring to her hovel in the Holy Ground—after driving the pig out of the parlour—for secrets are not to be uttered in the presence of the porker—she inflicts on the daughter a moral lecture, upon the impropriety of "*misnaming* her afore the people aboord." "Lucky for me, so it was, the first lift'nint did n't hear the vice (voice) o' ye.—Oh, Honor! Honor! what would he think (an' he had the thought, if I had n't mended the matter): ye was n't my nat'ral niece?—Mudder, mudder;—the dickens mudder ye: do n't ye know well enough, the navy gintilmen think times is bad wid poor people, when a body is obligated to bring a daughter aboord a man-o'-war? Now, for the futur, larn to call me aunt wid a bould an' asy tongue, an' whinever mudder comes into yer mind, hould yer prate, or muffle yer mouth!"]

"Come, child—throw off the jock—make yerself tidy, an' take the laugh off yer mouth afore ye face the gintlemen. Come, be stirrin'. Follow me—I 'll lade the way;" and aft walks the waddling mother, followed by her uncloaked, unbonnetted, and all but unblushing "*niece*." Aware that the ladies are allowed the *entrée*, the sentinel at his post throws open the ward-room door.

"Sarvint, gintlemen. Welcome all to Cove," cries the large "lady," dropping in the door-way her best courtesy. "The blessins on all yer bu-tee-ful, brown, sun-burnt faces; sign for yees, ye 've come from furrin parts."

"Good standing colour, old girl," returns the first-lieutenant. "Come," he adds familiarly, "bring yourselves both to an anchor."

The chair of the old girl is soon filled, but the younger lass manifests a little of shyness in taking her seat.

"Come, young-un," cries the unsophisticated master, addressing the still standing girl, "come, what are ye ashamed of?—Look at your mother."

"Ah, thin, it *was* her mudder that never *was* ashamed of dacent people."

"Why, are *you* not her mother?" asks the first-lieutenant, throwing at each female alternate glances. "Why, she *must* be yours—she 's the very picture of you."

"An' well she might; for it 's myself that *was* the very pictur of her mudder;" and here her broad and expansive bosom, like the swell of the sea, heaves and sinks with a heavy sigh—a sigh worthy of a widow in her weeds. But suddenly and adroitly she turns the subject. "Of coorse, gintlemin, ye 'll be afther wantin' yer linen washed? It's we that *can* get it up in illegant style. Yer things we 'll blach for yees, whiter than the dhriven snow; an' as for the platin'—may be all the bu-tee-ful ladies at the balls won't be axin' ye, 'Who plates yer bussoms, an' who pinches yer frills?'—It's thrue for me."

The plating of the bosoms, and the pinching of the frills, already ensure her the officers' custom; and now, under the influence of a little "ship's" rum (which she "hears is good for the wind"), she not only becomes the more loquacious, but also the more communicative on local matters. She descants on the beauties of the river—no allusion to Honor—but she breaks forth in a figurative strain on the many "big bu-tee-ful sates on both banks of the Lee."

Honor, though less loquacious, is not the less bewitching.—"Lickor never lights on her lip," "The very smell of it always turns her head," and "Tay is her strongest dhrink." But her *naïveté* and playfulness of manner amuses the "nice gintleman" seated by her side, and the silken softness of her jet hair entices his fingers to set right her drooping locks.

"Ah, now, be quiet wid ye;—keep yer fingers to yerself;—fait, I 'll be afther lavin' ye, if ye do n't lave my hair alone. Ah, m—"

The *lapsus* of mother had nearly escaped; but it is promptly caught, and the substitution of "*aunt*" amends the maternal appeal—to "make the gintleman behave himself."

But the mother's thoughts are otherwise engaged. The liberty taken with her Honor's hair is not the "*liberty* given to broach the beer." Besides, she has yet to feel her way touching the prudence of giving the ship's company trust.

"May be yer honour," she says in an under tone, addressing the officer possessing the power to favour her views,—"may be yer honour can be tellin' a body when the people 's comin' in coorse o' pay?"

"Why, they 've three years' whack due," returns the executive chief.

"Poor crathurs! It's the likes o' they that *is* desarvin' o' thrust! May be it 's yer honour," she adds coaxingly, "'ill be now lettin' me broach the beer?" A nod of assent ensues, and the fair traders rise to depart—the mother pouring down blessings on the heads of the several officers assembled, and the daughter declaring,

in accents not intended to be lost, "that nicer-mannered and gintaler gintlemen was n't to be found in the grand fleet!"

And now comes on the tug of "tick." The cooks of the messes, kid in hand, close round the flowing barrel, whilst Honor, as in honour bound, checks the chalking score of the master-at-arms. During each day's detention of the ship in port, the "stout" of the stout dame flows to the same tune; and this "serving" on the score of "trust," serves as an after-claim for a passage to the port at which the ship is ordered to be paid;—and then it is that the mother-wit of the "mother" begins to tell.

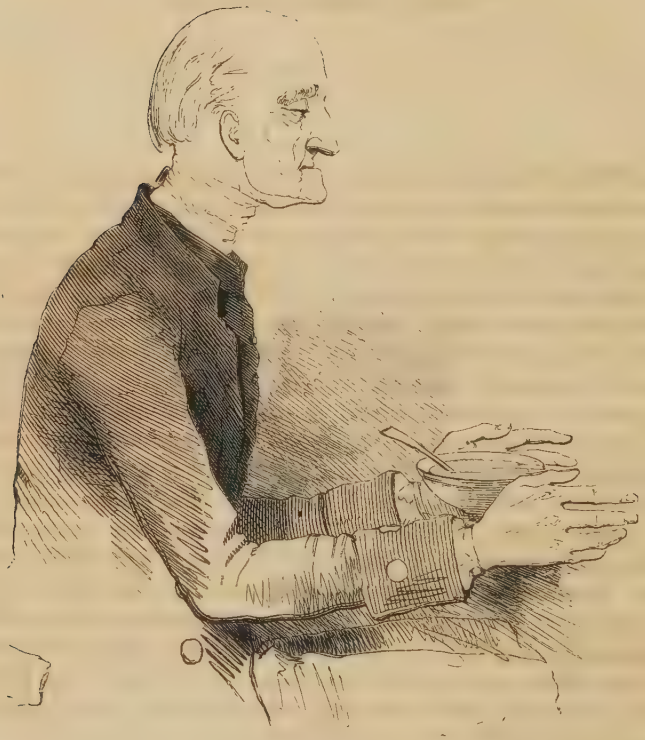
On this side of the water, the fair traders afloat are craft altogether of another kind. It is true that some partake of the Dutch build—are bluff in the bows, full abaft, and conveniently formed for stowage: but, still, those who desire to stand well with sea-faring folk, study symmetrical lines, fineness of form, and, particularly, neatness in the rigging, 'low and aloft. But, to drop metaphor, the fair traders (and often the fairest afloat) of Gosport, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, are perfectly aware of the nautical feeling in favour of personal appearance. Hence the *bum*bastic conceit:—

'T is the business of Beauty to become the beauty of Business.

In their mode of commanding success, the English Bum-boat Women are perfectly opposed to the practice pursued by the sisterhood of the sister isle; and though, to attain their end, the British fair seldom display flashes of wit, they nevertheless have always their wits about them. In short, in the pursuit of business, they adopt the "silent system," trusting more to the power of the eye, than to the power of the tongue.

What an eye had Bumboat Bet! Indeed did it "sound a parley of provocation." Whether in anger or despair, the dropping of her long-lashed lid, was alone sufficient to raise in her favour ten thousand tongues; and, as for Coaxing Kate, she had only to smile—display her bewitching teeth—to command Red at the main,—aye, and obtain immediate admission, were even the fore-topsail loose, and "Blue-Peter" flying at the fore.* And what might not be said of their courage? The weather they encounter, and dangers they brave, in pursuing their work on the waters. But we forget—our sketch is confined to the fair of Erin.

* When it be desired to intimate the ship is about to depart, the fore-topsail is let loose, and the flag, blue-pierced-white, is displayed at the fore.



THE POOR CURATE.

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed nor wished to change his place.

Goldsmith.

THE POOR CURATE.

BY JAMES SMYTHE, JUN.

The Poor Curate is a phrase replete with sad meaning, and when or wheresoever spoken, the mind images to itself a painful portraiture. "Love in a cottage" has a pretty sound: philosophy in a tub, bidding royalty to desist from intercepting its darling sunshine, may give us a lofty idea of what stern and stoical indifference to mundane wealth the human mind is capable; but, unfortunately, the existence of the first is somewhat apocryphal (except in imagination or in the pages of romance); and the example of that testy old bachelor, Diogenes, is far from a comforting precedent to our poor Curate, who, be it remembered, is "Benedick, the married man,"—cherishing all the better feelings and refined affections of our nature, and mingling with them those high and ennobling studies which are not of the "earth, earthy;" he has yet to bear with many of the "thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," and with a placid mien, and beneath the garb of a gentleman, to mask a mind ill at ease, and worn and wearied by its incessant struggles to keep up that respectability, and maintain that demeanour, which befits his station and holy office; aye, and that too frequently with an income considerably less than what a wealthy merchant would deem a fitting remuneration for one of his junior clerks.

Admirable, indeed, must that system of things be, and reconcileable alone with the certainty of an hereafter "to justify the ways of God to man," which assigns to the teachers of a divine philosophy, whose origin is of the highest—to men well-born, learned, and devout—a stipend barely adequate to supply them with their "daily bread," and makes poverty the sole guerdon of very many of those who teach "the labourer is worthy of his hire."

It was a forcible reproof from one of yore—that sage, who, mantling his aged head, and preparing himself for death, turned an upbraiding look to his Athenian pupil, and said, "Ah, Pericles, those that have need of a lamp, take care to supply it with oil!" And well might modern divines, at least, those on whose shoulders

the greatest onus reposes, filled with a light the ancients wot not of, thus reprove a wealthy world of hearers.

Pardon this digression, gentle reader: we will now revert to the Poor Curate, *se ipse*,—the individual instance of aggregate ill, the living testimony to fortune's inequality.

In nine cases out of ten, he is a younger son of good family,—a family, perhaps, crippled in its income by the extravagance of some thriftless ancestor, some ladye-loving gallant, who, like Sir Roger de Coverley's forefather (that "time-honoured" name), "would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on;" and now its diminished rent-roll, shorn of its ancient glories, is transmitted from sire to son, a genteel competence for the hereditary inheritor, and nought for the younger branches, save the lean hope of place from the patronage of a distant titled relative.

Our embryo parson hath early evinced a bookish taste, and shewn a prepossession for those quiet pursuits which are usually considered as characterising the young student. The gloomy stillness of his father's library, and the ancient tomes whose quaint bindings adorned it, have had far greater attractions for him than the noisy gambols of his brethren. He has there luxuriated in all the rich fancies of Spenser, sighed over the plaintive lays of the noble Surrey, and drawn "huge pleasaunce" from the "merrie conceits" of Herrick; Sir Philip Sidney has been his bosom friend, and Chancellor More his chosen companion, while many a pearl has been brought up from the profounder depths of Bacon's wisdom. And well has he loved the giant trees which girdled the "ould house at home;" but loved them only for the deep shadow and the softened light which their dense foliage would shed upon his book as he lay stretched beneath their broad branches; and that book, perchance, some such a huge folio as old John Evelyn's, on forest trees:—

> "His melancholy boyhood gone,
> Youth, with its dreamy time, came on."

Our young hero's bibliomania has been noted, and the old squire, with the exaggerating affection of a parent, has read therein an omen of his future greatness; and after having held divers family consultations (privy councils of minor magnitude), has determined on the church as the future arena for the display of his talents.

He is accordingly consigned to the care and finishing tuition of a neighbouring clergyman, and there committeth a most foolish act, very natural to youth, but, as our elders say, not a whit the less reprehensible (we almost blush to record it)—he falls in love with the

pretty, but dowerless daughter of his tutor! True it is, she has a bright eye, and a happy laugh, and a most fairy-like form, and passing fair are the pleasant visions tinted with all the glowing hues of hope which these two lovers conjure up of the future. Many are the twilight rambles, the starlight interviews, and the mutual pledges of their troth and constancy; but this is an old tale—time will fly, and our future Sir Reverend is at length entered at Oxford.

We will pass over his collegiate career; his unremitting study; his excited hopes, kindled by the name and fame of those who have trodden the self-same cloisters before him; his successful poem and his unsuccessful essays, together with all the fervent anticipations peculiar to the ardent mind of an ambitious student: suffice it to say, the ever-present image of a "certain fair and fairy one" has proved a shield of defence against the powerful temptations of a college life; he has received ordination, successively appended A. B. and A. M. to his name, accepted the curacy of ——, and, after wedding the gentle object of his early love, is settled in his humble domicile at ——, a Poor Curate.

Such is a brief outline of the summer of our hero's life, ere the chilly winds and gloomy fogs of autumn have darkened its sunshine or withered its flowers. Most old men can testify how great is the fall from the airy cloud palace of Romance to the clay hovel of Reality: all have experienced, more or less, at some period of their lives, a chilling sense of the futility and fallacy of those hopes and wishes which they clung to and cherished in their youth; the free heart is checked, and the open hand closed, by that most unromantic of all monitors, worldly prudence; philosophy is substituted for poetry, and too many of their loftiest aspirations terminate like the loftiest mountains, in vapour.

And thus it is with our Poor Curate. Conscious of the possession of talent; elated with hope; cheered and animated in his midnight studies by visions of a mitre and a stall, the reward, as he fondly believed, of learning, rather than the result of interest and party zeal; what wonder if, after the fervour of affection had somewhat abated, and warm impulses subsided and settled down into a fixed and steady principle; what wonder if he should be tempted to repine at what a more intimate acquaintance with the world, and a more infirm confidence in the promises of men, have enabled him to perceive must be his unchanging lot?

An increasing family and a stationary income; children which reverse the instance of the banyan-tree, and ask for succour *from*, instead of yielding support *to*, the parent stem, growing up like

"olive branches round about his table;" these are matters of more than trifling import, are they not, reader? And so our Poor Curate finds them.

The very grocer whom he favours with his scanty custom, and who contrives to keep a pony and chaise, and live genteelly, is far better off than our Poor Curate. His baker, who attends every cricket-match and horse-race within twenty miles of the place, is in much better circumstances than his spiritual pastor. The bluff farmers, who respectfully doff their broad-rimmed beavers to "his reverence," and who ride blood mares, and drink "potations pottle deep" on each recurring market-day at the neighbouring town, at least enjoy the *otium*, if denied the *dignitas;* and their "rich peasant cheeks of ruddy bronze" but too forcibly contrast with the wan features of our Poor Curate and the pale aspects of his delicate offspring.

Scanty are the oblations, whether of meat or drink, that are paid to his household gods; and very few the luxuries of this life that fall to his or their share: nay, the bare necessaries are not always procurable without difficulty. And why is this? Appearances must be kept up, and the credit of his family supported (a family too poor to lend any efficient aid, and too proud to own their poverty). How many little comforts are denied to purchase some long-coveted work, without which he imagines his library would be incomplete! What sacrifices are made to attain some article of dress, whose acquisition may be necessary ere his lady (?) can accept the invitation of a neighbouring family to spend a week beneath their roof! The replenishment of his own wardrobe is a thing of unfrequent occurrence: that black suit, so threadbare, yet decent withal, is as familiar to our vision as his own benevolent countenance; his linen, albeit, is faultless both in hue and texture.

Pitiable, indeed, would the condition of our Poor Curate be but for the delicate benevolence of some two or three maiden ladies whose venerable mansions grace his parish, and whose venerable countenances solemnise his church: the liberal gift (offering) at Easter, and the generous donative at Christmas, somewhat soften the asperities of his lot. Still it is poverty—genteel poverty; and many and bitter are the self-degrading comments which a comparison of his own lot with that of others will call forth, thrust, as he is, into the society of those whose sole claims to rank with or above him rest, not on their birth or education, but in their wealth.

There is nothing of imagination in this picture—nothing beyond mere matter-of-fact: the bright visions of his boyhood have faded;

the glowing hopes of his youth have, one by one, been first chilled, and then utterly repressed; and now, in his "sear and yellow leaf," our hero is still the Poor Curate, vegetating on his scanty income, and fulfilling all the pious duties of his station with cheerfulness and calm content. Nay, there are even occasional gleams of sunshine scattered on his path. There are hours when, shut in his little study, a communion with the mighty spirits of old time; a perusal of the precious legacies which they have left to us, and which have survived the very traces of the cities where they dwelt, have gone far towards merging in oblivion the petty cares and anxieties of the outer world. Then, too, there is much of consolation, much of the approval of that "still, small voice" within, arising from scenes into which the nature of his holy office will lead him.

To have soothed the last hours of a fellow mortal; to have gradually weaned his thoughts from earth, and fixed his hopes upon a "better land," until, at length, the parting spirit yearned for its eternal home; to have dried up the tears of the mourner; to have led Charity to the homes of pining Want;—these will outweigh a whole host of selfish troubles, and draw the veil of forgetfulness over very, very many of the minor *désagreméns* of our brief life.

"*Ubi charitas, ibi humilitas,—ubi humilitas, ibi pax,*" is beautifully exemplified in the cottage home of our Poor Curate; a very atmosphere of peace seems to surround and pervade it; and though Poverty is its indweller, yet she is arrayed in a trim garb, and her aspect, it may be, even cheerful. And sooth to say, it is a pleasant spot, enshrined (so to speak) in a very wilderness of sweet flowers, which, together with its humble roof, are imaged in the clear waters of a stream that runs rippling by, and whose low, silvery tones, when heard in the stillness of a summer twilight, lull one into a most dreamy reverie, and call up such vague, fairy-like thoughts, as would, if indulged in, altogether unfit us for the commerce of this work-a-day world. The hand of taste is visible within its walls; there are a hundred little trifles which evince its exercise, and innumerable evidences of the fond affection of the husband and the father.

The various attributes of the gifted mind are here at issue with poverty; and where will not the former win for themselves an abiding place, softening, by their kindly influence, the ills incident to those whose lot may be the latter?

The framed drawings dependant from the walls—the pictured chess-table, whose every dark square hath some quaint device or tiny portraiture impressed upon it—the screens, with their rich groups of

flowers and birds—are each and all home-wrought, and serve as pleasant links between the living tenants of the chamber and its inanimate occupiers. Nor must we overlook one especial friend, whose tones are ever welcome, whose voice ever kindly, and whose companionship untiring—music: our Poor Curate is a passionate lover of song, and witching airs, "wedded to immortal verse," can make that chamber like the enchanted island of Prospero,—

"Full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight."

And in this home will his latter days be passed, and in the exercise of those duties the closing years of his life will be spent. The old age of men of letters (or, at least, of those who have not occupied any prominent eminence in the republic), unlike that of others who have played a busy part upon the great stage of life, is little disturbed by those stormier recollections which occasionally harass theirs. Nor is it a repose from toil or action; their existence has been rather like the course of a gentle river, mirroring the clouds and sunshine of heaven, cognisant by *reflection* of what is passing on its banks, with ever and anon some passing shower shattering its clear surface, yet soon calm again, gliding on to the music of its own waters, and at length stagnating into a quiet lake.

To such may we assimilate the life of our Poor Curate. We will not deny but that ancient memories will sometimes haunt his mind, and that dormant hopes will not occasionally be stirred within him. But these gradually die away, his thoughts take a loftier tone, his benevolence a wider scope, and his ambition, if not a higher, yet a better aim; and as he becomes more and more identified with the interests and well-being of those around him—the consoler of their sorrows, the soother of their griefs, a messenger of peace and good-will to all—he finds in contentment the truest wisdom, and that "he who winneth souls is, indeed, wise." And when he dies, "late may it be," he will have "his grand-children's love for epitaph," the sorrowings of many a poor man's heart for requiem, and will be interred in the chancel of the village church, where a small mural tablet will perchance record the obituary of "The Poor Curate."

We have thus briefly pourtrayed some of the "lights and shadows" of a poor clergyman's chequered existence—a favourable specimen of the class, we admit; but upon the bright traits in such a character—the uncomplaining endurance of poverty unmerited, the noble, self-sustaining sense of innate dignity, excellencies which

redeem much that is base in our fallen nature—on these we would much rather dwell, than note the darker features in another's. That such there are—men whose principles widely differ from their professions, and whose lives but ill accord with the doctrines they inculcate, we cannot deny; but we leave the delineation of these to the pen of the sectarian, or the morbid and gloomy pencil of the misanthrope.

Thank God! there are still many such as our Poor Curate located in the midst of the village homes of "merrie England," in her towns and in her cities, carrying with them the gentle influences of a pure life and unassuming manners into the very heart of her busiest scenes, and into the quiet hamlets of her most secluded vallies.

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It may not be impertinent, in this place, to quote the following homely, yet graphic description of the Poor Curate, as it appeared in a work now but little known, and not easily consulted, called, "*The Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy inquired to.*" The book appeared in 1670, and is attributed to the pen of Echard. He says:—"For where the minister is pinched, as to the tolerable conveniences of this life, the chief of his care and time must be spent, not in an impertinent inquiry, considering what text of Scriptures will be most useful for his parish, what instructions most seasonable, and what authors best to be consulted; but the chief of his thoughts, and his main business, must be to study how to live that week; where he shall have bread for his family; whose sow has lately pigged; whence will come the next rejoicing goose, or the next cheerful basket of apples? How far to Lammas or offerings? When shall we have another christening, and cakes? and who is likely to marry, or die? These are very reasonable considerations, and worthy of a man's thoughts. For a family cannot be maintained by texts and contexts; and the child that lies crying in the cradle will not be satisfied without a little milk, and perhaps sugar; though, perhaps, there be a small German system * in the house. But suppose he does get into a little hole over the oven, with a lock to it, called a study, towards the latter end of the week (for you must know, sir, there is very few texts of Scripture that can be divided, at soonest, before Friday night, and some there be that will never be divided but upon Sunday morning, and that not very early, but either a little before they go, or in the going to church); I say, suppose the gentleman gets thus into his study, one may very

* The making of sugar-candy.

near guess what is his first thought when he comes there, viz. that the last kilderkin of drink is near departed; and that he has but one poor single groat in the house, and there is judgment and execution ready to come out against it, for milk and eggs. Now, sir, can any man that is thus racked and tortured be seriously intent half an hour to contrive anything that might be of real advantage to his people? Besides, perhaps, that week he has met with some dismal crosses and undoing misfortunes. There was a scurvy-conditioned mole, that broke up his pasture, and ploughed up the best part of his glebe; and a little after that, came a couple of spiteful, ill-favoured cows, and trampled down the little remaining grass. Another day, having but four chickens, sweep comes the kite, and carries away the fattest and hopefulest of all the brood. Then, after all this, came the jack-daws and the starlings (idle birds that they are), and they scattered and carried away from his thin thatched house forty or fifty of the best straws; and to make him completely unhappy, after all these afflictions, another day, that he had a pair of breeches on, coming over a perverse stile, he suffered very much in carelessly lifting over his leg. * * * * He is not capable of doing that outward good amongst the needy, which is a great ornament to that holy profession, and a considerable advantage towards the having his doctrine believed and practised in a degenerate world. If there comes a brief to town, for the minister to cast in his mite will not satisfy, unless he can create sixpence or a shilling to put into the box, for a state *to decoy in* the best of the parish: nay, he that has but £20 or £30 per annum, if he bids not up as high as the best of the parish in all acts of charity, he is counted carnal and earthly-minded, only because he durst not coin, and cannot work miracles. And let there come never so many beggars, half of these, I'll secure you, shall presently ask for the minister's house. For 'God,' say they, 'certainly dwells there, and has laid up a sufficient relief.'"

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

What a pestilent knave is this same!

SHAKSPERE.

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

The Apothecary having already appeared in this work, it may, perhaps, be thought unnecessary to exhibit the Quack. We grant that these two artists have, in some respects, a strong mutual resemblance; yet, notwithstanding the opinion of several judicious persons, we cannot admit that they are as like one another as two peas. There may be that sort of likeness between them which there is between a bean and a pea—or, as it is called, a family one; but they also differ in many important particulars. They both pursue similar ends, real as well as apparent; for each, while he professes to cure diseases, is endeavouring to get money: but whereas the Quack is governed in his choice of means by downright knavery, the Apothecary is more than half influenced by the opposite cause of error. The one is no philosopher at all, and he partly believes in specifics; the other is a natural philosopher, and believes in nothing of the kind; but not being, in a practical sense at least, a moral one also, he does not hesitate to profess that he has discovered an universal medicine.

The Quack sometimes calls himself a medical dissenter; a term, the meaning of which is rendered somewhat ambiguous, by certain of his fraternity having of late thought proper to assume the title of Reverend. The word dissenter does not, however, necessarily imply that there is any peculiarity in his theological opinions, although that, and a pretence to excessive sanctity, will do little harm to one of his calling, either within or without the pale of the faculty. Medical dissent is to be understood to mean, a departure from the established faith as regards the art of healing; what that established faith is, and how much of truth there is in it to afford the champions of freedom of thought matter for denial, we need not stop to enquire. A belief prevails that there is something, at least, to dissent from; and the Quack, accordingly, obtains all due credit with a certain class for strength of mind, and honesty of intention—qualities from which contempt for authority is commonly supposed to proceed.

It is gratifying to reflect upon what is called the modern progress of mind—a topic which you will hardly find untouched even in a preface to a cookery book. Formerly, a fanatic preaching in a tub, could, by mere confidence and force of lungs, persuade the multitude to believe whatever he pleased, and a vagabond medicine-vender, haranguing the crowd from a stage, succeeded equally well, with similar resources. But now we have no leading by the nose, no wholesale cramming down the throat—nay, we have a praiseworthy disdain of relying on the good faith of our betters. Our intellect must be satisfied; we must be argued with; we must be convinced;—the Ranter must reason; the Quack must theorise. At present, we have nothing to say of the logic peculiar to the first of these professors; but it may be expected that we should give some notion of the philosophy usually propounded by the latter. The physiological and medical views of the Quack are sometimes set forth in a book, but more generally in an advertisement, and are then expressed much in the following manner:—

Principiis Obsta.—Ovid.

WHEN we consider the multifarious relations which the co-existent peculiarities incidental to the human frame and to the external world necessarily involve, we shall instantaneously perceive, that the physical mechanism of Man is liable to numerous diseases. It is unnecessary to expose, to an enlightened Public, the fallacies of a prejudiced faculty, in all their naked deformity; as the slightest reflection will immediately serve to exemplify their fatal results. There is but one medical theory on which the suffering valetudinarian, and reflective philanthropist, can repose with confidence and safety, and that one we shall (from benevolence rather than gain), endeavour to unfold. Universal correspondence to the characteristics of veracity is the only sure mark of truth; facts are stubborn things; and the never-failing success of the Universal Anticacoethic Pills stamps the unerring fiat of certitude on the unquestionable deductions of reason. Experiment and observation are strongly recommended by the illustrious Bacon; and, accordingly, a trial of the Universal Anticacoethic Pills is earnestly solicited from all those who are labouring under any of those diversified ailments which obnubilate the chequered path of life. Their composition is of the most innocuous description; the deleterious qualities of the destructive mineral, and the baneful essence of the poisonous herb, are alike sedulously avoided; and the mild and genial operation of the salutiferous vegetable, is the gentle but irresistible power by which they eradicate disease from the enervated system, restore the tone of the most dilapidated stomach, and force conviction on the most sceptical mind. According to the Anticacoethic theory, all diseases arise from the Cacoethes (a term derived from the Greek, to some of the philosophers of which country it is more than probable that the secret was known), and until the Cacoethic virus is expelled the system, vain are the efforts of the languishing sufferer to obtain a cure—an object which the Universal Anticacoethic Pills alone are the means calculated to effect. To prove the inviolable correctness of the Anticacoethic theory, it will be sufficient to remark, that chylification is universally admitted to

be the *sine qua non* of the sanguiferous supply; and the following letters from the late distinguished surgeon, Mr. Abernethy, and his intimate friend, Dr. Baillie, preclude comment, and necessitate assent.

London, October 1, 1836.

My Dear Dickson,—I have tried your pills in a great variety of cases, and am fully confident that they form an admirable system for the cure of the majority of diseases. I remain, &c., yours truly,

To H. U. M. Dickson, Esq., the Anticacoethist. John Abernethy.

London, July 4, 1820.

Dear Dickson,—Your pills are capital. They beat all others I ever tried; and I must beg you to send me another box, for I find them an invaluable treasure to my wife and family. Believe me, very sincerely yours,

To H. U. M. Dickson, Esq. Matthew Baillie, M.D.

The subjoined acknowledgment, which, while it demonstrates the superior efficacy of the Anticacoethic Pills, is highly gratifying to the feelings of Mr. Dickson, was last week received by Mr. D.

Southampton, March 3, 1840.

Honoured and Respected Sir,—How shall I find adequate words to address you?—my truest friend—my best benefactor—the preserver of my darling child! Yes, sir, thanks to your inestimable discovery, my little Neddy is at length restored to the almost blighted hopes of his anxious mother. But let me control my feelings, to detail, for the benefit of the incredulous, the astonishing effects of the Anticacoethic Pills. My little cherub, who is now in his sixth year, was attacked with a complaint in the inside, consisting of spasms, attended with the most heart-rending convulsions that can be possibly conceived. I took him to all the doctors I could think of, and had all sorts of things tried, but to no purpose; and, in the meantime, poor Edward became daily worse and worse, till at last he was so swelled, that he was nearly as broad as he was high, and his poor little eyes turned in towards the nose in such a degree, that I thought he would have been an object all his life; his mouth, too, became so dreadfully widened and distorted, that I have cried for hours at the thought of it. The doctors now gave him over, and declared nothing could save him, when, as a last resource, I determined to try the Anticacoethic Pills. Finding that their immediate effect was a decrease in the symptoms, I persevered in their use, and, at the end of a fortnight, my little prattler had perfectly recovered. Oh! Mr. D., pardon a mother's fondness; but had you—could you have—witnessed the happy restoration of my beloved child, what heartfelt satisfaction would have beamed in your features, at a sight of so affecting a nature, and also at the splendid triumph of the Universal Anticacoethic Pills, so unequivocally exemplified in the foregoing instance! You are at liberty to make whatever use you like of this communication; and oh! Mr. Dickson, believe me to remain, with feelings of the liveliest gratitude,

Ever sincerely yours,

Martha Stacey.

To H. U. M. Dickson, Esq., inventor of the Anticacoethic Pills.

Sold by H. U. M. Dickson, at the New Anticacoethic Institution, Bridge-street, Blackfriars, where also may be had the following works:—Doctorial Dulness, or a Fig for the Faculty; The Life Preserver; The Rational Physician; The Triumph of Truth; and various other productions by the same author.

Sold also at the Branch Institution, Red Lion Square, Holborn; and by all respectable Medicine Venders in town and country. Be particular in asking for Dickson's Universal Anticacoethic Pills; none others are genuine; and likewise in observing the government stamp upon the box, to counterfeit which is felony.

Mr. Dickson attends daily at the Anticacoethic Institution, from 10 to 4, to give gratuitous advice to the afflicted. All letters from the country, minutely describing the case, and containing a remittance, punctually attended to. Medicines forwarded to all parts of the world, and carefully packed and sealed, to prevent observation.

*** A back door, and lights in the passage at night.

Swift, in describing the conversion of Mr. Edmund Curll to Judaism, says, "They then spoke to him in the Hebrew tongue, which he not understanding, it was observed, had great weight with him." There is, even now, a sufficient number of such people as Mr. Curll in the world, to make talking Hebrew to them, or what, in effect, is much the same, abundantly worth the while of an impostor. The reasoning, too, which is least intelligible, is, of necessity, the most unanswerable. Not that the Quack addresses, or would be wise in addressing, utter and unmixed nonsense to his dupes. Advertiser, writer, lecturer, or whatever he may be, he puts forward, every here and there, some common-place truism, in such a form of words that his meaning may just be guessed at, by which artifice he gets credit for profundity with the vulgar, and, at the same time, causes a great deal to be taken on trust which is either entirely false and absurd, or else, which is more frequently the case, has no signification whatever. Nor is the Quack altogether a systematic coiner of fine words. They seem natural to him, as, indeed, they do to all his kindred, amongst whom advertising tailors and drapers may with great propriety be reckoned. These glib and oily words—these "genteel expressions"—in which we are sure that the swindler even *thinks*, serve as effectually to conceal his knavery, as his "fashionable exterior" does to disguise his person. Wherever we meet with them, we suspect humbug, either wilful or involuntary. An advertisement (now before us) about a cosmetic, describes it as "a mild and innocent preparation, from beautiful exotics. It effectually eradicates eruptions, tan, pimples, freckles, redness, spots, and all cutaneous imperfections; renders the most sallow complexion delicately fair, clear, and delightfully soft—imparting a healthy juvenile bloom, as well as *realising* a delicate white neck, hand, and arm." Faugh! Another nasty puff, of the same kind, speaks of the nipping easterly winds as being "so prejudicial to the hands of the *superior classes*." The man must have licked the blarney stone to some purpose, to write in this way.

The modern Quack is a great cultivator of manners and appearance. Formerly, it was the custom of these gentry to dress like scarecrows, in order that they might be taken for men of learning; but now their apparel, with the exception of some slight touch of eccentricity—such, for instance, as a fur collar, which gives them what some folks are pleased to call a *distingué* appearance—only differs from that of the rest of the world in being rather more fine. This is more especially the case with those who belong, as not a few of them do, to the Israelitish persuasion, such Quacks being remarkable, generally, at least, for large shirt pins, conspicuous watch-guards, numerous finger rings, and polished boots. To this class divers of the advertising "surgeon dentists" belong.

The Quack—we are still speaking of the Medical Quack—is not always an inventor, compounder, or retailer of patent medicines. He is sometimes a Homœopathist; or a pretender to cure diseases by Animal Magnetism; or an itinerant lecturer on Phrenology; or, it may be, all three together, and, under the rose, an Astrologer into the bargain, who describes characters and tells fortunes at so much per booby, to the no small annoyance of all those who, with many reasonable men, consider that the brain is something more than mere stuffing, and would have no means neglected of discovering its use. He is also pretty sure to entertain new views in morals, whereof community of property (which would be a very convenient arrangement personally to himself) is always one of the chief. Moreover, he is an universal philanthropist, bitterly inveighing against the oppression practised by those in power, and the ignorance and superstition of the clergy. When he has been shewn up in a paper or a review, he takes great care to compare his own case to that of various philosophers who have suffered for their opinions, never failing to descant particularly on Galileo and the Inquisition. This fellow is a genius—a sort of Crichton in his way—and is often clever enough to pass himself off for a foreign count, rivalled though he may be, in his respectable vocation, by some who have a real claim to that dignity.

There is a certain saying about persons who deceive the public, so old that we need only hint at it. We do not, however, imagine that the Quack is, in any measure, the dupe of his own imposture, unless when he arrives at extreme old age, a time when those who have told lies all their lives, sometimes end by believing them. "If," said a very celebrated one, and a foreigner to boot, "you wish to succeed wid de English beeble, you must dell dem someding dat common sense shew to pe impossible." In our opinion, the rogue

concocts advertisements, forges commendatory letters, and fabricates cases, on principles, and with feelings, precisely similar to those with which an angler makes an artificial fly, or a schoolboy sets a springe. The patients, of course, are the trout and woodcocks—were it sportsman-like to say so, we would rather call them gulls and gudgeons:—and be it observed, that a bread pill, in a literal sense, is no bad bait for the latter.

We much regret that we are obliged to condense into so short a space the interesting life and adventures of Mr. Jacob Diddams, and to confine ourselves to a brief notice of their leading points. Diddams was born in London, though in what alley we cannot take upon ourselves precisely to say. It is certain, however, that his father was a barber; and that his mother, a Miss Jacob, was connected with a very numerous, and somewhat ancient, family of that name, many of the members of which had resided for some time in the neighbourhood of the Commercial Road. It appears, also, that soon after the birth of young Jacob, his parents became suddenly possessed of some property, in consequence of the death of a relation on his mother's side. He was sent, at the usual age, to school, where, it is related of him, that he had a remarkable power of persuading his playmates of the truth of the most evident falsehoods. Amongst other things, he managed to make a thick-headed farmer's son believe that he had a pop-gun that would carry a mile, and further, to induce the lout to purchase the toy of him, at the moderate price of five shillings. The circumstance which, there is every reason to suppose, determined the bent of his genius, and which took place before he had completed his twelfth year, deserves to be recorded. He one day observed his father suffering severely from an attack of the gout, and on enquiring why he did not take some drops then in much repute for the cure of that distemper, had the nature of a quack medicine explained to him. "So, then," said Jacob, "if I were to roll up so many bits of putty, and spend enough money in advertising them, I should make my fortune." His future course of life was settled on that day.

At the death of his father, which put him in possession of a tolerable sum, Jacob Diddams had arrived at years which, were honesty really the best policy, might have been called years of discretion. He was now enabled to carry his long-cherished scheme into execution; he did so; he was successful; and the elixir which bore his name, or rather his assumed one, was held for a long time in such estimation, as has not been since exceeded by any similar compound.

The pleasure derived from the practice of Quackery is not owing merely to the emolument which it produces: the genuine Quack delights also in his occupation for its own sake. Mr. Jacob Diddams devoted those hours of leisure which were permitted to him by his professional pursuits, to the amusement of field-preaching—an exercise in which he soon obtained great proficiency. For many years he was well known (as a divine, not as a physician) on Kennington Common. He is likewise said to have made considerable progress in the unknown tongues, but to have desisted from the further cultivation of them, in consequence of their pretensions being exploded.

Mr. Diddams never had much more faith in Methodism than he had in medicine, and he has lately not only renounced his former creed, but also every other. He is now a lecturer at a Social Institution; and, as he is somewhat advancing in years, it is probable that he believes to a certain extent in the principles which he expounds. He has not yet been called upon to contribute his possessions to the common stock, nobody having any suspicion of his enormous wealth, which he is at much pains to conceal, never venturing among his new disciples with anything on his back worth stealing, or with more money in his pocket than the change for a sixpence.

There is a question, often suggested by the advertisement sheet of a newspaper to ourselves, which we would fain submit to the reader. The government derives an immense revenue from the sale of patent medicines:—How many simpletons are there in the United Kingdom? But, we are now touching on a matter about which a jest is out of place. Do we not continually meet, in the public prints, with cases in which people are *poisoned* by the administration of some pernicious nostrum, and that not at once, as in common murders, but by slow, tedious, and painful degrees? In what position, then, do our legislators place themselves by the encouragement which, in licensing cart loads of deadly rubbish, they persist in giving to a set of wholesale corrupters of the public health—nay, of deliberate and sordid assassins—for such are those, who, with their eyes open to the consequences, scatter poison abroad for the sake of gain? Let us not be told that these compounds are ascertained to be harmless before a sanction is given to their sale. No remedy whatever is so, if injudiciously taken. Nothing but extreme and deplorable ignorance can exonerate the patrons of quackery from the guilt of participating in murder. Politics are, of course, excluded from these pages, as they are from general society; but, wherever we may be, we have a right to complain of a public nuisance. The

most extreme Tory, and the most violent Radical, agree in a regard for life and health. No honest man will dispute the assertion, that the system of granting patents to the manufacturers of a parcel of villanous trash, ought to be at once and totally abolished. The protection afforded to these scoundrels, is injustice to the medical profession—injustice, which is only equalled by the imbecility of extending it. What can possibly be the use of preserving the public from the incompetent Physician, and of abandoning it, at the same time, to the unprincipled nostrum vendor: of defending it from the fool, and betraying it to the knave? A man would do a wise thing, indeed, in barring his windows against thieves, and leaving his doors wide open. It is idle to plead the imperfect state of medicine, as an excuse for the abominable indifference, on the part of the legislature, to the rights of its practitioners. That science is imperfect, because its pursuit is discouraged. One thing, however, is certain; namely, that those whose calling it is should strenuously exert themselves to disprove the imputation on their skill, to which the patronage of empiricism by the state is equivalent. Another thing is equally certain; that there are quacks in the art of government, as well as in other matters, and that the constitution of individuals is not the only one which is tampered with. We hear much of remodelling institutions, reforming abuses, converting mechanics into moral philosophers, charity-school boys into theologians, and blackamoors into prodigies of piety; and, in the meantime, here is a crying and a flagrant nuisance unattended to, and almost unthought of. The imaginations of our rulers are running riot amid the perfumed groves of Utopia, and there is a pig-sty under their noses.—Away with it! It is now high time that law-makers should work, instead of talking—unless they are content to leave their craft still open to the reproach cast upon it by Johnson, who said that politics were now merely the means of rising in the world. Let them begin with the reformation of their own fraternity; let them get rid of quack politicians, and we shall not much longer be troubled with the Quack Doctor.

THE PAWNBROKER.

Thou art a merchant, and a monied man,
And 't is thy money, Barabbas, we seek.

MARLOW

THE PAWNBROKER.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THERE would seem a kind of ignominy in the calling of a Pawnbroker. He is the rejected of all men. Albeit he may be a thriving tradesman, a man of scrupulous dealing, and high moral purpose, he nevertheless enjoys no part of that general respect, unaffectedly and freely avowed by the customer towards other upright dealers. There appears to be a tacit compact in society, to affect an ignorance of the very existence of a Pawnbroker. His merits are never canvassed—no man has, or ever had, a personal knowledge of him. The reader shall confess to the truth of this. Men are prone to vaunt the rectitude, the talents of their tradesmen. "*My* wine-merchant," "*My* bootmaker," even "*My* attorney;" but who ever yet startled the delicacy of a company, with "*My* Pawnbroker?" No; it is the fate of our subject to do what good he does unknown: in gloomy precincts, and often with low, muttering voice, to eke out his benevolence to the whispering, trembling, broken-hearted, bronze-faced, desperate suppliants, that, by turns, from the bolted privacy of his boxes—miserable pulpits, whence poverty and crime put up their prayers to Mammon—beg and demand the good man's courtesies. And save amongst the very poor—and of what worth are the praises of penury?—who trumpets forth the conscience, the fair-dealing of the Pawnbroker? "What a capital coat! Who's your tailor?" This is frequent admiration,—a common query. But who, missing the diamond from the finger of an acquaintance; who, seeing not the yard of glittering gold chain in its wonted place; who, though at the time he may need the services of a conscientious money-dealer,—who thinks of venturing to the late possessor of the ring, "*who is your Pawnbroker?*"

The Pawnbroker of our day, vulgar and common-place as he is, has picturesque forefathers. The ancestry of Mammon is

"Mysteriously remote and high."

There were Pawnbrokers in Thebes—money-lenders, where now the jackal prowls, in Tadmor; but they were the Pawnbrokers for

the rich—not the bankers for the poor: they in their houses heaped

> "—— pearls like pebble stones;
> Received them free, and sold them by the weight;
> Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
> Jacinths, hard topas, grass-green emeralds,
> Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
> And seld' seen costly stones."

The ancient Pawnbroker was a human harpy, living on human bowels: modern legislation hath pared his claws and cast about his calling the cloak of respectability. Indeed, the money-lending family have suffered great mutations, now trafficking openly with princes, and now sneakingly, like spiders in dark corners, feeding on their victims. Who that sees the smug, self-complacent modern, —the Peter Jones Pawnbroker of Seven Dials,—thinks of his great commercial ancestors, the Lombard merchants? More than five hundred years ago, they flourished in our city, and their name—musical as ringing gold—the synonym of wealth, still gilds a city quarter. They dispossessed the Jews—heretofore the only money-dealers—of their exclusive traffic, and, specially recommended by his Holiness Pope Boniface III. to Edward I. (see Rymer), became the princely Pawnbrokers to our English nobility and gentry; for there was then no "public in general." However, it is not our task to write a history of pledges; and having, in justice to all present Pawnbrokers, briefly indicated the importance and grandeur of their origin, we shall dwell not on their changes in their descent, but endeavour to paint them as they are.

The Pawnbroker hath suffered from the civilisation of mankind. Some century or two ago, and there was, indeed, a mystery in his dealings; now are they made open, exposed to the world by the world's lanterns—the two houses of Parliament. The time was, when, at the mercy of the Levite, the poor man was eaten up at leisure; his poverty made him an outlaw, a vagabond to be destroyed piecemeal by usury. Now he knows at least the extent of his sacrifice, the loss defined and made manifest by the statutes. There was a secrecy in the dealings of the by-gone money-lender; the tribe dwelt in holes and corners, carrying on their "dreadful trade" in nooks and cellars. They wrote up no "Money Lent," save what avarice had written in their faces; they exposed no symbols of their calling, save their breathing carcases. They sacrificed to Mammon as it were a forbidden shrine, and, amidst the world's distrust and bitterest contempt, filled their money-bags to

bursting. Then the trade of the Pawnbroker, albeit the name was not, was unrecognised by the law, and the rate of interest varied with the mercy of the lender, who may have securely levied fifty, seventy per cent., though every leaf of his ledger was (the pious custom of the day) emblazoned with a *Laus Deo!* At length, the law stepped in; and in process of days the Pawnbroker became what he now is, a respectable, though, as we have before hinted, an unacknowledged tradesman. He lives not in the allowance of the men who compose what they call decent society; whilst the excellent people who wear diamonds, and dine off three courses, have never heard of the Pawnbrokers—save, indeed, in a novel or at a playhouse. No, though he may render the dearest service at the dearest time; though he may be the sole surviving, the only friend in need,—none but the poor acknowledge the acquaintance of the Pawnbroker. Honest penury and careless vice feel no qualms, but give a "good den" to the tradesman; but a respectable man was never yet discovered to have known him. Believe it, worldly respectability may by accident have had acquaintanceship with convicted felony; nay, may blush not to own a past connection with some distinguished assassin, before the ferocity of the unfortunate man was found out: there is no peril to a man's name in such personal knowledge; on the contrary, it may for a time invest him with a very curious interest; but to know a Pawnbroker is fatal ignominy indeed. On this fact all men are so strongly united, that, we repeat it, no prudent, respectable person can know a Pawnbroker; for if he should confess to the knowledge, who, in the name of all the divinities respectable, who would continue to know *him?*

The Pawnbroker being made a common-place by the law; being divested of all his ancient, picturesque mysteriousness, and compelled by the unimaginative legislature, to carry on his calling in the eye of the world—we are rather to consider him rather as one of a number, than as the sole object of our attention. He is only to be viewed as affected by the variety of his customers, as a part and portion of their necessities.

To the Pawnbroker, the civility almost essential to the thrift of other tradesmen, is wholly superfluous. He places no quick-eyed shopman at the door, no tenacious solicitor of the lingering customer to enter and trade. Not he: he stands in his shop, the deputy of Mammon; his customers are not to be wheedled, coaxed, grinned at, protested to; he need not bow his back, or crush his face up into smiling wrinkles, at the hesitating purchaser.

No; *his* customers—the people who contribute to him thirty per cent.—for the most part address him with a respectful meekness; many with a shame-faced hesitation, as though they begged his aid, the free-offering of his money, no pledge, no profitable hostage left. Other tradesmen make it part of their craft to presume the possession of wealth in their customers: to the Pawnbroker, they come, the best of them for the time, branded with the mark of necessity. How different that face—there, that one in the third box from the door—how different that sweet, meek countenance, from the face of five years since! It is a lady, a young creature, with cankerous sorrow at her heart; a fair thing, with that suffering, yet resigned look of grief, more profoundly touching than the wildest anguish. With the gentle, yet hesitating grace of the lady, and a faint smile at her lip, she presents a small trinket to the Pawnbroker: how different the money-lender's manner from the oppressive obsequiousness of the jeweller who, five years since, sold the locket to her! The tradesman, with a cold eye, turns over the trinket; whilst the woman—it is almost the last of her few ornaments, and there is poverty, and hungry babes at home,—finds herself waiting, with stinted breath, the sentence of the Pawnbroker. At length he condescends to ask, "What do you want on this?" and—God help her!—her heart is eased at the condescension.

The Pawnbroker may, from the independence of his calling, by his exemption from the idle courtesies assiduously cultivated by other tradesmen, be as jocular as his native wit will allow him with many of his well-known customers. Again and again he may crack his joke upon the coat withdrawn on the Saturday for the Sabbath wear, and duly returned to his safe guardianship on the Monday. Coats will wear out, the nap will lose its gloss, and the Pawnbroker will have his joke upon the frailty of broad-cloth, and, joking, offer less and less upon the fading raiment. As for the wife, who for the twentieth time hath left the coat in pledge, she must good-humouredly fence with the wit of the Pawnbroker, who carries the pleasantry just as far as suits his humour, ending the parley with an emphatic avowal, not to lend a farthing more, gruffly bidding the woman "take the rag away." He knows she cannot take it away; and, therefore, she resignedly receives both the impertinence of the shopkeeper and the money he vouchsafes her. Strange, that tradesmen should so differ in manners! How very civil was Lubin Gosling, the tailor who made that coat!

The Pawnbroker is a sort of King Midas in a squalid neighbourhood; he is a potentate sought by the poor, who bear with his jests,

his insolence, his brutality: who, in tatters, bow down to him; and with want in all their limbs, with empty bellies and despairing hearts, make court to him, that he will be pleased to let them eat. What offerings are made to him! How is he prayed, implored, to see some value in that which he inexorably deems worthless; to coin, for a time, a shilling out of some miserable vestment,—its owner stands shivering in the box for the want of it;—to advance sixpence on some household necessary. How can the Pawnbroker deal in the courtesies of trade? His daily petitioner is want, with tiger appetite, reckless, abandoned, self-doomed vice, and moody despair. Life to him is so often "turned the seamy side without," that he must needs be made callous by the hard nature of his calling. How is it possible to deal, to chaffer with hungry misery, beseeching for bread as though it were immortal manna, yet keep alive the natural sensibilities of the human heart? How can we drive a bargain with despair, turning the penny with the complacency of a stockbroker? How bate down wretchedness, how huckster with famine?—yet this is the daily business of the Pawnbroker! To him,

"The human heart is just one pound of flesh."

The shop is thronged: every box save one is full! What faces stare upon the man of money: how entreatingly the shopmen are besought,—yet how noiselessly do they perform their duties! An hour may pass, and but a few low words spoken, with now and then the sound of money on the counter. Hush! How quickly that bolt was shot! The last box is filled. A lady has entered it; and it is plain to be seen, that for the first time she is in the shop of a Pawnbroker. Poor thing! Affluence rocked her cradle; fortune, as she grew up, waited on her lightest wish; the whole world was to her a fairy-ground. She never knew the touch of sorrow, and want was to her but a sound. She is now a wife; and comes, for the first time, with a piece of plate, that—for there is death hovering about her hearth—she may pay doctors' fees! She feels, as she presents the plate to the shopman, like a thief. The man glances at her. "Good God!" she thinks, "can he suspect such a thing?" The Pawnbroker gives the sum required, and the lady, with scorching face, hurries from the shop. But, oh! the feelings of shame and degradation that possessed her in those brief minutes! Terrible things have been written on dungeon walls; terrible, sickening evidences of human misery and human vice; but if on the partitions of these boxes could be writ the emotions of those who

have waited near them, the writing would be no less fearful than that traced in the Bastile,—graven in the Piombi.

If, however, poverty — hard-ground, squalid want — too often make its offerings, put up its prayer at the shrine of the Pawnbroker, the spirit of independence may also exhibit its bluff face, utter its frank voice, from the boxes! When friendship—worldly friendship, that like Briareus, with a hundred hands for a hundred new comers—pauses, and stammers at a loan, is there not the Pawnbroker with ready money? There is Jack Pleasanton, one of the most agreeable of fellows; when he meets you, he will grasp your hand till your wrist cracks, but—he has so many engagements, being so delightful a creature, is so much sought after—he cannot spare time to walk or ride a mile to see you, though you are groaning at the gates of death. Excellent, light-hearted Jack! he is every man's friend; every man has a note of praise for him; he is so vivacious, so liberal in his ideas—nay, so philanthropic in his opinions. You are convinced, for you have known him for these seven years, that, when he has no engagement, he would do anything to serve you. The frankness of his manner, the cordiality of his grasp, assures you that Jack has a heart of gold. You want ten pounds for as many days: how lucky! for this way comes Jack; *he* is never without money. The radiancy of his smile is the same; the squeeze of his hand, if possible, more fervent than usual; and, with not a moment's hesitation — for Jack is such a good fellow—you tell him of your passing necessity; you ask him for the loan of ten pounds. A slight shudder passes over Jack's face, his mouth drops; it is but for a moment, for again he smiles, again he seizes you by the hand, again expresses his willingness to do anything in the world for you; "but—unfortunately—it—so—happens—that—he—never—was—so—short." Syllabically doth he count forth his many deep regrets, and then smiling and squeezing as before, passes airily over it; and, compared to Jack's smiling face, how beneficently looks even the most stony-featured Pawnbroker; how cordial his voice to the hollow cheerfulness sounding in the throat of Jack! Is it not far better to leave your watch with the man of the Lombardy Arms, than with the family of the Pleasantons?

That the Pawnbroker should fail to take rank with other tradesmen employed by the nobility, gentry, and public in general, arises from the wholesome disgust implanted in us of a show of poverty. A man may more safely confess to any moral want, than a want of money. Therefore, the Pawnbroker, though so often a benefactor of his race,

lives unthanked, unacknowledged, but, happily for him, not unrewarded. Could the History of Pawning be faithfully written, and, after the fashion of the times, duly decked with portraits illustrative of the subject; we doubt not that the world would stare at the likenesses. How acquaintance might marvel at acquaintance! and how folks—such respectable people, too—would stand convicted of the heinous crime of having sometimes wanted a guinea.

"I 'll tell you what we 'll do, love," said Mrs. Argent to her husband;—in the world's opinion they were folks of the very first respectability; they were accustomed to give such charming dinners, such pleasant tasteful suppers—"I 'll tell you what we 'll do, when you get this little lump of money." "What shall we do, my love?" asked the quiet Mr. Argent. "Why, my dear," replied his politic wife, "it 's some time since we had anybody, and so I propose, directly you get this money, that we take the plate out of pawn, and give a party!" Could Harlequin, with a flourish of his wand, change the wooden partitions of the Pawnbroker's boxes into glass, how their tenants might stare at one another! How the thief, but newly escaped with the stolen watch, might leer at the lady about to deposit her repeater—how the fine gentleman start at the costermonger.

If the Pawnbroker would dignify his calling; if he would give a triumphant proof of the utility of his services to the Christian world, he has but to call up the shade of the great Isabella, who, when Columbus vainly begged to be permitted to find a new world for Spain, and, when wearied and repulsed, had turned his back upon the Court, nobly avowed her determination to pawn her jewels in the cause. "I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile," said the queen, "and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." What lady after this, in a temporary dilemma, should hesitate to trust her diamonds with the Pawnbroker? "The queen," says the historian, "despatched a messenger on horseback with all speed to call back Columbus. He was overtaken ten leagues from Granada, at the bridge of Pinos, a pass of the mountains, famous for bloody encounters between the Christians and Infidels during the Moorish wars. When the courier delivered his message, Columbus hesitated to subject himself again to the delays and equivocations of the court. When he was informed, however, of the ardour expressed by the queen, and the positive promise she had given, he returned immediately to Santa Fé, confiding in the noble probity of that princess." If the Americans had duly reflected on this incident,

they certainly, with the stars and stripes, had quartered the three balls in their national flag.

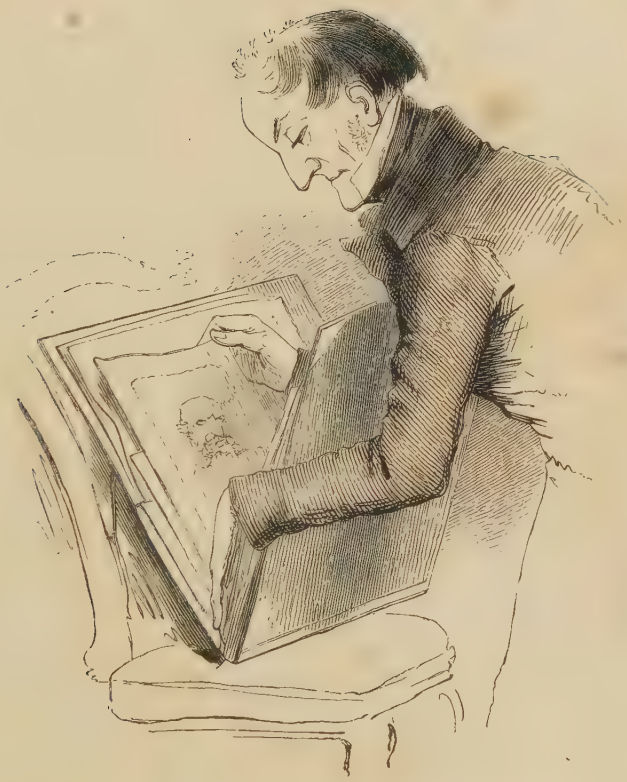
The Queen of Navarre is another illustrious patroness of the Pawnbrokers in a glorious cause. She pawned her jewels for the Hugenots. "Two gentlemen," says the author of the recent "Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham," "agents of the Prince of Orange, came to this country to negociate this business in London, and confided it to the experienced hand of Sir Thomas Gresham. La Mothe writes, in the month of August, that while Queen Elizabeth was at Richmond, the Cardinal gave the Lord of the Council a grand entertainment at his house at Sheen; and, shortly after, carried the jewels to court, where they were shewn to her majesty, who was curious to see them. The goldsmiths who were called in to value them, says La Mothe, considered them worth £60,000. I am told that the queen declines advancing any money upon them, but the sum required will be sought among the merchants; and it seems that Sir Thomas Gresham, the greatest merchant in London, and, at the same time, queen's factor, has undertaken to raise £30,000."

With these remarkable anecdotes of Pawnbroking, close we our essay.

At the first blush, there seems some fear that a writer who treats on this subject must suffer, in the world's opinion, from a conviction of his personal experience in the matter; but when it is remembered, that pamphlets on "the Corn Laws, "the Currency," &c. are every day published by men with *no practical* knowledge whatever of the theme on which they treat, it is modestly hoped by the writer of this paper that he shall be numbered amongst those ingenuous individuals.

SEPIO.

Not worth a halfpenny: sold for a guinea.



RUBBERY.

For him light labour yields her wholesome store;
Just gives what life requires, but gives no more.

THE ARTISTS.

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

It is confidently stated that there was once a time when the quarter of Soho was thronged by the fashion of London. Many wide streets are there in the neighbourhood, stretching cheerfully towards Middlesex Hospital in the north, bounded by Dean Street in the west, where the lords and ladies of William's time used to dwell,—till in Queen Anne's time, Bloomsbury put Soho out of fashion, and Great Russell Street became the pink of the mode.

Both these quarters of the town have submitted to the awful rule of nature, and are now to be seen undergoing the dire process of decay. Fashion has deserted Soho, and left her in her gaunt, lonely old age. The houses have a vast, dingy, mouldy, dowager look. No more beaux, in mighty perriwigs, ride by in gilded clattering coaches; no more lackeys accompany them, bearing torches, and shouting for precedence. A solitary policeman paces these solitary streets,—the only dandy in the neighbourhood. You hear the milkman yelling his milk with a startling distinctness, and the clack of a servant-girl's pattens sets people a staring from the windows.

With Bloomsbury we have here nothing to do; but as genteel stock-brokers inhabit the neighbourhood of Regent's Park,—as lawyers have taken possession of Russell Square,—so Artists have seized upon the desolate quarter of Soho. They are to be found in great numbers in Berners Street. Up to the present time, naturalists have never been able to account for this mystery of their residence. —What has a painter to do with Middlesex Hospital? He is to be found in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. And why? Philosophy cannot tell, any more than why milk is found in a cocoa-nut.

Look at Newman Street. Has earth, in any dismal corner of her great round face, a spot more desperately gloomy? The windows are spotted with wafers, holding up ghastly bills, that tell you the house is "To Let." Nobody walks there—not even an old clothesman; the first inhabited house has bars to the windows, and bears the name of "Ahasuerus, officer to the Sheriff of Middlesex;"

and here, above all places, must painters take up their quarters,—day by day must these reckless people pass Ahasuerus's treble gate. There was my poor friend, Tom Tickner (who did those sweet things for "The Book of Beauty"). Tom, who could not pay his washer-woman, lived opposite the bailiff's; and could see every miserable debtor, or greasy Jew writ-bearer that went in or out of his door. The street begins with a bailiff's, and ends with a hospital. I wonder how men live in it, and are decently cheerful, with this gloomy, double-barrelled moral pushed perpetually into their faces. Here, however, they persist in living, no one knows why;—owls may still be found roosting in Netley Abbey, and a few Arabs are to be seen at the present minute in Palmyra.

The ground-floors of the houses where painters live are mostly make-believe shops, black empty warehouses, containing fabulous goods. There is a sedan-chair opposite a house in Rathbone Place, that I have myself seen every day for forty-three years. The house has commonly a huge India-rubber-coloured door, with a couple of glistening brass plates, and bells. A portrait painter lives on the first floor; a great historical genius inhabits the second. Remark the first floor's middle drawing-room window; it is four feet higher than its two companions, and has taken a fancy to peep into the second-floor front. So much for the outward appearance of their habitations, and for the quarters in which they commonly dwell. They seem to love solitude, and their mighty spirits rejoice in vastness and gloomy ruin.

I do n't say a word here about those geniuses who frequent the thoroughfares of the town, and have picture-frames containing a little gallery of miniature peers, beauties, and general officers, in the Quadrant, the passages about St. Martin's Lane, the Strand, and Cheapside. Lord Lyndhurst is to be seen in many of these gratis exhibitions—Lord Lyndhurst cribbed from Chalon; Lady Peel, from Sir Thomas; Miss Croker, from the same; *the* Duke, from ditto; an original officer in the Spanish Legion; a colonel or so, of the Bunhill-Row Fencibles; a lady on a yellow sofa, with four children in little caps and blue ribands;—we have all of us seen these pretty pictures, and are aware that our own features may be "done in this style." Then there is the man on the chain-pier at Brighton, who pares out your likeness in sticking-plaister; there is Miss Cripps, or Miss Runt, who gives lessons in Poonah-painting, japanning, or mezzotinting; Miss Stump, who attends ladies' schools with large chalk heads from Le Brun or the Cartoons; Rubbery, who instructs young gentlemen's establishments in pencil; and Sepio, of the Water

Colour Society, who paints before eight pupils daily, at a guinea an hour, keeping his own drawings for himself.

All these persons, as the most indifferent reader must see, equally belong to the tribe of Artists (the last not more than the first), and in an article like this should be mentioned properly. But though this paper has been extended from eight pages to sixteen,—not sixteen pages,—not a volume would suffice to do justice to the biographies of the persons above-mentioned. Think of the superb Sepio, in a light-blue satin cravat, and a light-brown coat, and yellow kids, tripping daintily from Grosvenor Square to Gloucester Place; a small sugar-loaf boy following, who carries his morocco portfolio. Sepio scents his handkerchief, curls his hair, and wears, on a great coarse fist, a large emerald ring that one of his pupils gave him. He would not smoke a cigar for the world; he is always to be found at the Opera; and, gods! how he grins, and waggles his head about, as Lady Flummery nods to him from her box.

He goes to at least six great parties in the season. At the houses where he teaches, he has a faint hope that he is received as an equal, and propitiates scornful footmen by absurd donations of sovereigns. The rogue has plenty of them. He has a stock-broker, and a power of guinea lessons stowed away in the Consols. There are a number of young ladies of genius in the aristocracy, who admire him hugely; he begs you to contradict the report about him and Lady Smigsmag; every now and then he gets a present of game from a marquis; the city ladies die to have lessons of him; he prances about the park on a half-bred cock-tail, with lacquered boots and enormous high heels; and he has a mother and sisters somewhere—washerwomen, it is said, in Pimlico.

How different is his fate to that of poor Rubbery, the school drawing-master! Highgate, Homerton, Putney, Hackney, Hornsey, Turnham Green, are his resorts; he has a select seminary to attend at every one of these places; and if, from all these nurseries of youth, he obtains a sufficient number of half-crowns to pay his week's bills, what a happy man is he!

He lives most likely in a third floor in Howland Street, and has commonly five children, who have all a marvellous talent for drawing—all save one, perhaps, that is an idiot, which a poor, sick mother is ever carefully tending. Sepio's great aim and battle in life is to be considered one of the aristocracy; honest Rubbery would fain be thought a gentleman too; but, indeed, he does not know whether he is so or not. Why be a gentleman?—a gentleman Artist does not obtain the wages of a tailor; Rubbery's butcher

looks down upon him with a royal scorn; and his wife, poor gentle soul (a clergyman's daughter, who married him in the firm belief that her John would be knighted, and make an immense fortune), —his wife, I say, has many fierce looks to suffer from Mrs. Brisket, and many meek excuses or prayers to proffer, when she cannot pay her bill,—or when, worst of all, she has humbly to beg for a little scrap of meat upon credit, against John's coming home. He has five-and-twenty miles to walk that day, and must have something nourishing when he comes in—he is killing himself, poor fellow, she knows he is: and Miss Crick has promised to pay him his quarter's charge on the very next Saturday. "Gentlefolks, indeed," says Mrs. Brisket, "pretty gentlefolks these, as can't pay for half-a-pound of steak!" Let us thank heaven that the Artist's wife has her meat, however—there is good in that shrill, fat, mottle-faced Mrs. Brisket, after all.

Think of the labours of that poor Rubbery. He was up at four in the morning, and toiled till nine upon a huge damp icy lithographic stone; on which he has drawn the "Star of the Wave," or the "Queen of the Tourney," or "She met him at Almacks," for Lady Flummery's last new song. This done, at half-past nine he is to be seen striding across Kensington Gardens, to wait upon the before-named Miss Crick, at Lamont House. Transport yourself in imagination to the Misses Kittles' seminary, Potzdam Villa, Upper Homerton, four miles from Shoreditch; and at half-past two, Professor Rubbery is to be seen swinging along towards the gate. Somebody is on the look-out for him: indeed it is his eldest daughter, Marianne, who has been pacing the shrubbery, and peering over the green railings this half-hour past. She is with the Misses Kittle on the "mutual system," a thousand times more despised than the butchers' and the grocers' daughters, who are educated on the same terms, and whose papas are warm men in Aldgate. Wednesday is the happiest day of Marianne's week: and this the happiest hour of Wednesday. Behold! Professor Rubbery wipes his hot brows and kisses the poor thing, and they go in together out of the rain, and he tells her that the twins are well out of the measles, thank God! and that Tom has just done the Antinous, in a way that must make him quite sure of the Academy prize, and that mother is better of her rheumatism now. He has brought her a letter, in large round hand, from Polly; a famous soldier, drawn by little Frank; and when, after his two hours' lesson, Rubbery is off again, our dear Marianne cons over the letter and picture a hundred times with soft tearful smiles, and stows them away in an old writing

desk, amidst a heap more of precious home relics, wretched trumpery scraps, and baubles, that you and I, madam, would sneer at; but that in the poor child's eyes (and, I think, in the eyes of One, who knows how to value widows' mites, and humble sinners' offerings) are better than bank-notes and Pitt diamonds. Oh, kind heaven, that has given these treasures to the poor! Many and many an hour does Marianne lie awake with full eyes, and yearn for that wretched old lodging in Howland Street, where mother and brothers lie sleeping; and, gods! what a fête it is, when twice or thrice in the year she comes home.

* * * * * * *

I forget how many hundred millions of miles, for how many billions of centuries, how many thousands of decillions of angels, peris, houris, demons, afreets, and the like, Mahomet travelled, lived, and counted, during the time that some water was falling from a bucket to the ground; but have we not been wandering most egregiously away from Rubbery, during the minute in which his daughter is changing his shoes, and taking off his reeking Macintosh in the hall of Potzdam Villa? She thinks him the finest Artist that ever cut an H.B., that 's positive: and as a drawing-master, his merits are wonderful; for at the Misses Kittles' annual vacation festival, when the young ladies' drawings are exhibited to their mammas and relatives (Rubbery, attending in a clean shirt, with his wife's large brooch stuck in it, and drinking negus along with the very best); —at the annual festival, I say, it will be found that the sixty-four drawings exhibited, Tintern Abbey, Kenilworth Castle, Horse—from Carl Vernet, Head—from West, or what not (say sixteen of each sort), are the one exactly as good as the other; so that, although Miss Slamcoe gets the prize, there is really no reason why Miss Timson, who is only four years old, should not have it; her design being accurately, stroke for stroke, tree for tree, curl for curl, the same as Miss Slamcoe's, who is eighteen. The fact is, that of these drawings, Rubbery, in the course of the year, has done every single stroke, although the girls, and their parents, are ready to take their affidavits (or as I heard once a great female grammarian say, their *affies davit*) that the drawing-master has never been near the sketches. This is the way with them; but mark!—when young ladies come home, are settled in life, and mammas of families,—can they design so much as a horse, or a dog, or a "moo-cow," for little Jack who bawls out for them?—not they. Rubbery's pupils have no more notion of drawing, any more than Sepio's of painting, when that eminent Artist is away.

Between these two gentlemen, lie a whole class of teachers of drawing, who resemble them more or less. I am ashamed to say that Rubbery takes his pipe in the parlour of a hotel, of which the largest room is devoted to the convenience of poor people, amateurs of British gin; whilst Sepio trips down to the club, and has a pint of the smallest claret: but of course the tastes of men vary; and you find them, simple or presuming, careless or prudent, natural and vulgar, or false and atrociously genteel, in all ranks and stations of life.

As for the other persons mentioned at the beginning of this discourse, viz., the cheap portrait-painter, the portrait-cutter in sticking-plaister, and Miss Croke, the teacher of mezzotint and Poonah-painting,—nothing need be said of them in this place, as we have to speak of matters more important.—Only about Miss Croke, or about other professors of cheap art, let the reader most sedulously avoid them. Mezzotinto is a take-in, Poonah-painting a rank villanous deception. "So is Grecian art without brush or pencils;" these are only small mechanical contrivances, over which young ladies are made to lose time. And now having disposed of these small skirmishers who hover round the great body of Artists, we are arrived in presence of the main force, that we must begin to attack in form. In the "partition of the earth," as it has been described by Schiller, the reader will remember that the poet, finding himself at the end of the general scramble without a single morsel of plunder, applied passionately to Jove, who pitied the poor fellow's condition, and complimented him with a seat in the Empyrœan. "The strong and the cunning," says Jupiter, "have seized upon the inheritance of the world, whilst thou wert star-gazing and rhyming: not one single acre remains wherewith I can endow thee; but, in revenge, if thou art disposed to visit me in my own heaven, come when thou wilt; it is always open to thee."

The cunning and strong have scrambled and struggled more on our own little native spot of earth, than in any other place on the world's surface; and the English poet (whether he handles a pen or a pencil) has little other refuge than that windy unsubstantial one, which Jove has vouchsafed to him. Such airy board and lodging is, however, distasteful to many; who prefer, therefore, to give up their poetical calling, and in a vulgar beef-eating world, to feed upon, and fight for, vulgar beef.

For such persons (among the class of painters), it may be asserted that portrait-painting was invented. It is the Artist's compromise with heaven; "the light of common day," in which, after a certain

quantity of "travel from the East," the genius fades at last. Abbé Barthelemi (who sent Le Jeune Anacharsis travelling through Greece in the time of Plato,—travelling through ancient Greece in lace ruffles, red heels, and a pigtail),—Abbé Barthèlemi, I say, declares that somebody was once standing against a wall in the sun, and that somebody else traced the outline of somebody's shadow; and so painting was "invented." Angelica Kauffmann has made a neat picture of this neat subject; and very well worthy she was of handling it. Her painting *might* grow out of a wall and a piece of charcoal; and honest Barthelemi might be satisfied that he had here traced the true origin of the art. What a base pedigree have these abominable Greek, French, and High-Dutch heathens invented for that which is divine!—a wall, ye gods, to be represented as the father of that which came down radiant from you! The man who invented such a blasphemy, ought to be impaled upon broken bottles, or shot off pitilessly by spring-guns, nailed to the bricks like a dead owl or a weasel, or tied up—a kind of vulgar Prometheus—and baited for ever by the house-dog.

But let not our indignation carry us too far. Lack of genius in some, of bread in others, of patronage in a shop-keeping world, that thinks only of the useful, and is little inclined to study the sublime, has turned thousands of persons calling themselves, and wishing to be, Artists, into so many common face-painters, who must look out for the "kalon," in the fat features of a red-gilled alderman, or, at best, in a pretty simpering white-necked beauty from Almack's. The dangerous charms of these latter, especially, have seduced away many painters; and we often think that this very physical superiority which English ladies possess, this tempting brilliancy of health and complexion, which belongs to them more than to any others, has operated upon our Artists as a serious disadvantage, and kept them from better things. The French call such beauty, "*La beauté du Diable:*" and a devilish power it has truly; before our Armidas and Helens, how many Rinaldos and Parises have fallen, who are content to forget their glorious calling, and slumber away their energies in the laps of these soft tempters. Oh, ye British enchantresses! I never see a gilded annual-book, without likening it to a small island, near Cape Pelorus, in Sicily, whither, by twangling of harps, singing of ravishing melodies, glancing of voluptuous eyes, and the most beautiful fashionable undress in the world, the naughty sirens lured the passing seaman. Steer clear of them, ye Artists! pull, pull for your lives, ye crews of Suffolk Street and the Water-Colour gallery! stop your ears, bury your eyes, tie your-

selves to the masts, and away with you from the gaudy, smiling "Books of Beauty." Land, and you are ruined! Look well among the flowers on yonder beach—it is whitened with the bones of painters.

For my part, I never have a model under seventy, and her with several shawls and a cloak on. By these means, the imagination gets fair play, and the morals remain unendangered.

Personalities are odious; but let the British public look at the pictures of the celebrated Mr. Shalloon—the moral British public—and say, whether our grand-children (or the grand-children of the exalted personages whom Mr. Shalloon paints) will not have a queer idea of the manners of their grand-mammas, as they are represented in the most beautiful, dexterous, captivating, water-colour drawings that ever were? Heavenly powers, how they simper and ogle! with what gimcracks of lace, ribbons, ferronières, smelling-bottles, and what not, is every one of them overloaded! What shoulders, what ringlets, what funny little pug-dogs do they, most of them, exhibit to us! The days of Lancret and Watteau are lived over again, and the court ladies of the time of Queen Victoria look as moral as the immaculate countesses of the days of Louis Quinze. The last President of the Royal Academy is answerable for many sins, and many imitators; especially for that gay, simpering, meretricious look which he managed to give to every lady who sat to him for her portrait; and I do not know a more curious contrast, than that which may be perceived by any one who will examine a collection of his portraits, by the side of some by Sir Joshua Reynolds. They seem to have painted different races of people; and when one hears very old gentlemen talking of the superior beauty that existed in their early days (as very old gentlemen, from Nestor downwards, have and will), one is inclined to believe that there is some truth in what they say; at least, that the men and women under George the Third, were far superior to their descendants in the time of George the Fourth. Whither has it fled—that calm matronly grace or beautiful virgin innocence, which belonged to the happy women who sate to Sir Joshua? Sir Thomas's ladies are ogling out of their gilt frames, and asking us for admiration; Sir Joshua's sit quiet, in maiden meditation, fancy free, not anxious for applause, but sure to command it; a thousand times more lovely in their sedate serenity, than Sir Thomas's ladies in their smiles, and their satin ball-dresses.

But this is not the general notion, and the ladies prefer the manner of the modern Artist. Of course, such being the case, the painters must follow the fashion. One could point out half a dozen Artists who, at Sir Thomas's death, have seized upon a shred of his

somewhat tawdry mantle. There is Carmine, for instance, a man of no small repute, who will stand as the representative of his class.

Carmine has had the usual education of a painter in this country; he can read and write—that is, has spent years drawing the figure—and has made his foreign tour. It may be that he had original talent once, but he has learned to forget this, as the great bar to his success; and must imitate, in order to live. He is among Artists, what a dentist is among surgeons—a man who is employed to decorate the human head, and who is paid enormously for so doing. You know one of Carmine's beauties at any exhibition, and see the process by which they are manufactured. He lengthens the noses, widens the foreheads, opens the eyes, and gives them the proper languishing leer; diminishes the mouth, and infallibly tips the ends of it with a pretty smile of his favourite colour. He is a personable, white-handed, bald-headed, middle-aged man now, with that grave blandness of look which one sees in so many prosperous empty-headed people. He has a collection of little stories and court gossip about Lady This, and my particular friend—Lord So-and-So, which he lets off in succession to every sitter: indeed, a most bland, irreproachable, gentleman-like man. He gives most patronising advice to young Artists, and makes a point of praising all—not certainly too much, but in a gentleman-like, indifferent, simpering way. This should be the maxim with prosperous persons, who have had to make their way, and wish to keep what they have made. They praise everybody, and are called good-natured, benevolent men. Surely no benevolence is so easy; it simply consists in lying, and smiling, and wishing everybody well. You will get to do so quite naturally at last, and at no expense of truth. At first, when a man has feelings of his own—feelings of love or of anger—this perpetual grin and good-humour is hard to maintain. I used to imagine, when I first knew Carmine, that there were some particular springs in his wig (that glossy, oily, curl crop of chestnut hair) that pulled up his features into a smile, and kept the muscles so fixed for the day. I don't think so now, and should say he grinned, even when he was asleep and his teeth were out; the smile does not lie in the manufacture of the wig, but in the construction of the brain. Claude Carmine has the organ of *don't-care-a-damnativeness* wonderfully developed; not that reckless don't-care-a-damnativeness which leads a man to disregard all the world, and himself into the bargain. Claude stops before he comes to himself; but beyond that individual member of the Royal Academy, has not a single sympathy for a single human creature. The account of his friends' deaths,

woes, misfortune, or good luck, he receives with equal good-nature; he gives three splendid dinners per annum, Gunter, Dukes, Fortnum and Mason, everything; he dines out the other three hundred and sixty-two days in the year, and was never known to give away a shilling, or to advance, for one half-hour, the forty pounds per quarter wages that he gives to Mr. Scumble, who works the backgrounds, limbs, and draperies of his portraits.

He is not a good painter: how should he be; whose painting as it were never goes beyond a whisper, and who would make a general simpering as he looked at an advancing cannon-ball?—but he is not a bad painter, being a keen, respectable man of the world, who has a cool head, and knows what is what. In France, where tigerism used to be the fashion among the painters, I make no doubt Carmine would have let his beard and wig grow, and looked the fiercest of the fierce; but with us, a man must be genteel; the perfection of style (in writing and in drawing-rooms) being "*de ne pas en avoir*," Carmine of course is agreeably vapid. His conversation has accordingly the flavour and briskness of a clear, brilliant, stale bottle of soda-water,—once in five minutes or so, you see rising up to the surface, a little bubble—a little tiny shining point of wit,—it rises and explodes feebly, and then dies. With regard to wit, people of fashion (as we are given to understand) are satisfied with a mere *soupçon* of it. Anything more were indecorous; a genteel stomach could not bear it: Carmine knows the exact proportions of the dose, and would not venture to administer to his sitters anything beyond the requisite quantity.

There is a great deal more said here about Carmine—the man, than Carmine—the Artist; but what can be written about the latter? New ladies in white satin, new generals in red, new peers in scarlet and ermine, and stout members of parliament, pointing to ink-stands and sheets of letter-paper, with a Turkey-carpet beneath them, a red-curtain above them, a Doric pillar supporting them, and a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning lowering and flashing in the back ground, spring up every year, and take their due positions "upon the line" in the academy, and send their compliments of hundreds to swell Carmine's heap of Consols. If he paints Lady Flummery, for the tenth time, in the character of the tenth muse, what need have we to say anything about it? The man is a good workman, and will manufacture a decent article at the best price; but we should no more think of noticing each, than of writing fresh critiques upon every new coat that Nugee or Stultz turned out. The papers say, in reference to his picture, "No. 591. 'Full-length

portrait of her Grace the Duchess of Doldrum. Carmine, R.A.' Mr. Carmine never fails; this work, like all others by the same Artist, is excellent:"—or, "No. 591, &c. The lovely Duchess of Doldrum has received from Mr. Carmine's pencil ample justice; the *chiaro scuro* of the picture is perfect; the likeness admirable; the keeping and colouring have the true Titianesque gusto; if we might hint a fault, it has the left ear of the lap-dog a "little" out of drawing?"

Then, perhaps, comes a criticism which says:—"The Duchess of Doldrum's picture by Mr. Carmine is neither better nor worse than five hundred other performances of the same artist. It would be very unjust to say that these portraits are bad, for they have really a considerable cleverness; but to say that they were good, would be quite as false: nothing in our eyes was ever further from being so. Every ten years Mr. Carmine exhibits what is called an original picture of three inches square; but beyond this, nothing original is to be found in him: as a lad, he copied Reynolds, then Opie, then Lawrence; then having made a sort of style of his own, he has copied himself ever since," &c.

And then the critic goes on to consider the various parts of Carmine's pictures. In speaking of critics, their peculiar relationship with painters ought not to be forgotten; and as in a former paper we have seen how a fashionable authoress has her critical toadies, in like manner has the painter his enemies and friends in the press; with this difference, probably, that the writer can bear a fair quantity of abuse without wincing, while the Artist not uncommonly grows mad at such strictures, considers them as personal matters, inspired by private feeling of hostility, and hates the critic for life who has ventured to question his judgment in any way. We have said before, poor academicians, for how many conspiracies are you made to answer! We may add now, poor critics, what black personal animosities are discovered for you, when you happen (right or wrong, but according to your best ideas) to speak the truth! Say that Snooks's picture is badly coloured.—"Oh, heavens!" shrieks Snooks, "what can I have done to offend this fellow?" Hint that such a figure is badly drawn—and Snooks instantly declares you to be his personal enemy, actuated only by envy and vile pique. My friend Pebbler, himself a famous Artist, is of opinion that the critic should *never* abuse the painter's performances, because, says he, the painter knows much better than any one else what his own faults are, and because you never do him any good. Are men of the brush so obstinate?—very likely: but the public—the public? are we not to do our duty by it too; and, aided by our superior knowledge and genius for the fine arts, point out to it the way it should go? Yes,

surely; and as by the efforts of dull or interested critics many bad painters have been palmed off upon the nation as geniuses of the first degree; in like manner, the sagacious and disinterested (like some we could name) have endeavoured to provide this British nation with pure principles of taste,—or, at least, to prevent them from adopting such as are impure.

Carmine, to be sure, comes in for very little abuse; and, indeed, he deserves but little. He is a fashionable painter, and preserves the golden mediocrity which is necessary for the fashion. Let us bid him good-bye. He lives in a house all to himself, most likely,—has a footman, sometimes a carriage; is apt to belong to the Athenæum; and dies universally respected; that is, not one single soul cares for him dead, as he, living, did not care for one single soul.

Then, perhaps, we should mention M'Gilp, or Blather, rising young men, who will fill Carmine's place one of these days, and occupy his house in ——— ———, when the fullness of time shall come, and (he borne to a narrow grave in the Harrow Road by the whole mourning Royal Academy) they shall leave their present first-floor in Newman-street, and step into his very house and shoes.

There is little difference between the juniors and the seniors; they grin when they are talking of him together, and express a perfect confidence that they can paint a head against Carmine any day—as very likely they can. But until his demise, they are occupied with painting people about the Regent's Park and Russell Square; are very glad to have the chance of a popular clergyman, or a college tutor, or a mayor of Stoke Pogeis after the Reform Bill. Such characters are commonly mezzotinted afterwards; and the portrait of our esteemed townsman So-and-So, by that talented artist, Mr. M'Gilp, of London, is favourably noticed by the provincial press, and is to be found over the side-boards of many country gentlemen. If they come up to town, to whom do they go? To M'Gilp, to be sure; and thus, slowly, his practice and his prices increase.

The academy student is a personage that should not be omitted here; he resembles very much, outwardly, the medical student, and has many of the latter's habits, and pleasures. He very often wears a broad-brimmed hat, and a fine dirty crimson velvet waistcoat, his hair commonly grows long, and he has braiding to his pantaloons. He works leisurely at the academy, he loves theatres, billiards, and novels, and has his house-of-call somewhere in the neighbourhood of Saint Martin's Lane, where he and his brethren meet and sneer at Royal Academicians. If you ask him what line of art he pursues, he answers, with a smile exceedingly supercilious, "Sir, I am an his-

torical painter;" meaning that he will only condescend to take subjects from Hume, or Robertson, or from the classics—which he knows nothing about. This state of an historical painter is only preparatory, lasting perhaps from eighteen to five-and-twenty, when the gentleman's madness begins to disappear, and he comes to look at life sternly in the face, and to learn that man shall not live by historical painting alone. Then our friend falls to portrait-painting, or annual-painting, or makes some other such sad compromise with necessity.

He has probably a small patrimony, which defrays the charge of his studies and cheap pleasures during his period of apprenticeship. He makes the *obligé* tour to France and Italy, and returns from those countries with a multitude of spoiled canvasses, and a large pair of moustachios, with which he establishes himself in one of the dingy streets of Soho before mentioned. There is poor Pipson, a man of indomitable patience, and undying enthusiasm for his profession. He could paper Exeter Hall with his studies from the life, and with portraits in chalk and oil of French *sapeurs* and Italian brigands, that kindly descend from their mountain-caverns, and quit their murderous occupations, in order to sit to young gentlemen at Rome, at the rate of tenpence an hour. Pipson returns from abroad, establishes himself, has his cards printed, and waits and waits for commissions for great historical pictures. Meanwhile, night after night, he is to be found at his old place in the Academy, copying the old life-guardsmen—working, working away—and never advancing one jot. At eighteen, Pipson copied statues and life-guardsmen to admiration; at five-and-thirty, he can make admirable drawings of life-guardsmen and statues. Beyond this he never goes;—year after year his historical picture is returned to him by the envious academicians, and he grows old, and his little patrimony is long since spent; and he earns nothing himself. How does he support hope and life?—that is the wonder. No one knows until he tries (which God forbid he should!) upon what a small matter, hope and life can be supported. Our poor fellow lives on from year to year in a miraculous way; tolerably cheerful in the midst of his semi-starvation, and wonderfully confident about next year, in spite of the failures of the last twenty-five. Let us thank God for imparting to us poor, weak mortals, the inestimable blessing of *vanity*. How many half-witted votaries of the arts, poets, painters, actors, musicians, live upon this food, and scarcely any other! If the delusion were to drop from Pipson's eyes, and he should see himself as he is,—if some malevolent genius were to mingle with his feeble brains one

fatal particle of common sense,—he would just walk off Waterloo Bridge, and abjure poverty, incapacity, cold lodgings, unpaid bakers' bills, ragged elbows, and deferred hopes, at once and for ever.

We do not mean to depreciate the profession of historical painting, but simply to warn youth against it as dangerous and unprofitable. It is as if a young fellow should say, "I will be a Raphael or a Titian,—a Milton or a Shakspere;" and if he will count up how many people have lived since the world began, and how many there have been of the Raphael or Shakspere sort, he can calculate to a nicety what are the chances in his favour. Even successful historical painters, what are they?—in a worldly point of view, they mostly inhabit the second floor, or have great desolate studios in back premises, whither life-guardsmen, old-clothesmen, blackamoors, and other 'properties,' are conducted to figure at full length, as Roman conquerors, Jewish high priests, or Othellos on canvass. Then there are gay, smart, water-colour painters,—a flourishing and pleasant trade. Then there are shabby, fierce-looking geniuses, in ringlets, and all but rags, who paint, and whose pictures are never sold, and who vow they are the objects of some general and scoundrelly conspiracy. There are landscape painters, who travel to the uttermost ends of the earth, and brave heat and cold, to bring to the greedy British public views of Cairo, Calcutta, St. Petersburg, Timbuctoo. You see English artists under the shadow of the Pyramids, making sketches of the Copts, perched on the backs of dromedaries, accompanying a caravan across the desert, or getting materials for an annual in Iceland or Siberia. What genius and what energy do not they all exhibit—these men, whose profession, in this wise country of ours, is scarcely considered as liberal!

If we read the works of the Reverend Dr. Lempriere, Monsieur Winckelmann, Professor Plato, and others who have written concerning the musty old Grecians, we shall find that the Artists of those barbarous times meddled with all sorts of trades besides their own, and dabbled in fighting, philosophy, metaphysics, both Scotch and German, politics, music, and the deuce knows what. A rambling sculptor, who used to go about giving lectures in those days, Socrates by name, declared that the wisest of men in his time were Artists. This Plato, before mentioned, went through a regular course of drawing, figure and landscape, black lead, chalk, with or without stump, sepia, water-colour, and oils. Was there ever such absurdity known? Among these benighted heathens, painters were the most accomplished gentlemen,—and the most accomplished gentlemen were painters; the former would make you a speech, or read

you a dissertation on Kant, or lead you a regiment,—with the very best statesman, philosopher, or soldier in Athens. And they had the folly to say, that by thus busying and accomplishing themselves in all manly studies, they were advancing eminently in their own peculiar one. What was the consequence? Why, that fellow Socrates not only made a miserable fifth-rate sculptor, but was actually hanged for treason.

And serve him right. Do *our* young artists study anything beyond the proper way of cutting a pencil, or drawing a model? Do you hear of *them*, hard at work over books, and bothering their brains with musty learning? Not they, forsooth: we understand the doctrine of division of labour, and each man sticks to his trade. Artists do not meddle with the pursuits of the rest of the world; and, in revenge, the rest of the world does not meddle with Artists. Fancy an Artist being a senior wrangler, or a politician; and, on the other hand, fancy a real gentleman turned painter! No, no; ranks are defined. A real gentleman may get money by the law, or by wearing a red coat and fighting, or a black one and preaching; but that he should sell himself to *Art*—forbid it, heaven! And do not let your ladyship on reading this cry, "Stuff!—stupid envy, rank republicanism,—an Artist *is* a gentleman." Madam, would you like to see your son, the Honourable Fitzroy Plantagenet, a painter? You would die sooner; the escutcheon of the Smigsmags would be blotted for ever, if Plantagenet ever ventured to make a mercantile use of a bladder of paint.

Time was—some hundred years back—when writers lived in Grub Street, and poor ragged Johnson shrunk behind a screen in Cave's parlour, that the author's trade was considered a very mean one; which a gentleman of family could not take up but as an amateur. This absurdity is pretty nearly worn out now, and I do humbly hope and pray for the day, when the other shall likewise disappear. If there be any nobleman with a talent that way, why —why don't we see him among the R.A.'s?

501. The Schoolmaster. Sketch taken abroad . . . . } Brum, Henry, Lord, *R.A. F.R.S. S.A. of the National Institute of France.*

502. View of the Artist's residence at Windsor . . . . . } Maconkey, Right Honourable T. B.

503. Murder of the Babes in the Tower . . . . . } Rustle, Lord J. / Pill, Right Honourable Sir Robert

504. A little agitation . . . . O'Carroll, Daniel, M.R.I.A.

Fancy, I say, such names as these figuring in the catalogue of the Academy: and why should they not? The real glorious days of

the art (which wants equality and not patronage) will revive then. Patronage—a plague on the word!—it implies inferiority; and in the name of all that is sensible, why is a respectable country gentleman, or a city attorney's lady, or any person of any rank, however exalted, to "patronise" an Artist?

There are some who sigh for the past times, when magnificent, swaggering Peter Paul Rubens (who himself patronised a queen) rode abroad with a score of gentlemen in his train, and a purse-bearer to scatter ducats; and who love to think how he was made an English knight and a Spanish grandee, and went of embassies as if he had been a born marquis. Sweet it is to remember, too, that Sir Antony Vandyck, K.B., actually married out of the peerage; and that when Titian dropped his mahlstick, the Emperor Charles V. picked it up (oh, gods! what heroic self-devotion),—picked it up, saying "I can make fifty dukes, but not one Titian." Nay, was not the Pope of Rome going to make Raffaelle a Cardinal,—and were not these golden days?

Let us say at once, "No." The very fuss made about certain painters in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, shews that the body of Artists had no rank or position in the world. They hung upon single patrons; and every man who holds his place by such a tenure, must feel himself an inferior, more or less. The times are changing now, and as authors are no longer compelled to send their works abroad under the guardianship of a great man and a slavish dedication; painters, too, are beginning to deal directly with the public. Who are the great picture buyers now?—the engravers and their employers, the people,—"the only source of legitimate power," as they say after dinner. A fig then for Cardinal's hats! were Mr. O'Connell in power to-morrow, let us hope he would not give one, not even a paltry bishopric *in partibus* to the best painter in the Academy. What need have they of honours out of the profession? Why are they to be be-knighted like a parcel of aldermen?—for my part, I solemnly declare, that I will take nothing under a peerage, after the exhibition of my great picture, and don't see, if painters *must* have titles conferred upon them for eminent services, why the Marquis of Mulready or the Earl of Landseer should not sit in the house as well as any law or soldier lord.

The truth to be elicited from this little digressive dissertation, is this painful one,—that young Artists are not generally as well instructed as they should be; and let the Royal Academy look to it, and give some sound courses of lectures to their pupils on literature and history, as well as on anatomy, or light and shade.

THE SOLICITOR.

I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance.

SHAKSPERE.

THE SOLICITOR.

BY LEMAN REDE.

Elia, in one of his delightful essays, has said, "Lawyers were children once, I suppose;" and, no doubt, in the mere literal sense, they really were; but your genuine, unadulterated Lawyer, even in his lacteal days, only simulated infancy: he was young, but knew not youth. It were no violent freak of fancy to paint Charles Phillips a rollicking, roaring boy. One might imagine Lyndhurst knuckling down at marbles; but your Attorney, your issuer of writs, and drawer of cognovits, your mortgage maker! *He* never was a boy. Poets, it is said, are born, not made. May it not be that Lawyers are made, not born? Is there no litigatory spirit that takes a strange delight in concocting these animals, and popping them down in Fig-Tree Court or Harcourt Buildings, fresh from the mint of mischief, "seeking whom they may devour?" I put it to any lady in the land, from Mrs. Edwards, who lately had four children at a birth, to Her Gracious Majesty, whether she would suckle a Lawyer? In the name of the whole sex, I answer, "No." There have probably been women that would; Mrs. Brownrigg, who had a fine taste for cruelty, might have done it; Mary Bateman, perhaps; but England, in 1840, contains no such women. I see, from my window, a chubby cherub nestling in the arms of a beauteous mother. The young spirit, fresh from the presence of his Maker, breathes of heaven—purity is hearted in him. Will any one tell me that that is only a sucking Lawyer? The thought is monstrous. In our early days, it is deemed prudent, by mothers and nurses, to maintain as a mystery the means by which little humanities come upon earth. I had two little sisters whom the doctor brought; surely Lawyers are creatures whom—some one else brings.

There is something in legal phraseology almost demoniacal. Is it not too much for a man to talk of "serving" you with a copy of a writ? "Your obedient Servant" is as ridiculous at the end of a letter for payment of debt, as at the conclusion of a challenge.

How impressive is the word "Bond!" There is such a thing (for I *once* saw a bill of costs) as a "rule to bring in the body." What a phrase! Could any one ever understand a copy of a writ? I doubt it.

I hear that great changes have taken place in common-law practice; but I don't believe it. I see sharks at the Seal, and musterings at the Master's office, as usual: the only change I am conscious of, is the removal (thanks to the Chancellor of the Exchequer) of the stamp (a blood-red one) from the corner of a capias, thereby rendering the aforesaid luxury five shillings cheaper.

Solicitors are of various grades. There be those who scorn to issue a writ: some good angel at their concoction leavened that virtue into them: their names should be printed in gold in that agreeable work, "The Law List." I have known one—*but one*—of these legal leviathans; he lived in a region of Japan—not the empire thereof (extending from longitude 131 to 142 E., for which see the "Gazetteer," as I have), but a region of Japan boxes reaching from the front parlour abutting upon Lincoln's Inn Old Square to the back closet situated in Serle Street. The uninitiated reader sees no great grandeur in dwelling amid tin boxes; but read the names that adorn them:—"The Duke of ——," "Marquis of ——:" mercy on me, all the magnates of the land have their title-deeds boxed up in that dingy retreat! The transformation from the grub to the butterfly is less complete, and far less rapid, than the change that takes place in Mr. Fleece, of Lincoln's Inn Old Square, and the said Mr. Fleece at his private mansion. There—the gay saloon, the crushing party, the voice of music, all breathe of riches and enjoyment—the Lawyer *melts into the man!* How blandly he smiles as he converses with Miss Tittup,—heiress of an estate mortgaged beyond redemption; yet, two hours ago he received a letter from Hammary and Coke, announcing their intention to foreclose and beggar her: how winningly he addresses that leading counsel, who is really a man of *ton:* how patronisingly that young shoot of the prunella genus. Massive plate—a gorgeous banquet,—this is the hall of the happy. Turn to the dark and dusty looking chambers—the mine from whence this wealth has sprung; the depository of the secrets of those the world was made for; there are "conveyances" of that which cannot be "conveyed"—the land of our fathers. Convey (according to those silly creatures—lexicographers) cometh from *convoyer*, of *con* and *veho* (to carry or send into another place), but Mr. Fleece knows better; for, saith he, "It cometh of Lease and Release!"

In what year Clements and New Inns were married we never heard, but, like other couples, they are now separated,—an iron gate divides them; a black gentleman has been kneeling a long time in the garden of the former, imploring, we presume, that emancipation which government has provided his more fortunate brethren: the latter is unadorned save by a lodge, a pump, and a watchman. In these inns dwell another class of worthies; here are agency offices ("infernal agency" offices, as a dramatic writer most improperly remarked). Other Solicitors confine their annoyances to London; but these, to use their own phrase, "throw themselves upon the country." There is something hideous in the idea of a fellow dwelling behind Clare Market calmly filling up a *capias ad satisfaciendum* directing the Sheriff of Cumberland to take the elegant person of Sir Frederick Fip, who is frisking at the Lakes. What has John Hunston, of Harrowgate, done to that smoky-faced, runty, lawyer's clerk? Nothing; yet see how fast the fellow fills up that judgment paper.

An agency Solicitor differs from any other. It is recorded of old Impey, that on a client desiring him to arrest a man the very day that the poor fellow had paid half the debt, he—glorious old practice-writer as he was—kicked the rascal into the street: now, an agent has no chance of performing such a feat; he knows nothing, can know nothing of the merits of the case,—he may be aiding in the vilest and most atrocious oppression; he may be famishing a family by sealing a *fi. fa.*:—the *fi. fa.* is sealed, and he recks not. It will be answered that it is a necessity of his trade. True; and a stern necessity it is.

Another class (distinct as a different genus) is your Insolvent Debtor's Attorney. In the "good old days" of Runnington, Solicitors scorned this court, and unimaginable and incomprehensible kind of vagabonds 'yclept agents, obtained for gentlemen "the benefit." They (the agents, not the gentlemen) are swept from the face of—Portugal Street, or flourish only as clerks, &c.

Pleasant days and long, hath the practitioner in the court for gentlemen disinclined to pay; Caleb Quotem's work was nothing to it. Morning, rise at eight, breakfast (which they call entering on the roll); and then away to the sweet localities of the Bench, the Fleet, Whitecross, Horsemonger, or the Marshalsea. First, there is the propitiation of the turnkey; this is generally effected through the medium of a hot and intoxicating fluid, which, as Brummel said of Port wine, is very much drank by the lower orders. Your gentleman one, &c., of the I. D. C., learns through the

keeper of the keys, who has been "brought in," and for how much —the latter is an important part: Lord Thick for £2,800; John Small, for £11 13*s*. Does not the soul (*if* an Attorney has a soul) expand with a generous fervour to aid Lord Thick,—there must be some picking from a purse that has netted nearly three thousand pounds; but pitiful John Small, a poor, petty-larceny rascal, a low latrocinist, he can never come to the court with credit.

Your I. D. C. Attorney lives in gaol, professing to get others out of it: roguish debtors are his daily food—honest and unfortunate ones his bane. The man that has done many, will do for him; a fine accommodation bill customer, with innumerable notices to serve; a many-residenced *roué*, who has experimented from Stultz to Swaine—from Rundells to Ridley; these are your I. D. C.'s legitimate prey: for them was he made; "born for their use, he liveth but to fleece them." It is the only *lex talionis* these gentlemen are ever practically acquainted with. It is not to be concealed, that your respectable Solicitor scorneth, or affecteth to scorn,* "the Court:" but gold cometh therefrom; and there is an excellent ancient axiom, anent—*aurum e stercore*. Your I. D. C. Attorney believeth in Cooke and Woodroffe, and thinks the highest legal functionary, Commissioner Harris: he has a great opinion of the literary talent of Mr. Hatt (the eternally attending reporter); and thinks the daily papers might do better than report the cases in which *his* clients get remanded.

The *genus* pettifogger, alias sharp-practitioner, has fallen somewhat into decay: the days are gone, when twenty might be sued upon a single bill of exchange, and any one of the unfortunates made to pay the costs of all. Cockainge, and Parry Popkin, have left no legitimate descendants. The present race have taken to assault and libel cases; and conduct these on the precarious "no cure, no pay" system. The "brutal and pernicious" principle of trial by jury, has done much to clip the wings of these vampire bats: a parcel of ignorant tradesmen have lately been dabbling in numismatics, and discovered that there is a coin denominated a farthing. Judges have hit upon a system of "certifying," thereby depriving the farthing-gaining plaintiff (literally the Solicitor) of his costs: pettifoggation is, therefore, on the decline. Everything hath an end; and, as it has been sagaciously, though ungrammatically, remarked, that thing called a pudding, hath two. Libel pudding is less eaten

* H——, whose business is chiefly conveyancing, twitted little L—— on the nature of his practice. "Come, come," said L——, "I have the best of it; you're a leaser, but I'm a releaser."

than of yore; and *ex-officio* pie appears to have gone clean out of fashion. Shade of Sir Vicary Gibbs, we have fallen upon gloomy days!

Your criminal Lawyer has nothing to do with any of the classes we have described: he hunts not debtors, though his clients occasionally appear opposite the debtor's door. He has two metaphysical creeds:—first, when engaged for the prosecution, that there is no innocence upon earth; second, when engaged for the prosecuted, that there is no guilt. He keeps the best company—family men, if not men of family. With the swell mob he is intimately acquainted; a burglary delights, and a murder positively enchants him. What a client Thurtell must have made!—to say nothing of the *eclât* attendant upon defending that fascinating gentleman.

It is understood to be the leading principle of a certain school of philosophy, that we cannot control, and, therefore, should not be responsible for our offences. Your criminal Lawyer follows out this benevolent theory; he could (after receiving a retainer) sympathise with Burke and Hare, and feel deeply interested for Bishop and Williams. "Why," he emphatically asks, "will Italian boys wander about Smithfield at night, tempting gentlemen who aid anatomy?"

In the deep cells of Newgate, of York and Lancaster Castles, what fearful revelations have been made: the murderer, in the dim light, pouring his secret into the ear of his Attorney! "I must know the facts to enable me to mislead the prosecutor," is the recorded speech of a celebrated thief-saver.

A fine glow of benevolent satisfaction blushed upon the brow of the yet more celebrated Mr. H——, when Mr. Sheen was acquitted —he had only cut his child's head off; the parish attorney described the boy as John, instead of Thomas—at least, some error as important had occurred: the judge directed an acquittal; here was a true legal triumph; the frightful evidence of butchery was complete, the identity of the pallid corse ascertained, but, said "the perfection of reason," you must not call the boy by a wrong name; a clerical error is fatal, a murder may be surmounted.

Your money-lending Solicitor has sat for his likeness to a very eminent artist. Mr. Ralph Nickleby is drawn and coloured after nature; but there are great varieties amid this genus, from the Howard and Gibbs of twenty years since, down to the Thavies' Inn practitioner, who "does" little bills, or "gets them" done.

A sporting Lawyer seems an anomaly; yet such an animal exists. Horse-racing Solicitors and coursing Attorneys are numerous; they are resorted to when grooms will insist on physick-

ing horses after their own fashion, or gentlemen cannot clearly recollect pedigrees.

Your theatrical Attorney is himself alone. Most of them are dashing fellows,—a cross between loiterer and Lawyer; they display a vast deal of would-be-if-I-could-ishness: snowy white is the waistcoat, glossy black the satin opera-tie—a carbuncle or an emerald reposes upon it; the gloves are of yellow kid, and the wearers have a vast deal of linen on hand; the hat is peculiar *à la* D'Orsay or Petersham; the boots are either of patent leather or, unlike their owner, highly polished; a cane dangles from the digits, and a gold eye-glass sticks between the nose and cheek. Some of these gentry delight in private boxes and agreeable flirtations; what their real duties are, Heaven and the managers only know; but a lessee without a lawyer never yet was seen. In the palmy days (I have caught that phrase from the newspapers, but don't pretend to know what it means), Sheridan employed a solicitor named Burgess. It is no news to say that *he had* something to do. In one of his encounters with a gentleman of the same profession, he was thus addressed:—"You, Mr. Burgess, are, I presume, concerned for Mr. Sheridan?" "I am Mr. Sheridan's solicitor, sir," was the reply, "but I am *concerned* for no man."

A candid lawyer is a rarity. Would that the host of theatrical solicitors followed the example of Mr. B——; for we truly believe they are concerned for no man—least of all for the luckless lessee that retains them.

Two years since there were some half-dozen Lawyers employed about old Drury. Mercy on us! six Attorneys lurking and wandering up and down that bailiwick! A man might as well hope to thrive with as many physicians, as a theatre with that number of professional advisers.

Your theatrical gentleman one, &c. patronises the actors. Sometimes he gives dinners, and invites the stars; sometimes he promises to speak to the lessee, in behalf of some less radiant person. He is an animal eminently chat-ivorous. If he has any business, no one knows how it is done; for he is ever loitering at the side-wing, or haunting the purlieus of the theatre; occasionally, he does get something to do, for he is wont to walk to Basinghall Street or the Queen's Bench *on his own account*, and his name duly appears in a celebrated paper published twice a week.

There is a hankering after all things theatrical in this class. One gentleman will actually lend his money to a lessee—a stretch of benevolence perfectly marvellous; another amuses his leisure by

taking half the profession through the Insolvent Debtor's Court. Portugal Street has nearly as many actors in it now, as it boasted of when Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre flourished.

Having thus hastily glanced at some varieties of the tribe, it will be right, after the manner of other naturalists, to sum up the common characteristics. Exceptions to rules are said to prove them; I deal but in generalities.

A solicitor is seldom very fat. We once saw one who might have filled Size Lane; but he has gone the way of all flesh. Mathews immortalised him in a monopologue under the title of Hezekral Hulk. A solicitor is seldom very tall — (there, I know, Carus Wilson is half out of your mouth); a solicitor has a keen enquiring look—uneasy, not to say suspicious; he is often clever, never great; generally acute, never profound; he deals in details, and never cares for or comprehends principles; he sees a point of law only as it affects the case before him; he asks many questions, and answers few. He is, in nine cases out of ten, a Tory. He cares little for literature; but, if rich, affects pictures, which he regards as good investments of capital. He is well read in the classics, but seldom really a scholar. Though he claims to himself the name of Lawyer, there are not many amid the class who deserve that title. When he doubts (and when does he not doubt?) he sends the case to counsel. He buys Term Reports, but does n't read them, and his shelves are loaded with learned legal volumes, doomed never to be opened. From being continually consulted and appealed to, he attains a certain look of self-satisfaction, a perfect reliance on his own acumen. He laughs little, but has a *stock* smile, that suits many, if not all occasions. He loves beves and beverages, and is not disinclined to unbend at a public dinner. He laughs outright when Charles Taylor sings "L-A-W, Law," and thinks that gentleman the greatest humourist and vocalist of the day. He sometimes speaks at public meetings, but never very successfully; he sometimes subscribes to public charities, but never very largely. When he visits the theatre, it is to see a comedy. He gives bachelor parties, though a married man; for his wife has her own set. I will not say that the duties of his calling harden his heart, but assuredly they have a tendency to deaden it. Much of his time is necessarily spent in making people uncomfortable; some of it is happily devoted to righting the wronged, and resisting the oppressor. I would not willingly have my son a Lawyer; though I have known many intelligent, honourable, and generous men in that profession; and, in fact, extraordinary as it may appear, once found *a friend* in a Solicitor.

THE DOWAGER.

BY A BACHELOR OF ARTS.

The female character is a riddle in its infancy; becomes more difficult of appreciation at every stage of its career; and is, of course, utterly incomprehensible towards its close. Take a dozen old women in the remotest parish of England, who have, to all outward appearance, led the same life, had the same difficulties to contend with, and been, as nearly as possible, subject to the operation of the same influences; and do you think, friend reader, you could draw the picture of an abstract old woman, which would resemble any one of them? Yet, if parochial accident can produce such diversity of character among village crones, what, think you, must the far more varied influences of fashionable life among those who arrive at the dignity of Dowager? Bear in mind that they have gone through the processes of fashionable education, fashionable flirtation, and, above all, fashionable matrimony, and then tell us whether you have a precise idea of essential Dowagerism!

What can be more forlorn and wretched than the Dowager? She has lost the dear old partner who shared with her the sorrows and pleasures of thirty long years. The world of flatterers that once hung upon their footsteps are gone, for they expect no more from the dead, nor from the shadow which he has left behind, and called his Dowager. The splendid mansion, the magnificent retinue, the pomp and circumstance of life, which used to be hers, have passed to other hands. The professed cook and housekeeper, and their respective suites, have been absorbed in an Abigail or a kitchen-maid; the thirty thousand a year is reduced to one; and she is alone, all alone. It matters not whether her lord's successor is her own son, or only his brother. The eldest sons of folks of quality, who have been kept in twenty years expectation of their father's death, have a great deal too much to do, when they come into their property, to be able to trouble themselves about their mothers. Nor is that new tie which lawyers have created between them, and called a jointure, particularly calulated to promote affec-

THE DOWAGER.

"Furnus."

tionate feelings. The Dowager's attorney is always in correspondence with the son's man of business; and while she is for ever grumbling at the ingratititude of the stingy heir, he is constantly cursing Hygeia, that permits an old woman to live so long; —

—— "To linger his desires,
And winter on a young man's revenue."

Again, what more glorious independence than that of the Dowager? Her old lord is gone to where he can no longer bore or thwart her. While he was alive, she had to squabble for every farthing she ever got, and then was obliged to spend it as he chose; whereas, now she has 4000*l.* a year for life, unencumbered with any burthens, and liable to no difficulty of collection. She has to provide for no children; has transferred to her husband's successor all local claims on the family bounty; and, in short, has nothing to do but to spend her ample income exactly where, and how, and when she pleases. What, then, is essential Dowagerism? Beyond having once been married; being, almost invariably, of a certain age; being addicted to cards; and, in their own necessary exemption from the weighty concerns of life, being given to interfere in those of their neighbours, it is difficult to enumerate any other peculiarities which all Dowagers possess in common. Yes! there is one more, which emphatically belongs to them—the feeling which is expressed by the word which we have selected for our motto—the feeling of *fuimus*—the sense that they were once something else. The Dowager is always living two lives at once; the present being very different from the past, and generally the least agreeable of the two. Let her but survive her husband, and she knows that she must of necessity descend one, or, perhaps, many steps in the scale of worldly comfort. Time brings infirmity and suffering to man as well as woman; but the lord of creation has to look forward to no necessary lowering of his social position. "My wealth and power will obtain me respect and pleasure to my latest day," is his never-failing consolation. But, alas! it is a part of my lady's fate to slip down one fine day from wealth to competence, —from fashion to obscurity,—from power to insignificance. The feeling of *fuimus* may, by accident, take possession of an old man; but it is unavoidably ever present to Dowagers. Let us see how they bear up under it; and, first, let us take a peep at the political Dowager. This phenomenon is the relict of a statesman who held high office; and during his life-time she was a political wife. There are many motives to induce a woman so situated to turn politician. The high living to which she is accustomed, cannot fail, if

she is of an ordinarily warm temperament, to stimulate her to some extravagance. To be sure, that extravagance may take the form of fashionable gallantry, and she may find more amusement in the surrender of private, than in the maintenance of public virtue. Or she may plunge into furious sanctity; spend all her own money, and a great deal more, in subscriptions to fashionable charities, and end by running off with a popular preacher. Or, indeed, she may take to writing novels, or lines, or stories for her own portrait in Lady Blessington's "Book of Beauty." But the odds are, now-a-days, that she will take to politics. A strong interest in the success of her husband is a conceivable motive to begin with. But if this homely feeling is supposed not to flourish well in such exalted regions, there are a variety of other motives to conduce towards the same result. The pleasure of having solicitors for patronage, and the power of rewarding them, after their due period of homage and suspense, are temptations as difficult to be resisted by a woman as by a man; and you may rely upon it, that the favour of the minister's wife is so well known to be one of the most approved paths to the good graces of the minister, that she will have no lack of adventurers who will try it. Then, again, there are the delights of being perpetually in the society of the most distinguished leaders of her party; and of being admitted, before the rest of the world, to a knowledge of state secrets.

The political wife has one amazing advantage in her profession. She may coin any quantity of facts with impunity; for the greater part of them will always be believed till they are forgotten, and those which are discovered to be spurious can never be resented. Then there is no hate so thoroughly genuine as hers,—no tongue so free to express it. We doubt not, reader, that, in common with others, you labour under the curious delusion that the female breast is the depository of all that is kind in human nature. Let politics find their way there, and you will soon perceive your mistake. Just hear Lady —— talk of the leader of the opposition, and of his wife. Just look at her proceedings in the matter of Johnson, the grocer, who voted against her nominee in a government borough. Just pry into her thoughts, and watch her movements any day that Parliament may happen to be in session, and then take to a new theory of the female heart! Such is the political wife. A dinner at the palace kills her husband, and she becomes the political Dowager. As for changing her pursuits, that is impossible, Politics are all in all to her; and neither time, nor affliction, nor reduced circumstances, can soften their rancour. On the contrary, they give a

fresh impulse to it. But she has no longer any fine house, or fine parties, or flatterers. Her husband's colleagues are polite in their enquiries, as she is obliged to admit, on a large black-edged card; but they vote her a bore, and never go near her. She no longer learns cabinet secrets, and has no longer any power or patronage. Still she is not aware of the full extent of her fall, and she will try to persuade every one who will be fool enough to listen to her, that she can do anything for them as easily as ever. She takes five years to convince poor old Mrs. —— and herself that she cannot recover an alleged debt of Ram-harem-zadeh, to that lady's grandfather; and the curtain which hides ministerial doings being still before her, she cannot understand that she has got to the wrong side of it. Of course, in her best days, she never really comprehended the full bearings of any one great question; but she used to pick up certain phrases which fell from sacred lips, and she knew, at all events, what was going to be done. Now, on the contrary, she can get no one to talk in confidence to her, and she knows things only when they are done, and when all the world is talking about them. Yet she maintains just the same oracular tone as ever, and practises with more than her former unscrupulousness her wholesale forgeries of facts. On the eve of any great division, she calls three or four times a day at the party club, and bores all her old acquaintance to tell her exactly what the numbers will be—what fresh defections there have been on either side, and who are still considered doubtful. Then she will undertake to secure this or that of them, or really flatters herself that she can effect conversions, through the medium of tea-parties and conversaziones, with as great ease as she did formerly with the help of balls and splendid banquets. By degrees, she discovers that people are slack in attending to her when she talks politics; so she takes to writing them. Accordingly, not a day passes but she despatches some long rigmarole to some great officer of state; and, by an answer next morning, she is informed that a certain private secretary is directed by Lord —— to acknowledge the receipt of her ladyship's letter of such and such a date; relating, as the case may be, to the affairs of British North America; or to the petition of the state prisoners then on their way to Botany Bay; or to a project for an extensive scheme of national education; and to assure her ladyship that it shall meet with his lordship's most serious consideration. However, she is not to be put off in this fashion, and she writes again and again to request, urge, and insist upon an answer. The secretaries soon not having time even to acknowledge the receipt of her letters, she invades the

obscurity of temporary commissions and voluntary associations, and contrives for a while to embroil herself with them. But on every side she is disappointed, and the great officers of state and their secretaries, and temporary commissioners, and voluntary associates, become the objects of her unrelenting hatred. All this time she has been in the habit of giving weekly evening parties at her little house in Old Burlington Street, which "The Morning Post," by her direction, calls "Conversaziones." To these her former distinguished acquaintance occasionally pop in, in their way to pleasanter assemblies; but the people who come early and stay late, are emphatically second-rates. Second-rate professional singers, and second-rate amateurs, sing political songs of the previous century. Second-rate lions, whom people have ceased to patronise elsewhere, are here permitted to growl out their old age; and ladies of a certain time of life, who cannot attract admiration in other places, have here some chance of getting a rise out of the blighted affections of some similarly situated victim of the other sex. But you cannot move without jostling divers second-rate authors or authoresses, and you will be sure to interrupt them in a very loud, long, and ill-natured story. To make the whole thing complete, Lady —— is wheeled in an arm-chair, over hundreds of second-rate toes, round and round the room, till there is not a soul that she has not bored with some tiresome tirade about politics.

And has she not bored you too, friend reader?—us she has, in all conscience. But how can we get rid of her? Dowagers are like cats in all things, but in none so much as in having nine lives. Come, then, to our aid, thou that alone canst take them; nerve-shattering, spirit-breaking, Influenza! Arise from thy dry desert-lair. The east wind is whistling for thee at the cold street corners; the old of the pension list are trembling, the faculty exulting at thy approach. Dainty deity! that feedest only on aristocratic blood, and lovest that, too, to be dry and long kept. Beneficent epicure! that sparest the bloom, and revelest on wrinkles! Thy predecessors, in by-gone days, demanded the sacrifice of lovely youths and spotless virgins. Thee, mild chastener! we propitiate with hecatombs of Dowagers. Come, then, to our aid, and in thy busy walks knock at 49 Old Burlington Street, and leave a P. P. C. on Lady ——. Draw sand-paper up and down her throat; poke thy fingers behind her eyes, and push them out; beat thy unceasing *reveillée* on the drums of her ears; make all her flesh tingle, and all her bones ache; and, after torturing her with a long and fierce delirium, give her the *coup-de-grace* of a moment's consciousness of what an intolerable bore is the political Dowager.

The Bath Dowager is a peculiar species, and is, to the other Dowagers, much what Bath is to other towns,—more formal, more dull, and more old-fashioned. One-tenth of her life is spent in a sedan-chair; four-tenths in mumbling scandal over tea, or shaking her head at concerts; and five-tenths in playing at whist. She is ordinarily well off, as regards pecuniary circumstances, and her temper is pretty good, except under the affliction of a bad deal. She is a very gregarious animal. You will meet Dowagers at Bath every night, in flocks of twelve, sixteen, twenty, or any multiple of four; for they all play at whist, and set far too great value on time to patronise the slow process of cutting in by turns. As you enter one of their card-parties, your senses are somewhat surprised by the novelties which meet them on every side. Your nose never before took in such a bouquet of old silk, old lace, and old tinsel. Your ears never heard such a chattering of false teeth; and your eyes never beheld such extraordinary physiognomies enveloped in such extraordinary covertures,

The Bath Dowager has generally some sort of complaint, real or imaginary, and is under the treatment of a fashionable quack. Some carry about them a box, or rather boxes, of Morrison's pills, which they take by tens and twenties every quarter of an hour; while others, once a day, are obliged to use a telescope to see that they do n't take more than one at a time of Dr. Quin's. They are eternally disputing about their respective favourites; and this subject, with the exception of whist, is the staple of their conversation. Of whist, they talk even when they are not playing it, and take no small pleasure in fighting over again to-day the battles of yesterday. But when they are once fairly launched in a game, adieu to every other consideration; woe to the unlucky wight who dares to interrupt them, It is worth your while to watch their countenances at this exciting moment. In some hardened dissemblers, not a muscle will move, either when they take up a hand which ensures them the game, or when they take up one in which there is not a single court-card. In others, again, their hand is reflected in their face: they give a sort of a chirp when it is bad, and a sort of a grin when it is good; and the feathers in their hat, cap, or turban, quiver like autumnal forests when their partner plays a wrong card. The Dowager almost invariably deals very slowly,—we might almost say fumblingly. She repeatedly insists on a general counting of the cards, and an intense and reasonable anxiety as to the issue prevails among all four; two hoping it will be a misdeal, and two, of which party is the dealer, that it will be all right.

They are strict disciplinarians; and old obsolete laws, which the humanity of modern players has long since repealed, are still in force among them. The lull which prevails while the hands are playing, is followed by an awful burst after the thirteenth round. The four winds, that up to that moment lay chained like babies in their cavernous homes, now simultaneously rush forth; and each furious Dowager reviews every proceeding of the past deal, with the same merciless criticism that Lord Lyndhurst is wont, in August, to review the ministerial doings in the past session of Parliament. "How could you lead hearts again, Dowager Number Three?" cries Dowager Number One, "when you knew that I passed Dowager Number Four's nine." "Really, Dowager Number One," replies the asthmatic Dowager Number Three, with her mouth full of Morrison's pills, "if you will *finesse* so indiscriminately, you must take the consequences of your very absurd system of play." Dowager Number Two has an equally strong case against Dowager Number Four: and Dowager Number Four an equally confounding retort. And thus this general *melée* goes on till a truce is proclaimed by the turn-up card of the next deal.

The Watering-place Dowager is a much more active personage than her Bath relation, and her years more frequently belong to that period

> —— "That is nor youth nor age,
> But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
> Dreaming on both."

She is a never-failing patroness of the balls and concerts of the neighbourhood, and still prefers dinners to tea-parties. She drives out to pic-nics, gives a *fête champêtre* on the day of the regatta, and keeps a stall at the annual charity fair. She knows everybody that ought to be known within reach of the watering-place, and takes such an interest in their affairs, that she feels grievously offended if not consulted on all emergencies. By-the-bye, she is rather prone to take offence, and each of her neighbours in their turn come under her displeasure, for some imaginary neglect. If there is one thing she cannot endure more another, it is two young people talking together so low that she can't overhear them; and she expects to be the first person to know the *posse* as well as the *esse* of every matrimonial engagement. She has a dreadful knack of repeating, at the most inopportune possible moment, and to the very last person who should hear it, the secrets that incontinent gossips have unbosomed to her. Accordingly, she has, at one time or another, set all her neighbours by the ears. She contrives to

let the parson know that the doctor thinks him a conceited bore; and the doctor, that the parson vows he has killed more patients than the Duke of Wellington has killed Frenchmen. An unhappy girl who has committed the offence of falling in love with an officer of one regiment, when our Dowager has recommended an officer of another, is entertained with unceasing recitals of the profligacies of the object of her affections, and of the slights which he is reported to have passed upon her at his mess; while, on the other hand, she laments, in presence of the wretched captain, over the incorrigible inconstancy of a certain young lady, whose name she would not mention, did she not well know the said captain's indifference to all such flirts. The wife of an invalid lord, whose easy and agreeable manners have naturally attracted a host of harmless admirers, is said to be "going on in such a manner," and to be apparently "not over happy at home," and "not likely to remain a widow long after her husband's death," &c.; all of which good-natured inuendoes, by dint of constant repetition, find their way all over the watering-place, and lose nothing by being occasionally taken up by sister Dowagers of a similar stamp.

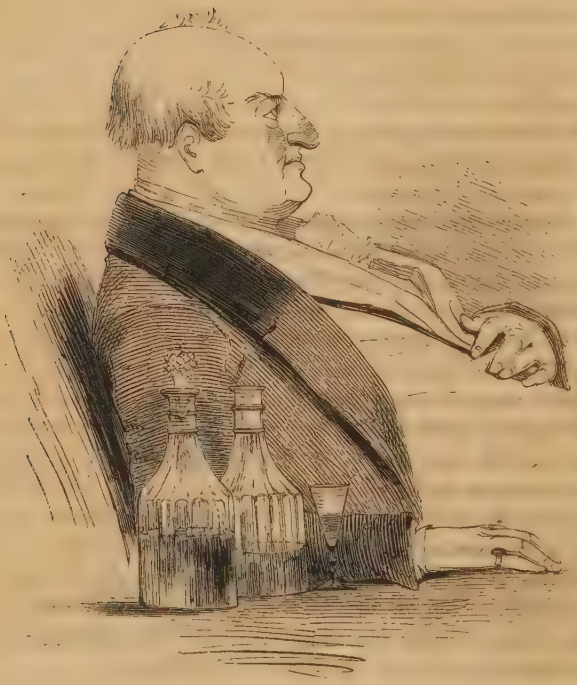
The class of Dowagers which we have just been describing are stationary animals: but there is another species, which is perpetually flying from one watering-place to another, or from one great town or another; or taking a new villa within thirty miles of London every six months. They are very fond, too, of travelling abroad, and really very pleasant persons to come across at Baden-Baden, or Geneva. They carry about with them a pet physician, and not unfrequently a pretty *portegée* of nineteen. On these occasions, they are delighted to meet their countrymen, and are very generous in their entertainments to them. But beware how you stay too long in their company. There never yet was a Dowager who had not a pretty strong development of the bump of meddling with other people's affairs; and if you give the Travelling Dowager a decent opportunity, she will insist as much as any of them on taking you under her care, and regulating your movements by some fancies of her own; or, if you resist, it is quite possible that she will avenge herself by denouncing you to the police as a member of a secret political society, seeking to communicate with a foreign branch established in the country in which you, poor soul! think you are going to travel for your pleasure. There is a very delightful independence about this Dowager's life. All she cares for on earth—her lap-dog, her *portegée*, and her jewels, are easily contained within the four wheels of her carriage.

She can shift her home at an hour's warning, wherever and whenever she pleases; and Messrs. Hammersley and Co. have provided her with a plentiful supply of the one thing needful. Of course, this independence is not always turned to the best possible account; and, to us, it might appear that her ladyship is losing a great deal of real enjoyment by indulging in a variety of foolish crotchets and caprices. But, be it recollected, crotchets and caprices are constitutional with her; and that, once in her head, it is essential to her comfort that they shall be fully humoured.

We cannot profess to notice all the other forms of Dowagerism that diversify society. You will meet poor old moping Dowagers, who never take off their weeds, and never stir from the old castle where they were once so happy. They live entirely in the past. They talk of nothing but what used to be in "the old times;" and it is their only care and satisfaction that nothing is changed.

Again, you will meet with nice, frisky, good-humoured old Dowagers, who can live with their eldest sons without grudging them the possession of the good things which were once theirs; who can frolic with their grandchildren; bear to see,—nay, to assist in, improvements of the estate; and whose sympathies are so evergreen as to find enjoyment to the last, in promoting the comfort and improving the morals of all within their reach.

But, on the whole, we are disposed to take a gloomy view of Dowagerism, and to record our opinion, that it is an institution which is not fitted for these times. Nay, more than this, we will follow up that opinion, like Mr. Fowell Buxton in the matter of slavery, by proposing a remedy; and next motion day as ever is, we will go down to the House, and, after reading to it this article, amid unanimous cheers, will move, in our moderate fashion, that henceforth the law shall cease to recognise or provide for Dowagers. Public feeling will be strong with us, and our motion will be carried; unless, indeed, a quicker and more decisive remedy shall be thought desirable. Then, perhaps, we shall withdraw our motion, in favour of Mr. Wakley's, "that all ladies, on arriving at the state of Dowagerism, shall be compelled to enter hospitals established on the principle of communicating, and not curing, influenzas;" or of an amendment by Mr. Warburton, "that the Poor-Law Commissioners be empowered to devise an effective scheme of Sutteeism, by which the easy invention of the fagot shall be substituted for the complicated expedient of Dower."



THE TORY.

Be to his faults a little blind,
And to his virtues very kind.

THE TORY.

BY AN M. P.

I AM afraid that the nature of my own political opinions will be inferred from the very name which I have chosen to designate a political party in this country. It will be said that I have commenced with a nick-name, which that whole party repudiates; that there are no longer Tories in England; and that I ought to describe the members of the Opposition by their own new and favourite appellation of Conservatives. If I were a party writer, engaged in mere political controversy, I should feel bound in policy, as well as politeness, to do this. But my object being merely to describe a class of men, I must use the good old homely terms, which everybody understands, and always has understood. It is my very Toryism that makes me eschew new-fangled words; and use the name that carries with it associations of Pitt, and Perceval, and Castlereagh; of the old days of *the* war; and of that old primary world of rotten boroughs, which existed before the Deluge of the Reform Bill. Whatever side of the House I may sit on, and however I may have acted on Sir John Buller's motion, I own I have a kindly feeling towards the Tory: and the older the type of the party to which he belongs, the more I like him.

The old official Tory, for instance, is a very peculiar personage. The storms of the last ten years have, it is true, left but few of them standing. The greater part of the race of subordinate officials have been swept out of Parliament; and many of the older and higher class have passed into retirement, or the Upper House. But among the right honourables who fill the front opposition bench, you still see some distinguished relics of those, who, in former times, used to govern the country. Men almost always of moderate fortunes, and often of humble origin, they have passed their youth in the drudgery of subordinate office, and think themselves very scurvily treated, in being now after no long enjoyment, excluded from the higher prizes of what they regarded as their profession. Hardly one of these men is distinguished for any

striking ability as a speaker: their lives have been passed in the routine of official business; and though they are not in consequence remarkable for any extent or soundness of general views in politics, they are thoroughly well acquainted with the details of public business, and with the political precedents of their own day. They speak little; and when they do, sensibly and effectively, though not brilliantly. It is the fashion to sneer at these representatives of the Red Tape School; but they were available men in their own generation; and I cannot but respect them a little now that events have thrown them among another. And in the handling of Red Tape, a man used to pick up some good qualities, which it would be just as well for some of our modern race of public men to have a little more of.

Then there is your old Tory Squire, the representative of his county in the good times, when county members were very great men indeed. Then, counties were counties, and not half-counties; and there were no Conservative Associations; and our old friend in the top-boots carried ———shire after a fifteen days poll, at his own expense. As it was not easy for a party to find a man who would stand such contests, our friend was tolerably independent, and voted pretty much as he liked. He generally liked to vote with the Tory ministry; but not always. He voted stoutly against Property Tax, and Salt Tax; and even sometimes, supported Hume in motions for economy. But now, independence, and all that kind of nonsense, is done away with, and Sir Thomas votes with Sir Robert Peel on all occasions. If he does n't he will not be returned again: and I do n't think he looks the happier for being conscious of this, and of the consequent loss of the importance which he used to have as an independent member.

Next to him sits a particularly neatly dressed old gentleman, quite as good a Tory, and a representative of quite as remarkable and peaceful a class. He is the representative of your old, wealthy, mercantile Tories; that race, whose Toryism and importance both date from Mr. Pitt, and whose palmy days were those of the war. Almack's itself was never more exclusive than this body: time was when no banker was thought good enough to come into it. All this is now passed away; but our old friend has all the traditions of it in his memory, and in his haughty but polite air. He does n't think himself a bit honoured by the notice of the grandees of his party: his name in the city is quite as distinguished as any of them in their own counties. But he, too, like our county member, has fallen on evil times. He recollects when Mr. Pitt and Lord Liverpool used to

consult him before they took any great step in finance; and he doesn't altogether forget how the information he thus obtained gave him half a day's precious start of his competitors on 'Change. All this is gone by; no one ever consults anybody now-a-days; and our once influential friend merely counts as one in a party of more than three hundred. His, too, is a mortified and grumbling Toryism; but it is not a bit the less vehement for that; for whenever he thinks of the sad change of times, he always feels more bitter against the wicked Whigs and Radicals, who brought it about.

Then there are the old Tories of every profession. The old lawyer has almost quitted the parliamentary stage. There are some old military men who think the war is only just over, and just going to begin again. They swear by *the* Duke; and think the only chance or safety for the nation is in another "good war." There is your old admiral, too, who thinks it his duty to attend the debates on Navy Estimates, and to say a few words expressive of his belief that we have hardly a ship at sea; that the few we have have hardly any men in them; that what sailors there are, are fit for nothing, owing to the laxity of discipline; that the dock-yards are strewed with nothing but ragged sails, rotten ropes, and bad timber: in fine, that the French and Russians have nothing to do but sail up the Thames, or sweep the Channel, and disgrace the British flag, whenever they choose. Like all their party, they maintain a very gallant fight for their principles; but all the older portion of them keep up the struggle without much hope, or much satisfaction with their own objects and course. There is something in this very respectable; there is much in the individuals that is amiable; and above all, they are very quiet and well-bred, and quite a pattern, in that respect, to to the younger or newer generation of every party.

Your modern specimens of Toryism I confess I do n't like half so well as the older race. This may be owing entirely, or in great part, to my not understanding them so well. Among them, there is, of course, every variety of class and character. There are young Tory squires, and young mercantile Tories; young Tories training for office (for few have actually enjoyed it); young Tory lawyers; and young Tory officers, both of the army and navy; there are Tory lordlings and dandies in great numbers, with powerful voices, not for speaking, but for screeching and cheering; there are some ultras and some moderates; some Puseyites, and some of contrary denominations; some are always in their places; some never attend except at great party divisions; but all are effective on these occasions, and though the whippers-in complain of the difficulties of their task, it must be said for your Tory of the new school, that he shames all

preceding oppositions, by his devotion to the interests of his party at any sacrifice of pleasure or conscience. Party spirit runs so strong in these days that these young lords and squires and lawyers really seem to think that the safety of their country depends on the success of their party. At the call of the whipper-in, they are always ready to come down and vote; be it at five, on some motion about a new writ; or at midnight, on one of their great party divisions. To be sure, there is a time from seven to ten, when the fine gentlemen, and those who affect to be such, never make their appearance. Then Whig and Tory (paired) are at dinner, and the Radicals constitute the majority of the House.

The oddest feature in the young Tory is the intense interest which he appears to take in the management of all the details of party warfare. The whole mind of these young men seems to be absorbed in calculating divisions. Every one of them seems to be training for whipper-in. You meet a good-natured dandy of the party a few days before some great division, and he immediately begins asking, *sotto voce*, how such a one will vote: then you hear him throwing out triumphant but mysterious hints, that such another is going to vote against ministers or stay away; he can tell you every pair, and every man absent without a pair: and if you gainsay or doubt anything he says, he turns to his division list, which serves him for a pocket library. All this time he rarely knows anything of the real facts, and if he offers you a bet, you would generally be safe in taking it. As the division approaches, the inquiries, the hints, and the offers of bets, become more and more frequent. You are pestered during the whole debate with these speculations on a result which a few hours must decide: nay, even when you are going out into the lobby, in a division, you are sure to see from half-a-dozen to ofttimes a score of these young gentlemen waiting in the door-way, in order to count the members going out, because they cannot wait for the tellers counting them as they come back. It certainly seems rather an idle occupation for educated men. One would think they might serve themselves and their party more, by getting some knowledge of the question, and taking some part in the debate. But nothing seems to interest them, save the numerical results. It always strikes me that when Sir Robert Peel comes in, he will have to make up his whole ministry of Secretaries of the Treasury: it seems to be the only office any of his followers is fitting himself for.

I have a perfect horror of political clubs: and "The Carlton" being the most perfectly organised club of the kind, seems to me about the most detestable invention in the world. It is a great establishment for the propagation of political bores and boring. There is a

sleepy monotony about "Brookes's," which never offends nor disturbs. But the spirit of "The Carlton Club" is an active spirit, roaming up and down society, corrupting men, and what is worse, women, with the hateful knowledge of the mere details of party politics. I don't dislike a woman for talking politics. I like to hear a pretty girl shew her Toryism by singing,—"Awa' Whigs, awa';" but when it is nothing but the eternal clatter about "how many we shall have on this question?" and whether "we shall carry such a place?" we pray that such words may at least not meet us from female lips, but echo only through the rooms of "The Carlton," where, those alone who delight in such topics, need go to hear them.

But again, I revert to my old Tory, as the amiable and respectable personification of the class. He doesn't frequent your "Carlton Club;" or if he does, it is from an absolute necessity, not from inclination. His favourite resort is "Boodle's;" thither goes he in the middle of the day to read the newspapers and talk over matters with his brother squires. But Tories are not gregarious like Whigs: there is no especial hour for congregating together at "Boodle's," as at "Brookes's:" you see no parade of cabs and led horses pacing up and down before the door, and the attendance, scattered as it is, is on the whole much more scanty than that at the Whig club. The evening is the time for "Boodle's;" and the rubber the attraction.

But the country is the real abode of the old Tory. At Quarter Sessions, pottering about the county business; or, at Petty Sessions, fining, committing, and much oftener letting off, the rogues of his vicinity,—you see the Tory squire in his glory. There are many of these who are not, after all, so bad as "The Morning Chronicle" would make out. Their whole time is not spent in racking or intimidating tenants, persecuting poachers, or shutting up the poor in union workhouses. They have their prejudices, doubtless; they have an unreasoning terror of free trade; they suspect the Dissenters of wishing to blow up the parish church; they think the country is going to the devil; and divide the blame of the catastrophe between Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Game Laws. But their prejudices do not, after all, so much influence their conduct as you might imagine; and many a good Tory member, who never opens his mouth in the house, except to say "Aye" to some measure of coercion, or to intimate the necessity of keeping down the unruly wills of the people, is a good landlord, a good magistrate, and a good neighbour,—the best of men in his own family, and the most agreeable of hosts.

THE COLLEGIAN.

BY A BACHELOR OF ARTS.

While other folks are busying themselves with frowsy enquiries into parochial schools; computing the proportion of felons who can read and write; and drawing their opposite inferences as to the good or bad effects of education on the lower classes, we invite you, happy reader, to the sweeter atmosphere of Academus,—where you will see how the statesman learns patriotism and eloquence—the lawyer, impudence and acuteness—the parson, solemnity and virtue—the diplomatist, cunning—and every grade of aristocracy, the qualifications which fit them for their respective callings. Still it is not to the banks of Isis, or of Granta, that we call you, but rather to that glorious abstraction of a University which, if you cannot straightway form to yourself out of these two, you possess not the only faculty which philosophers tell us distinguish the man from the brute. In a work with so extensive an aim as that to which we are now contributing, it would be derogatory to descend to the petty details which peculiarly characterise either Oxford or Cambridge. Let the student of the one delight more in the dirty occupation of grubbing for the roots of words; the other in the more cruel one of extracting the square roots of letters. Let *this* sacrifice his nights and days to the unknown quantities of Algebra, and *that* to the false quantities of Prosody; *this* be more solemnly dull, and *that* more disagreeably argumentative;—let the hatters in the Strand typify their comparative merits by the different humours of those bits of beaver which they label Oxonian and Cantab. We know not these distinctions. We present to our readers the phenomenon which is common to both: in a word—the Collegian. Oh! Alfred, and all ye other founders of our venerable monopolies of learning! would that ye could descend or arise (as the case may be) from your present abodes, and see the goodly train of youths that even in this distant century crowd regularly each autumn to the scenes of your princely bounty! These are *freshmen*, though little the wiser would

THE COLLEGIAN.

Ibam ad collegium, ad capiendum ingenii cultum.

LATIN GRAMMAR

ye be by this explanation. From distant Winchester, and Eton, and Harrow, and Westminster, have they come, "Smit with the love of sacred song;" and burning to bring to a better market their various accomplishments of making longs and shorts, boxing, rowing, and playing at cricket. There they stand, side by side, in the senate-house, some hundreds of them, taking alphabetically solemn oaths that they will always detest the Pope, and the Pretender; that they will not play at marbles during divine service, nor wear top boots in the High Street. Yet is this a glorious moment for all. It is the beginning of manhood—of liberty—of eagle-eyed independence. Can you not recollect, reader, the delight of feeling for the first time that you were master of your own actions; that all around you was under your control—the room you sat in—the bell you rang—the servant that answered it;—that you could have breakfast when you chose; put in as much tea as you liked; have your own little cellar of wine; your own friends; run up what bills you pleased; and were scores of miles from parents, guardians, aunts, and friends of the family? Every freshman owns this feeling with more or less intensity. Even he, who has to struggle against new necessities on a hardly-earned, and still inadequate pittance, is conscious that he is struggling for himself, and has health and hope to cheer him on. Yet on what strangely different destinies do these boys enter from the moment that they have bolted these useful oaths! How differently is the golden gift of independence employed by them! One of them is Lord Leatherhead, a youth who, as wits say, is his own father, and has the management of a guardian, whom the late lord left a certain number of pounds to manage him. He becomes a rowing man of the first class. He has brought with him to college a large dog, an Italian valet, and last, as well as least, a private tutor. His academical career is a series of triumphs, the dons will tell you,—for though he does nothing, they swear there was only the will wanting. Although he was plucked the first time for his little-go, it was because he had read too deep for it; and he was only advised not to go up for his degree, lest he might, by some accident, fail to be senior wrangler. What fine sympathies he has! Look at his treatment of his dog. He has taught him as many tricks as he knows himself. How considerate to his private tutor! He gives him leave of absence as often as he likes; nay, sometimes is obliged to force it on him, for he knows his modesty in that particular. Then again, how generous to his friends! Not a day passes, but a score of them

are made drunk at his expense. And hear how they praise him! He has the best cigars they ever smoked; the best wine they ever drank; sings the best song, and is, in short, the best fellow they ever saw. Oh! a college was made for a lord! Its rules and restrictions are all well enough for the poor student; for the lord they are wisely relaxed. For him the obsequious gates can open either way, and at any hour. Against him the voice of tell-tale porter, gyp, or laundress, is still as death. Toll away thou mournful morning bell for others. My lord's slumbers are not to be disturbed for chapel. In the snug and elevated corner, where noblemen, unjostled, are supposed to offer up their prayers to Heaven, you will rarely find Lord Leatherhead at his matins. His book is in its place, and his cushion—but there is he not. *Stat nominis umbra.* Don't suppose, however, he is always in bed till twelve o'clock. When the hounds meet thirty miles off, he can be up and away by daybreak. Lectures are no attraction to him; and if not, says the college tutor, what can be the use of enforcing his attendance. His lordship prefers taking in pupils of his own; and cigars and ale are much more to all of their tastes than Greek or Algebra. Even the noon of a sporting lord's day is not uninstructive. Here you may see idleness in its least exciting and least attractive form. His lordship is in a dressing-gown, and wears an embroidered skull-cap. Half-a-dozen friends are seated around him, all in slippers; some in dressing-gowns—some in rough great-coats—but none are dressed, for it is only one o'clock. A full half-hour will often pass without a single word being uttered. The whole party sit motionless—their legs stretched out, and their eyes fixed on the ceiling. Not a sound is heard but puff, puff,—swig, swig,—and occasionally,—spit, spit. Doesn't Locke define time to be nothing more than the perpetual succession of ideas? If that is a correct definition, time, during these noontide revels, must frequently have ceased to exist, for many a round has the clock made, and no idea presented itself to the minds of the noble Leatherhead and his friends. It is worth your while to examine the furniture of that room, if your eyes can pierce the "Tobacco's rolling dun." Prints of dogs, horses, half-dressed women, and Lord Eldon, cover the walls (for mark you, my lord is a Conservative). The shelves of a large book-case are filled with sporting magazines, hunting-whips, gloves, and cigar boxes. At either corner, are statutes of Demosthenes and Cicero; and in the middle, the plaster caricature of Lord Brougham, with a stomach-ache. On the faces of the two former, the humorous lord

has, with his own hand, painted splendid cork moustaches, while on each of their heads, some kindred wit has placed a smoking cap. Leatherhead's associates are either boys of quality and fortune, and of congenial tastes, or impudent, pushing toadies, who find that it is by far the cheapest plan to live at his expense, and that they derive a sort of consequence from being often seen in his company. When he is not hunting, he likes a lark across country; and no such fun as jumping into a farmer's garden, and then jumping out again. He is fond of a lounge too up the High Street, where he is on ogling terms with several tradesmen's daughters, and *très bien* with several tradesmen's wives. Nor is this more than fair. The tradesmen have cheated him enough, and need not grudge him such a return. He sits an hour in a confectioner's shop every day,—over soup in winter, and ices in summer. He rarely dines in hall, though, when he does, the Master and Vice-Master are the whole time convulsed with laughter at his prodigious wit. In short, his whole morning, noon, and evening, are one long loll and saunter. It is at night that he really begins to move, and have his being. Walk with us, reader, towards his rooms some night at ten o'clock; and do thou, too, come, thou monger of new things—thou friend of cheap knowledge, thou scorner of other times—look upon yon old quadrangle. This is the habitation which our wise forefathers, in far distant ages, consecrated to the high purposes of piety and science. Here have thought and struggled the best and wisest of the earth. Is thy fancy so dull that thou dost not see their stately shadows through the dim religious light of those deep venerable cloisters?—and does thy cold soul glow with no new warmth at the sight of that old mouldering chapel, on which the moon is looking down so serenely, and gilding with the light of heaven? Hark! what is that distant murmur? Is it the chaunting of some holy youth at his restless vigils?—Now other voices chime in—

"With his Too-rul-loo-rul-loo-rul-loo."

'T is Leatherhead and his wine-warmed friend singing after-supper songs. These are, of a truth, classic revels; Bacchus presiding over all that is done, Venus over all that is said. The long table is covered with punch-bowls, tobacco-pipes, cigars, and every variety of wines and spirits in bottles. Some of the party are blind drunk—some roaring drunk—some dead drunk. In short, every stage of drunkenness is there exhibited in all its glory. Olivini puts his master to bed quite senseless, at three o'clock, and then goes to bed himself;

and how the rest find their way to their respective homes, or to the places where they are picked up the next morning, is a mystery which they unsuccessfully employ the greater part of the morrow in endeavouring to fathom.

Directly above the scene of these obscene orgies, and driven to distraction by the noise, is poor John Smith, the reading-man, in his little garret. He is the son of an ill-paid curate; and, were it not for a scholarship which he obtained almost immediately on his arrival at college, he could not possibly meet the necessary expenses of his humble situation. How much is he to be pitied, and yet how much to be envied, in the contrast with his noble neighbours! Toil and privation are his lot. No health can ever stand such incessant exertion, and his is visibly impaired. But he has a purpose before him: he is stimulated by a noble ambition, and the feeling that it is noble supports him in all his trials. To be the first prize-man of his day, is his all-absorbing hope—a dream worth all the solid realities that constitute the happiness of Lord Leatherhead. He has a little clock in his bed-room, with an alarum attached to it, always set to six o'clock, at which hour he jumps up; and, by the glorious sun in summer, and a dingy lamp in winter, does he work two good hours before he touches his frugal morning meal. He is regular as clock-work in the performance of all his college duties. He never misses chapel or lecture; takes a constitutional for an hour before dinner; smokes a clay pipe and third-rate tobacco (his sole luxury) for half an hour after it; and every other moment of the day and night is shut up with "*sported oak*" in his little garret. A curious sanctum this! He has not a book-case, but he has two old trunks set up on their ends in a corner of the room, and full of all the standard works on mathematics. The floor is absolutely carpeted with square bits of paper, covered with learned hieroglyphics. On some you will see diagrams—round, oblong, square, and angular—with letters here and there which communicate with explanations below, where you are informed, after a great deal of beating about the bush, that one of the lines therein drawn is precisely the same length as another neighbouring line, and that one of the square figures is exactly the same size as one that has twice as many sides. On others, again, you will fancy that John Smith has been composing riddles; for they begin with an assertion, that there are so many square yards in a certain farm in Australia, and so many thousand sheep on another farm hard by; and that the farmer is anxious to transfer the stock from the latter to the former. It appears, however, to involve some difficulty, which John Smith

further appears to have a commission to solve. You would think, reader, that there was some fun, or pun, or play on the words, in all this, and would go on puzzling your poor brains till you would be obliged to give it up. But see how John Smith has set to work! He appeals to the calculations of no surveyor; refers to no evidence taken before agricultural committees; but suddenly, with a stroke of his pen, transform the sheep into the letter x, and the square yard into the letter y. You think then, in your innocence, that he has taken leave of his subject or his senses; for no mention is made, all down the page, of Australia, farmer, sheep, or square yards. Nothing follows, but the most wanton persecution of these two inoffensive letters. Not content with tearing them from their happy homes at the end of the alphabet, and exposing them in their single nakedness to the impertinent curiosity of college dons, he submits them to all the torturing processes of Algebra. They are multiplied, divided, added to, and subtracted from; they are shuffled from one side to the other to suit his convenience; their square roots are extracted; they are raised to impossible powers; and when you feel as a friend to letters, disposed, at all hazards, to interfere, lo! the conjuror, John Smith, again touches x and y with his wand, and they instantly resume the shape of the required number of sheep and square yards. Whoever can make the most use of these two mysterious letters, and play the greatest variety of tricks with them, is called senior wrangler; and it is for this distinction that John Smith works so hard sixteen out of every twenty-four hours. It is curious how little he knows of other things, and how limited is the range of his reasoning faculties when unassisted by mathematical instruments, or x and y. He is the kindest-hearted creature on earth, though he has no friends to benefit by his sympathies. He is on nodding terms with two or three fellow-lecture-attenders, and "*wines*" once a term with the college tutor. Poor John Smith, he gets his reward! He is senior wrangler at last, and has ruined his health for ever!

Bob Jones is a rowing man of the second class. He belongs to a small college, and cannot claim descent from the Jones-Ap-Joneses of Wales. He wears a blue checked shirt without a collar, a coloured neck-cloth, a cut-away green coat, and inexpressibles that fit as tight as a second skin. He has invariably a cigar or an oath in his mouth. He came to college knowing nothing, and while there only learns a little about horse-flesh. To him are accorded none of the immunities which are purchasable by the high rank and prospects of Lord Leatherhead; but he is in perpetual hot water

with the authorities. He rarely attends chapel or lectures; but then, for each omission of the former duty, he is adjudged to "transcribe a hundred lines of Homer;" and for a certain number of omissions of the latter, he is confined for a fortnight within gates. He is so fond of female society, as to be brought into perpetual collision with the proctor, who is very jealous in this particular. He is a constant frequenter of the bar of "The Eagle Inn;" and very soon found it necessary to his purpose to give a verbal promise of marriage to the barmaid. He is a capital boxer, and the leader of the mob of gentlemen in the town, and gown rows on the 5th of November. He is the stroke-oar of the college-boat, and one of the crack bowlers in the University Eleven. He lodges in the town, and made early conditions with his landlord that he should not report over-faithfully his hours of returning home at night or the next morning. The principal ornaments of his rooms are tandem-whips, pipes, boxing-gloves, cricket-bats, and foils; and on a card-table stands the proudest monument to his capabilities, in the shape of a glass a yard long, which he every day, after breakfast, fills with ale and drinks off without once drawing breath. What tradesmen gain by their impositions on Lord Leatherhead, they lose by giving too much credit to Bob Jones. When in the middle of his second year, he is rusticated, and immediately afterwards taken from college by his friends, to be put into the Church, he is in debt some five or six hundred pounds; and so he remains all the rest of his life.

Charles Fluent is a man of very different pursuits. He is neither an idler, nor a candidate for academical honours; but he is absorbed in politics, metaphysics, and what he calls philosophy. He belongs to an essay society, where, weekly, he, Henry Muddle, and a few other choice spirits, meet to discuss every variety of subject embraced under those prolific heads. Fluent is a radical of the Bentham school. He can tell you all about the right relations of wages and profits; thinks monarchy an absurd extravagance; aristocracy an unmitigated evil; an established church subversive of morality and religion; and the constitution of the United States of America the model of all that is good and wise. As is usual with the young disciples of this school, he altogether misunderstands, and sadly parodies the "principle of utility," which is always in his mouth. He asserts that poetry is not *useful*, and, therefore, should not be encouraged; and calculates to a nicety, as he thinks, how every question of the day bears on the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Muddle is a mystic of the first water. He is Fluent's chief rival; and the society, which is limited to twelve, is ranged in pretty equal divisions under these two leaders. Muddle has this advantage, how-

ever, that his opponents can never completely answer, because they can never completely understand him: accordingly, he always fancies he comes off victorious. He is a worshipper of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Carlyle, and delights to use the be-Germanised phraseology which the latter distinguished writer has brought into such dangerous fashion. But the inventor of that instrument is the only man who should be permitted to employ it. Poor Muddle makes sad mutilations with it; as much of himself, however, as of any one else. What an awful set of words, to be sure, he strings together! "There is a soul in the universe," he said tauntingly, one evening, to Fluent, as an argument for keeping the bishops in the House of Lords; and concluded a super-mystical peroration of the same speech by asking his honourable friend, in the words of the great Coleridge, whether "religion were not an idea of the mind, evolved into act and fact by the superinduction of the extrinsic conditions of reality." Muddle is a poet too: how sweetly his mind masquerades in verse! All those flowers and birds he makes so much of, are not really flowers and birds: one means truth, another hope; and that "Sonnet to an Owl catching Mice in the dark," is a delicate allusion to Fluent entrapping his little party, under favour of his own and their state of brutal ignorance. He can smell sights, and see smells, and hear both; but, above all, he has the singular faculty of believing without understanding. They have, however, a larger field for their rivalry, in a debating society which is open to the whole University: Lord Leatherhead, Bob Jones, and even John Smith, are members of it. The latter does not attend regularly, and never opens his lips; the former takes part, as he calls it, in general discussions; and Bob Jones confines his talents to the private business of the society. You will every week see his name on the boards, subscribed to some such motion as, "That another copy of the Sporting Magazine be taken in." You will find in this august body all the forms and ceremonies of the House of Commons. The youthful orators call each other honourable gentlemen, and their speeches are interrupted, at due intervals, with loud cries of "Hear, hear!" and "Oh, oh!" Scarcely a question is discussed in the model house, but a division follows it in this; and not only are the principal arguments of the great parliamentary leaders carefully re-echoed (with due allowances for misunderstanding and misapplication), but the very personalities and recriminations which are the delight of St. Stephens, are all the fashion in the long room of "The Hoop." Taunts of abandonment of former principles and former friends, are in high favour; and "*nusquam tuta fides*," has been applied, in his turn, to almost every speaker of note. Sir John

Buller's motion on the ———— was carried here the week after it was lost in the House of Commons, and many a junior soph made just as patriotic speech against the "Newport job," as did the most immaculate supporters of Mr. Liddell. Indeed, we doubt not that the society has been convulsed with its "Privilege Question," and that some unfortunate waiters, at this moment in durance by their orders, are expiating, in an hotel cellar, crimes of like magnitude and complexion to those of the sheriffs of the short neck and turgid liver. All the principal speakers are Radicals. They carry everything before them except the votes. Here they are in an awful minority. The Tories are in the proportion of five to one, and are very Toryish—of the Sibthorp school. They have many of the same peculiarities as the young Tories in Parliament. They comprise the greater part of the noblemen and fellow-commoners, and are very noisy and very ignorant. They exaggerate, naturally, the folly and fury of their prototypes; and sentiments are uttered in these debates, but more especially at their Pitt Clubs and other politico-jovial meetings, which would do honour to Bradshaw or M'Neile. We recollect a most characteristic discussion on a question proposed by Muddle not long ago:—"Would her Majesty's ministers have been justified, in the year 1820, in omitting the word 'Protestant,' in the announcement of the Royal marriage?" This reference to the year 1820, is an ingenious device for evading a restriction imposed on the society by the University authorities,—that they shall discuss no events that have occurred within a floating period of twenty years anterior to the date of the discussion. The word Protestant has just the same potent charm in this society as it has in public life, and it is equally curious to observe here the very remarkable class of men, which the mere mention of it calls into oratorical prominence. Of the immense majority, which, on this occasion, recorded their condemnation of ministers, perhaps one half was drunk; and perhaps their speakers were among the most incorrigible profligates of the University. Yet to be sure, such piety never flowed from the lips of men. Lord Leatherhead asked—"What would have been the use of the Reformation, if ministers were to go on in this way?—and what Martin Luther would have said if he had been a privy councillor on that day, and taken his seat at the board, between the Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Sheil?" Muddle took the Tory side in his opening speech, and the other side in his reply; and though there really was a great deal of eloquence in both, the argumentative parts might have exchanged places without any inconvenience to the speaker, or any chance of detection by the audience. We are far

from wishing to throw an air of ridicule over these societies: we know that many of the most accomplished speakers in the House of Commons and at the Bar have here learnt the rudiments of their art. We have our eye on three Charleses, who are among the most rising men of the day, and who have to thank the opportunities of a University Debating Society for their singular facility of speech. We shall be grievously mistaken and disappointed if this trio do not, before long, furnish a list of Charleyana, in the way of sayings and doings, which will justify our prophecy of their fame.

There is one other species of Collegian, to which we feel bound to do honour: it is the man who does nothing at all, who neither reads for University honours, nor for debating societies, nor even for self-improvement; who commits no debaucheries, and who never, during his academical career, says or does a single thing which attracts the observation of a single soul. It is impossible to give this character any distinctive name; he is, virtually, a nonentity. His three years and a half are one monotonous routine of nothingisms; and with the exception of his being those three years and a half older, at the end of his academical career he is precisely the same creature that he was at its commencement. He has neither added to nor taken from his former little stock of public-school knowledge, but has kept himself throughout, and in every way, in a perfectly even state of temperature. He leaves no bills unpaid, regrets parting from no friends, and his back once turned on *alma mater*, neither he nor she have one thought for each other again.

Hurrah! then for the Collegians! What would man be that he cannot learn to be at college? Are you young, friend reader?—go to college, and learn such wisdom as has inspired these pages? Are you a parent?—send your sons there. They will acquire religion there, morality, and learning. Do you doubt it? How can they help becoming religious? They leave their revels to go to chapel of an evening, while the wine is still hot in their brains; and go again the next morning, when the wine has got from their brains to their stomach. Is not that religion? How can they help becoming moral? They have two proctors, and two pro-proctors, and swift-footed bulldogs, who watch over their morality! How can they help becoming learned? They have daily lectures, and quarterly examinations; and little-goes, and big-goes, and tutors, and professors, and prizes of every description. Religious, moral, learned phenomenon! Glory of England—envy of the world! In the affecting words of Homer:—

"ωε ωανε ουο λιλε 'ανδς, ανδ κρι 'αδιευ.'"

THE CAPITALIST.

BY F. G. TOMLINS.

I HAVE never been able to reconcile myself to that calmly received philosophical axiom that man is the same to-day as he was a five thousand years since. I am not able to attack the proposition as regards the genus "*homo*," but I cannot think it just as applied to the species "*vir socialis*." That the "poor forked animal" always had "eyes, organs, affections," is not to be denied; but whether they were developed or applied in the same manner, seems to me more than questionable. I fancy London itself is not more changed in the last hundred years than the race that inhabit it: and there appears a great similarity in the transmutation of the two things; the house being the outward and visible sign of its proprietor. In the roomy, awkward, overhanging barns that lined the narrow streets of our ancestors, may we fancy the prototype of the wealthy, cautious burgess of the middle ages; "cold without," but warm within, with good arras hangings, massive plate, and stout stubborn furniture. In our modern squares, we see plain buildings without elegance or symmetry: externally, regular as bricks can be piled together; internally, everything costly, but little that is elegant; coldly respectable, and stupidly methodical. These remarks have not been made to elongate the paper to the printer's desire, but to introduce the present head, who is essentially a new species, engendered by a new state of things, and evolved from the invention of funds, and the involutions of commerce. There is nothing like unto him in the ancient world, nor in the middle age; he is a modern creation, and a living contradiction to Solomon, being one of the few new things under the sun.

It is not our business to trace the history of the heads we dissect, but to characterise their peculiarities; and had we resolved to unite the historian with the anatomist, we, in this instance, could have had but little scope for that easiest of writings, but hardest of readings. Slight — very slight traces of something like the creature may be found about the time of George I.;

THE CAPITALIST.

Nothing comes amiss, so money comes with all.

SHAKSPERE.

and had the South Sea Bubble not have burst, but have proved a veritable piece of sun, instead of moonshine, it would probably have been much earlier brought to maturity. The development of this species was, however, very gradual. The American war produced a few specimens, but the breed was not fully matured until the time of the younger Pitt. His genius fostered the embryo tribe; and on the vast hot-bed of his financial arrangements, numerous splendid specimens were produced. Loans, foreign and home, greatly enlarged the race. The continental war aided them; and the climate of India was found to be particularly adapted to bring them to maturity.

Like everything else in the nineteenth century, that took to progressing at all, it went on at a quadruple pace. Taxes, profits, population, inventions, gases, steam, legislation, learning, lying,—all got into full gallop; and our head went a-head in a most ferocious manner: became a class, a species, and certainly a most veritable "head of the people." Swaying cabinet councillors—influencing elections—deciding for peace or war—putting up and putting down kings—starving or stuffing the million at its will—goading or galling the spirit of the age—speculating and dallying with the very elements—destroying or defending the venerable things of the past. Religion with it became a commodity; law was its tool; and literature its slave. But it ie time to introduce him personally to the gracious reader.

Behold, then, a rare specimen of this select class. He is clad in the modern style; is particularly neat in his appearance; and has nothing showy about him; indeed, he is so exceedingly plainly attired, that, at the first glance, he looks almost common; but a stricter view shews you that he is careful in his toilet, delicate in his habits, and has a judiciousness of taste that approaches to the elegant. His hands are not white "like a lord's," but are remarkably clean; and the very simple ring he has on his finger is an evidence (perhaps the only one that can be gleaned from his appearance) that he too has known the storm of human passion, the anguish of human feeling. He is tall—aristocratically tall, and he occasionally remarks, that the Normans were a long-legged race. His carriage approaches more to the military than any other; but it has neither the dash nor the emptiness of that bearing. It is not so striking, but is based on "a firmer understanding." It is more formidable, but less likely to irritate. His eye is, however, his distinguishing outward characteristic. It is not piercing and restless, like the lawyer's; it is not stolid and staring, like the parson's; it

is not veiled and blinking, like the shopman's; nor amorous and defying, like the soldier's; but it is a good clear, bright eye—nine times out of ten, grey, or greyish blue—clear and firm, but mild and quick. I could tell the eye of a Capitalist out of a million; and I have looked into every eye-shop in London, but could never find that they had "hit off his eye" as they ought. If I had ever heard of such a thing as a one-eyed Capitalist, I would have speculated, and had a few made under my own particular superintendence; but it would be catching wind in a sieve, or water in a looking-glass, for they are too wide awake, and seem only to use their eyes to think with.

His habits are singular, but simple. He is often found in a state of widowhood, with one fair child, "sole daughter of his house and heart." He cannot be said to be fully developed as a Capitalist until he is forty years of age, or close upon it. Previous to this, he may be a "man of fortune," or even "a speculator" (a class he is by no means to be confounded with); or, perchance, "a merchant"—probably an East Indian one. There have been instances, but certainly very rare ones, of his emerging from the law,—or even the army and navy; but then he has been in the latter in some civil capacity.

There are some circumstances that mark him, at once, as a pure and genuine Capitalist. The chairman of the Bank Directors, or the East India Company, is *ex-officio* one. The head-partners in seven or eight of the London banking-houses, especially where their names do, and their persons do not appear. In other circumstances, an unpractised eye may mistake the speculator for him; a vast and varying species, that takes all kinds of shapes and appearances. However, the following hints may prevent mistakes. The Capitalist is a graver, and perhaps duller class. The speculator is generally showy, and often brilliant. The Capitalist is quiet and reserved; and has rather an antipathy and horror of the class he is thus confounded with. The Capitalist avoids small titles, and eschews initials after his name. He is sometimes a member of Parliament; but, if so, probably sits for a borough of his own. He is no great orator; but his speeches, most frequently uttered at some board of directors, are keenly attended to. They are generally sound deductions from a few premises, logically but not eloquently expressed. The speculator is a brilliant talker, and a clear speaker; and occasionally may be, by an unusual chance, as wealthy (or, rather, have at one time as much money) as the Capitalist; but the one only employs, while the other parts with his

wealth. To distinguish them, however, requires an intimate acquaintance with both species.

The occupations of the Capitalist are not numerous, though they have increased of late. He may be a Bank or East India director; a chairman of a fire or assurance office; a director of a dock company, or of one or two rail-roads. Banking on new principles has occupied a few; and some may be found much interested in the politics of Russia or France. Others will, for awhile, be discovered in large wholesale businesses, where they undergo more labour in the direction of "the finances," than is usual for this species voluntarily to endure. Until, comparatively, lately, instances have been known of their even being the vital principle of numerous smaller businesses, and the ignorant have mistaken them for "philanthropists," who have generously started young men in business from the purest motives of Christian charity. A rapid rise of the rate of discount at the bank has, however, proved, by the sudden withdrawal of their patronage, that other motives than these primitive ones might be imputed.

His haunts are, for two or three days in the week, from one to five, in the city—when he is busily employed in his various directorships, and when his most, or, indeed, only amusing qualities are displayed. See with "what courteous grace" he waves his hand to some fellow-Capitalist, and says, while crossing Lombard Street, "Pardon me, but I am behind time now." See with what a sharp pace he ascends the broad staircase of his last new directorship, while the polished doors are flung open by an old servant whom he has placed there, and who, venturing on his former long service, says, "Just one minute, sir." Five more of the same species, with perhaps a speculator or two amongst them, are already assembled round the elegant table, eyeing an Indian bowl, in which are twenty sovereigns. The soft chimes of the chimney-piece clock peal the hour—"Shut the doors, Johnson!" is uttered simultaneously; and the order is obeyed as the last stroke is echoed by St. Michael's. Two or three footsteps are heard on the stairs—the door is shaken violently: "Open it!"—"This is shameful!"—"It wants five minutes!"—"Disgraceful!"—"Next general meeting!" (A violent thumping.) "Open the door!"—"A perfect robbery!"—"Shameful!" To this nothing is heard but peals of laughter on the inside; and the chinking of the gold being awarded to the punctual. This over, the polished doors fly open, and the five are seen demurely sitting with their four sovereigns each, in a row, before them: "Shameful!"—"Too bad!"—"The clock

shall be repaired," &c. &c. To which no answer but a silent and deliberate dropping of the sovereigns into the purse. But the chair is taken, and the secretary is already in the middle of a million of figures.

Let us now follow him into his seat of power, and behold him with a few short sentences shiver a throne; change a dynasty; give plenty to a nation; or wither its energies. On one side, see him loose rebellion and rapine; on the other, give firmness to tyranny: here he takes the fetters from a nation; and there he hands them captive to their task-masters. The mightiest watch his movements; the warrior and his horde is dependent on him: senates shape their laws upon his motions: commerce waits upon his will; even pleasure is for a moment demure, and knows her airy existence in his power.

He is in "the parlour" of the Bank of England; and in a few minutes the rate of interest is raised. The whole commercial world feels the motion to its lowest depths; the trader is stopped for want of a medium to exchange his goods for his neighbours'; the manufacturer dismisses one hundred men out of his six hundred, each successive Saturday night; the bankrupt list increases alarmingly; gold utterly vanishes; the poor debtor is more strictly pursued; the rich mortgager is sorely pressed; the great leviathan (people) begins to roar, and lash its mighty tail; the legislature is paralysed; the government voted utterly useless; its ministers must be changed; the constitution rocks; society totters; national ruin and national bankruptcy are inevitable; when, lo! the Capitalist is again in council; the locks are taken off the coffers; the golden tide is circulated—first gradually, and then freely—through the body civic; and health once more returns. We are again "the envy of surrounding nations:" government must be upheld, and the wisdom of our ancestors counsels us to keep on the old paths, "and reconciles each to his lot."

Behold him in close divan with his brother kings in Leadenhall Street: the fate and welfare of millions rests on his decision; "the integrity of our Indian Empire" requires that the barbarous states of the eastern frontier should be crushed; and war, with all her feocities, is determined on. How many a goodly youth did that vote give to the jungle fever, and the poisoned cress. By those few words, how many yawning graves were opened! what tides of blood were set flowing!—then rapine had her license, and avarice her warrant.

See him in the well-proportioned room of that fine newly-erected house, more peaceably, more benevolently employed. Fertile

wastes yet untrod by man are about to be subdued, and made to yield their share to the comforts and luxuries of life. A territory thrice the size of our island, awaits his decision to be made a future England. The hardy, honest peasant, the toil worn artisan, hails his decision as the dawn of a new life; for the first time to be crowned with a just reward for integrity and industry. The Capitalist votes, and the ocean is white with scudding sails, and hope guides the flotilla to the distant beach, and the bounteous savannah.

Again we follow him to scenes less pleasing. Here, he—as a loan contractor for awhile—supplies the sinews of war to two barbarous factions; there he enables the overbearing tyrant to seize his smaller neighbour's territory; and at this moment he takes off the chains of those who differ from us but in colour, and enables philanthropy to perfect her wishes without wrong. Now he gives an impetus to social existence, and carries the age forward a hundred years at once. Science obeys him; the waters are covered with vessels; the earth with railroads; the soil even becomes more fertile; and labour, assisted by machinery, gives to all a share in the produce of the arts.

Has he not cause to be proud? Should not his step be free, and his port lordly? Should he not dilate with exultation, when he feels he is the demi-god of the modern world? What were Theseus or Jason to him?—what Hercules or Cadmus? Not so. He is not a legislator—a hero—a philosopher—a philanthropist—he is a Capitalist. A means in the hands of the Mightiest to perfect His good will. To add stores to stores is all his aim; and he seeks not other ends or other gratification. Are we therefore to mourn over the dwarfish nature of man? No! Let us rejoice at the constitution of events that evolve out of the small the great; out of the particular the universal.

From his public, let us accompany him to his private life. He is naturally courteous and urbane; and, though seldom cordial, he still will invite us to his quiet mansion in Park Lane, or May Fair. It has all the elegance of the house of an aristocrat of twelve generations; but has more marks of abundant wealth: nothing is new, but then nothing is old in it, but the upper servants.

Where the Capitalist bestows his affection (perchance to a favourite daughter or son), all the energies of his cautious and calculating disposition are liquified, and flow with a deep and silent constancy, that, "like the Propontic and the Hellespont, knows no retiring ebb, but keeps due on." He has ambitious hopes for this favourite

object; but great consideration. He attempts not visibly to controul actions: in this, as in all important matters, he is naturally too sound of understanding to endeavour to shape all events to his desires: he knows circumstances are but the passing waves of the ceaseless tide of existence, and can but be caught by human ingenuity to turn the wheels of the mill that grinds his fortune.

The grand warp of his intellect consists in an exaggerated notion of the power and capacity of wealth. He deems it a self-evident proposition, that there is an impassable gulf between the wealthy and the poor. With him, the human race is divided into two classes: those who have wealth, and those who have not. This, to him, is a tangible indisputable distinction, that the commonest sense must acknowledge. This is no fanciful division of the metaphysician or the herald: this is no subtlety of the politician or the lawyer: but a plain, visible matter of fact: and, like the daylight, can only be denied by the stone-blind.

His manners are gracious to his inferiors; easy to his equals; somewhat arrogant to his superiors. Their most prominent trait is an inclination to satire, which is sadly curtailed by a meagreness of imagination. This taste is chiefly manifested in his polite gibes at a brother-Capitalist, who in endeavouring to secure to himself the whole cake of a loan, has burnt his fingers. What years of joke is this? What endless stores of bon-mots after the fourth glass? How well is a date pointed by "Was it not about the time of the Hague Loan, Saunders;" or, "When you made that million by the Spanish affair?"

His politics are the wonder and sphynx's riddle to the vulgar and the uninitiated. A Capitalist, and the opponent of government? Bound to the aristocracy by wealth and connexion, and yet a decrier of the corn-laws? An advocate for the Reform Bill; and, aye, even for the Ballot? Rich and expensive: refined in taste, and fastidious as to connexions; yet the defender of mobs, and the promoter of tumultuous petitions? He bewilders the country gentlemen; he beguiles the multitude; he is an enigma: the newspaper sages are even puzzled; they know not what to predicate of him; to-day he votes for equality and cheap bread; and to-morrow for high prices and despotism. Sometimes he deeply sympathises with republican France; sometimes exults with autocratic Russia; now speaks for the Poles; now denounces the Christinos. His changes are as subtle as the weather, and as extreme.

But he is still consistent to one principle, and that is his own principal. In the abolition of the corn-laws, he descries the greater

demand for capital, and sometimes he sees the Ballot would help the question. For the other matters, the same causes may apply; and the only barometer that can index his principle, is that which affects his interest.

The Capitalist, like other individuals of the genus "*homo*," will get old: not that it is visible in the obsoleteness of his dress, or manner; for it is his great characteristic to keep in strictest measure with the times, never out-stepping or short-falling of its foremost line. But crows'-feet will start; even light hair will get lighter; legs will wither, and the trunk sink. Still he is cheerful and debonair—thanks to his temperate living, and serene disposition. But his directorships are given up; even the Bank. He takes but little interest in foreign policy, and at last a paragraph goes quickly round the papers, that he has bought the whole of Westmoreland, or the half of Yorkshire. In fact, that the Capitalist is gone,—merged in the landed proprietor.

Here we might leave him: but we have inspired ourselves, and we therefore hope our readers, with a desire to follow him to that last *change* of all, a *bourse* wherein many opposite spirits are assembled.

He thinks of a barony for himself, but varies his resolution into procuring one for his son-in-law, and so in time for his favourite grandson, a youth of great promise, and whom he still hopes he may just live to see Chancellor of the Exchequer; or, at all events, President of the Board of Trade. He only sees his first election for the East Riding of Yorkshire. He had ridden three successive days canvassing for him; and it was remarked at the time, as was acutely said afterwards, "that it was very hot." He complained of fatigue, and was carried to the sofa, and thence to his chamber, from which he was only borne, in all the blazonry of that last remnant of pomp (a rich man's funeral), to the vaults of the church he had founded in the vicinity of his new mansion. His children mourn him deeply—his son-in-law politely—his grand-children boisterously —his servants sincerely — the neighbours not at all — his fellow Capitalists respectfully—and the world garrulously.

THE WAITER.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

Two jolly gownsmen, drinking at "The Dragon," or, perhaps we had better say, at a certain hotel, in a certain street, not far from a certain square, had just emptied their third decanter.

"Waiter! bring another bottle of claret," cried one of the twain in accents not remarkable for clearness.

"Dimsdale," said his companion, "you must have no more wine; you have had too much already; you 're drunk.

"Nonsense, Compton; you know I never get drunk so soon as you. Waiter, I say! Waiter!"

"He can't hear you, the rascal. Here, waiter, you thief!"

"Yessir—yessir!"

"Bring another bottle, will you?"

"Instanter, do you hear?—and take that with you!"

"*Don't* be unpleasant, sir; thanky, sir, yessir!"

"Did n't miss your tip there, Jemes," said a brother official, as the Waiter, rubbing the part on which the pointed toe of a fashionable boot had told rather too strongly to be quite agreeable, bustled down the coffee room.

"If them gents gives you two shillin' presently, I should rather say you 'll have had two and a *kick*," said another.

"I should be a little tenacious, though, of goin' too near them next time," remarked a third.

"Gentlemen as is tipsy is often playful," said the recipient of Mr. Dimsdale's bounty. "They laughs as wins."

And accordingly the Waiter laughs. When his bodily feelings are materially outraged, he is *hurt*, of course, like other men; but he will bear any given amount of insult and abuse without minding it in the least,—so long as he is sufficiently paid. We said that the Waiter laughs; it is more correct to say that he smiles. However harassed, hurried, or hunted he may be; by what name soever he may be called; whatever may be thrown at his head, provided that it does not hit him, his countenance still beams with a placid, resigned,

THE WAITER.

Away, you rogue; dost thou not hear them call?

SHAKSPERE.

and gentle smile: a smile of satisfaction, content, and hope; of satisfaction with himself, of content with his lot, and of hope of his fee.

The individual at whom we have just taken a glance belongs, in a double sense, to the "higher circles;" for, in the first place, he attends upon the description of people so called, and, in the second, is himself a person of some rank in his own profession. Indeed, his dress avouches as much; for, were it not that his clothes do not fit him quite so well as they might do, and that he wears white cotton stockings, his decent suit of black and his white neckcloth might cause him to be taken (the expression of his face not being observed) for a young clergyman. Perhaps, as a facetious friend has suggested to us, he may conceive himself entitled to assume a clerical appearance, from the circumstance of his *taking orders*.

The complexion of the Waiter is usually such as to render him what young ladies call "interesting;" that is to say, it is very sallow. At least, it *would* make him "interesting," were his face uniformly devoid of colour; but it unfortunately happens, in a great many cases, that a transference merely—not an obliteration—of tint, is what takes place, and that the nose is enriched at the expense of the cheeks. He is generally knock-kneed; but the peculiarity by which he is especially distinguished is that, from frequently running up and down stairs, the ligaments of the sole having given way, and its arch having been consequently destroyed, his foot bears a strong resemblance to a barge, or a flat-bottomed boat. The Waiter's voice is remarkable. It has all the persuasive—or, so to speak, the saponaceous—qualities by which the accents of the linen-draper, fancy-stationer, trinket-seller, and, in short, of all those whose business it is to coax people into parting with their money, are characterised; combined with all that rapidity of utterance with which a parish doctor questions his paupers. The Waiter must keep a tongue as expeditious as it is civil in his head; and this is no very easy feat to accomplish: but, like making a bow on the tight rope, though difficult, it may be achieved by practice. It asks, however, divers grimaces and contortions of the mouth in the due performance of it; and, even if the speaker combined in his own person the knowledge of a Walker and of a Murray, would be totally incompatible with either correct pronunciation or diction.

The Waiter has great opportunities of observing human nature, and enjoys the singular advantage of very frequently surveying it at a time when men are proverbially unreserved. He needs only to be a good listener, to become a wise man. What discussions must he not have heard on manners, morals, literature, politics,

metaphysics, and theology—particularly on the three last subjects? How well, on these at least, he might learn to talk! But he has something else to think about, and something better to do; he intends to be, one day, himself landlord of an hotel; and, in the mean time, his perquisites are to be earned.

The conversation of the young gentlemen whom we left over their wine, was such, perhaps, that our waiter lost much by not attending to it; but it will be more to the present purpose to relate his own, carried on, at the farther extremity of the coffee-room, with a co-adjutor.

"Well, them young gents in No. 5 certainly enjoy their wine; that's *one* thing I know."

"Uncommon, Jemes. But what sort of gents, now, should you say they wor?"

"Why, 'Vausity, I take it, William. Arry, you're wanted—pay, No. 8.

"'Vausity! what, Stinkymalee, as they say? Can't be, surely."

"Law love you, no! Oxford or Cambridge gents; parsons, you know, as is to be."

"C'legians you mean; ah! I should n't wonder. I 'm partial to C'legians, they 're always sure to tip."

"Tip, or tipple, did you say, William?"

"He! he! he! a little bit of both, I should rather say."

"Some of 'em is peculiar pleasant when they 've got a mind. What do you think the long one hast me just now?"

"What? I can't guess."

"What I 'd take for my choker."

"Well, that *was* a question! What did you say?"

"Whatever they 'd please to give me. It 's always best to humour 'em, you know. Well, and did n't you 'ear what the short one, 'im in the cut-away, said of you?"

"No—did he though? What was it?"

"He said you was just like a Sim as he knew at 'John's.'"

"Sim! What 's a Sim? I never 'eard a Waiter called a Sim before."

"Waiter! Bless you, 't ant a Waiter; 'John's' is n't a otel; it 's one of their college places; and I fancy a Sim is some top sawyer there."

"My eye, is it? That 's a nicish young gent—that short one: he did 'nt 'urt you much just now, did he?"

"Not remarkable. A precious nice life they must lead! To hear them two talk, now, you 'd say they 'd been tipsy every night for the last week. Ah! should n't I jist like to have their time of it!"

" Don't you wish you may get it, Jemes? What! do you want to be a hangel at once, as the old man said to his wife?"

" Well, to be sure, we must take what comes. But what chaps they are to laugh! One of 'em hast what cold meat there was. Says I, ' There's some very nice cold '*am* in the '*ouse*, sir.' I don't know what there was in my sayin' that; but it seemed to amuse 'em uncommon."

" Ah! and as I was goin' by up at that end of the room when they fust come in, ' Dimsdale,' says the longest of 'em to t'other, ' why don't you wear your 'air like that 'ere?' and then the little one looks at me, and out he bustes like fun."

" Well, them sort of jokes breaks no bones. Allo! That's they callin'. Comin', sir; yessir!"

And away tripped the Waiter.

" Waiter, let us know what we have to pay."

" Paysir, yessir, directlysir, thankysir."

" Now that fellow will be an age, I suppose. What is that placard there, look, on the back of that gentleman in difficulties.

" There are two—Oh no! I see—What is it? Noble Art—Self Defence—Grand set-to! Let us go.

" Very well. Waiter, you vagabond! be quick.'

" Yessir. Sorry to keep you waitin' sir. Bill, sir?—two fifteen."

" There, take that—we've no time to stop for change; and now be off, and call a cab immediately."

" Thankysir; much obliged t' ye, sir; yessir,—directly, sir."

We have noticed the somewhat canonical style which characterises the Waiter at an hotel. In this respect, he is resembled by Waiters at inferior inns and coffee-houses, in the same proportion, perhaps, as that in which a rich rector may be by a poor curate. The Waiter, however, at an eating-house, is not always, nor indeed generally, thus attired. His neckcloth may be a black one; he may wear a blue coat with brass buttons; or he may be equipped in a striped linen jacket, either of an ordinary make, or of that species sometimes denominated a " duck-hunter." His style and manners, too, are peculiar; and his abbreviations, modifications of grammar, and technical terms, are more numerous than those of any other Waiter. He has also that which, were there any music in it, might be called a tune for all that he has occasion to say in the way of business, either when he is calling to the cook below, reciting the bill of fare, or enumerating the liabilities of a customer. The manner in which he cries,—Roce-

beefantatoes," "Bilemutnancapesauce," "Aplpudn," or "Rububpie," is as definite, if not quite so melodious (though there may be more opinions than one on this point), as the song of a bird. All this is owing to his desire to supply as many people as possible with their dinners in as short as possible a time, and to carry out the principle, not always so successfully acted on, of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

May we be permitted to observe, by the way, that "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" is precisely that which the Eating House Waiter, aided by the cook, butcher, and baker, is so instrumental in enabling us to enjoy?

"Waiter, I ordered some roast pig an hour ago." "Coming up, sir, d'rectly sir. John, hurry that pig! Porter for you, sir? In *one* minute, sir. "'Erald," did you say, sir? here's "The Times." What d'you please to take, sir?"

"What have you got?"

"Jugdare, sir, jist up—aunchamut'n—breastavealanoystus, very nice—curry fowl, sir—rocegoose—leg a lamb an' sparags." Having thus said, the Waiter begins rubbing the table-cloth with his napkin.

"Hum! I'll take some jugged hare."

"Jugdare, sir. Yessir. Any vegetable, sir?"

"Potatoes."

"'Tatoes, sir?" Yessir." Hereupon, he bellows down a pipe "Jugdare antatoes!" at the top of his voice.

"Waiter, bring me a pint of ale."

"Hale, sir? Yessir. Burton or Kennet, sir? Burton, sir. Yessir, in *one* moment, sir."

"Waiter! Hallo! Here! What's to pay?"

"Yessir. Vealanam-eight, 'tates-one, one bread, goozpie-four, cheese and afpinetale. One-and-five, sir. Thankysir."

The remuneration of the Eating House Waiter, though based on the voluntary system, is yet a fixed one, like a physician's fee. His honorarium is the moderate sum of one penny. He has frequently a help (we use the word in its American sense) in the shape of a damsel, who has sometimes no mean pretensions to personal charms; on which account she is appointed to preside over a separate room, whither it generally happens that a number of young men connected with the hospitals repair; and where also one or two old gentlemen turned of seventy, are very often to be seen.

At a chop-house, properly so called, the Waiter, again, is a distinct personage. His dress is not so strictly professional as

that of the rest of his brethren, and he differs, moreover, from the generality of them, in not being so intolerably civil as they are, and also, in many instances, in being a very honest fellow. chop-houses, old established ones at least, have certain daily frequenters, with all of whose faces, and with some of whose names, the Waiter is perfectly acquainted, and to whom he is himself equally well known: so familiarly, in fact, that they always call him by his Christian name, Tom, George, or Ben, as the case may be. The business of these places being conducted on a systematic plan, from which no deviation is ever made, the Waiter has nothing more to do than to go through his customary routine of duties, assured, by the continued patronage of the same persons, that he gives universal satisfaction, and under no fear whatever of not obtaining his gratuity, or, in vernacular language, of "missing his tip." On such easy terms is he with his visitors, that it is not at all an uncommon thing to hear one of them entering the room, exchange sentiments with him concerning the weather, or on the agricultural, or even political state of the country; or answer his inquiries respecting some former guest. And then the order is given, and "Cook two mutton down together," "One rump-steak—thoroughly done," or "Two pork—to follow one another," shouted by the Waiter, either to the upper or nether regions, secures its speedy execution.

There are certain taverns in London, chiefly in the neighbourhood of the large theatres, well known to most young men as places where, after the play, a tolerably cheap supper may be expeditiously obtained. At these, also, the Waiter is commonly invoked by the name which his godfathers and godmothers (if he ever had any) bestowed on him. To be sure, he is pretty well known to not a few of his patrons; but the familiarity with which he is addressed by some of them, arises from a different cause; many of the younger sort esteeming it fine and manly to do or say anything whereby it may appear that they are frequently out at night, and, by the same token, no longer subject to controul. Perhaps, too, they feel, if not some degree of regard for the Waiter, some admiration, at least, for his bustling, off-hand, and independent manner, of which their own, in society, is sometimes not a bad imitation. From him and his fellows, moreover, they acquire divers additions to their vocabulary, their knowledge of which they take good care to evince on all convenient occasions. But as they learn something from the Waiter, so the Waiter learns something from them. A slight alteration (if we may take so great a liberty with the words of Shakspere) will render

what Falstaff says of Justice Shallow and his servants exactly in point:—"They, by observing him, do bear themselves like waiter-like clerks; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a clerk-like waiter." Sometimes, he is even a more decent-looking fellow than they; and we have seen one individual of this class, who, by the orderly arrangement of his exterior, composed and leisurely voice, and serious and tranquil physiognomy, might really, not being engaged in the performance of his official duties, be supposed to be a member of one of the learned professions. This Waiter, however, is a distinct being, the qualities by which he is marked are peculiarly his own: it is very evident that he is a Waiter who thinks for himself, and highly probable that he is an educated Waiter. He must surely have been brought up at an academy—and one, too, conducted on the principle of the school advertised some time ago, in a provincial paper, where instruction in the art of behaviour was made an extra charge, the terms of the gymnasium being thus stated: "A new school tuppuns a weke, and them as larns manners pays tuppuns more." We do not mean to insinuate that he paid so small a sum as "tuppuns;" on the contrary, it is quite clear that he has been indoctrinated in a first-rate, and, therefore, an expensive style. The way in which he responds to the demand of "Waiter, what's to pay?" is a thing worth observing. He speaks, unlike all other Waiters, in a low, and measured tone, and in an extremely *confidential* manner; his body, supported by means of the knuckles of one of his hands on the table, slightly inclining towards the person he is addressing; and his other hand, the arm being bent at right angles, resting on his hip.

"Pay, did you say, sir? Ye-a-s, sir. What have you 'ad?" We feel confident that no Waiter could say *h*ad.

"Let me see—why" (gentlemen who have taken sundry pints of stout, and glasses of grog, often find their recollection a little foggy) "why, I've had a pint of stout."

"Ye-a-a-a-s, sir."

"Pint o'stout—Welch rare-bit,"—

"Welch rare-bit; ye-a-a-a-s, sir."

"Welch rare-bit; two poached eggs."

"Ye-a-a-a-s, sir. Whiskey, sir?"

"Whiskey? eh?—yes—no—gin; two goes o'gin."—

"Any cigars, sir?"

"Cigars? oh, ah! yes, two cigars."

"Ye-a-a-s, sir. Pint of stout, five; Welch rare-bit, seven—twelve;—two poached eggs, eight—one and eight;—two goes of

gin, and two cigars, fourteen—two and ten. Two and ten, sir. Thank you, sir; much obliged to you, sir. Wish you a good evening, sir."

Waiters at these taverns usually go through the process of calculation, continually turning their heads about, and looking alternately over each shoulder, apparently with the object of preventing any unscrupulous gentleman from making a clandestine retreat without paying his shot.

The Waiter at a "Free-and-Easy," or a place where "Harmonic Meetings" are held, looks, in general, like a great scamp; and is, most probably, what he appears to be. He is always dirty and uncombed, and, not unfrequently, impudent. His business, in addition to receiving and executing the commands of those present, is to run about, in the intervals between the songs, with a large tray, on which certain small measures, containing alcohol in various forms are disposed, crying,—"Gentlemen, give your orders; give your orders, gentlemen; whiskey, brandy, gin, and rum—rum, gin, brandy, whiskey. Brandy, sir—whiskey, sir—gin, sir—rum, sir; rum, whiskey, brandy, gin; give your orders, gentlemen; gentlemen, give your orders."

"Now, then, waiters, look alive there!" cries the *máitre d'hôtel*, and Coryphæus of the songsters.

"Fried-'am-an'-eggs for you, sir?" "Sassages, did that gentleman say? Sassages is all gone, sir." "Go-' whiskey, for you? This here is whiskey." "Tripe, sir? Yessir." "Dozen 'icecters? —in one minute. Not done, sir—sorry for it, sir." "Go-'rum, did you say?—go-'rum, sir."

"Order, order! Silence, waiters. Gentlemen, if you please, I 'll sing a song.

* * * * *

"Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed lawless fellow,
Once feared, now forgot, sleeps in peace wi-i-i-ith the dead!"

"Now, then, Waiter, bring that gentleman's kidneys. Chop and shalots for the gentleman oppo-*site*. Look alive there—be brisk!"

"Kidneys for you, sir? Copy of the song just sung, gentlemen—copy of the song; celebrated song, sir—thanky, sir. Song, gentlemen, song; orders, gentlemen, orders—gentlemen, give your orders!"

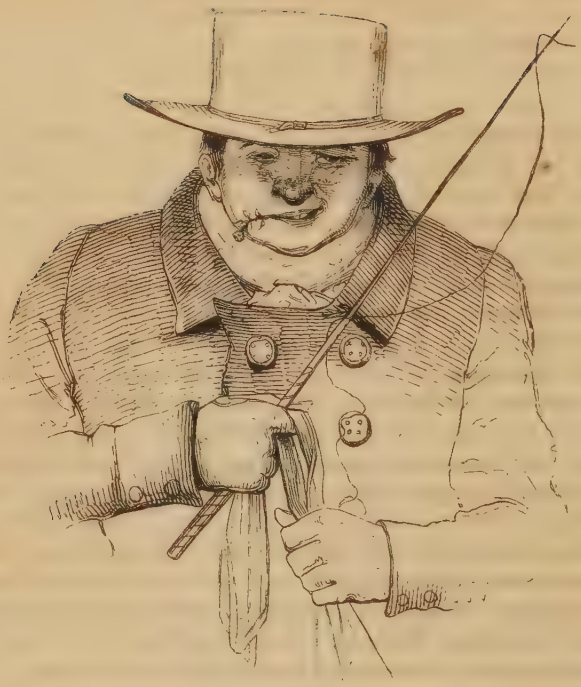
There may, perhaps, be some other Waiters, who may be arranged in separate classes; but it appears to us, that the above are all those whom it is worth while to particularise.

We understand that the gains of a Waiter at a good coffee-house or hotel, are very considerable; insomuch, that some of them are enabled to keep their gig, or buggy, and indulge occasionally, on a holiday, with their wives and families, in the delights of a Cockney excursion. That a very considerable number are in a thriving state, is apparent from the fact, that the generality of the younger ones are in a fair way to be married; that is to say, if we may judge from the flattened curl which adorns the forehead of so many of them; and which, we believe, is denominated a love-lock. Of the domestic habits and manners of the Waiter, there is not much to be said, as he does not get home till late at night, and is obliged to be stirring with the lark in the morning. Whether, therefore, he beats his wife, for instance, or loves and cherishes her, it is not easy to decide: the probability is, that being very tired, he neither does the one nor the other.

Of the principles and opinions of the Waiter, it may, perhaps, be expected that we should speak; but it is our conviction that he has none; for although, as we before remarked, he must necessarily hear a great many good things in the course of his life, whatever enters at one of his ears escapes very speedily at the other.

We believe, however, that the Waiter has some literary taste, though not of a very refined description; because we have often observed him, even when the daily papers belonging to the coffee-room have been disengaged, attentively perusing certain publications illustrated with clumsy wood-cuts, to be seen in divers small cigar and snuff-shops in the environs of town. We imagine that he is a considerable patron, in his way, of the unstamped press. It is, moreover, remarkable that, wanting an hour's amusement, and not being inclined to stir out (supposing yourself to be staying at an inn), if you ask the Waiter to bring you some book, he is sure to produce the "Terrific Register," the "Newgate Calendar," "God's Revenge against Murder," or some such interesting compilation.

Having thus concluded our sketch of the Waiter, we shall only observe, that should any alteration for the better, in the tie of the neckcloth, the cut of the coat, the style of the hair, the gait, manners, morals, or pronunciation of his fraternity, take place in consequence of our labours, we shall feel, in no ordinary degree, the emotions of pride and satisfaction; of pride at the attainment of our end, and of satisfaction in the indulgence of our philanthropy.



THE COACHMAN.

He will bear you easily, and reins well.

Twelfth Night

THE COACHMAN AND THE GUARD.

BY NIMROD.

Whoever doubts the importance of a Coachman's calling, admits that he has not looked much into books. There is none more classical; few have been considered more honourable; in fact, we should write our inkstand dry were we to enumerate a tithe of the honours paid to those who have distinguished themselves in the management of the reins and the whip. One of the finest passages in Virgil, and one in which he is thought to have excelled Homer when alluding to this subject, is his description of a skilful charioteer, in which he is said by one of his critics to mount the soul of the reader, as it were, on the box with him, and whirl him along in the race. Then when Æneas takes up Pindarus into his chariot, to go against Diomed, he compliments him with the choice either to fight or manage the reins. Nor is the answer of the hero less worthy of remark: he tells Æneas that it would be better that he should drive his own horses, lest by not feeling their proper master's hand, they might become unruly, and bring them into danger. That men of high quality were thus employed is evident from the mention by Homer of the skill of his heroes in the driving art. Both Hector and Nestor are represented as great in the art; and after the manner of the former, the father of Hercules, although he is said to have left other exercises to masters, was himself his instructor in the management of horses in harness. Again; Theocritus assigns the celebrated charioteer Amphitrion, as the tutor to his own son, on the box, as a matter of the greatest consequence:—

> To drive the chariot, and with steady skill,
> To turn, and yet not break, the bending wheel,
> Amphitrion kindly did instruct his son:—
> Great in the art, for he himself had won
> Vast precious prizes on the Argive plains;
> And still the chariot which he drove remains,
> Unhurt in th' course, though time has broke the falling reins.

But independently of poetical associations, the Coachman is illustrious from his connexion with classical lore. The car of Cuchullin is magnificently described by Ossian, even the horses' names being given. Pelops is immortalised by the first of Grecian bards, for his ability to drive at the rate of fourteen miles in the hour; and the story of the ivory arm is but a metaphorical illustration of the merits of his punishing whip hand, when contending for a wager with a royal brother whip. In addition to all this, the Coachman is celebrated for the morality with which his name is associated:—"All the world 's a stage!" says Shakspere.

So much for the honour of the ancient charioteer. Neither is there anything like "small potatoes" in the character and demeanour of the modern Coachman. He is not only, next to his master, the greatest man in the inn yard, but there are times when his word of command is quite as absolute as was that of Wellington at Waterloo. For example:—who dares to disobey the summons of "Now, gentlemen, if you please," given as he walks out of a small road-side house, on a winter's night, into which himself and passengers have just stepped to wet their whistles, whilst the horses are being changed? Then see him enter a country town—"the swell dragsman;" or what Prior calls:

——"the youthful, handsome charioteer,
Firm in his seat, and running his career;"—

why, every young woman's eyes are directed towards him; and not a few of the old ones as well. But can we wonder at it? How neatly, how appropriately to his calling, is he generally attired! How healthy he looks! What an expressive smile he bestows upon some prettier lass than common; partly on his own account, and partly that his passengers may perceive he is thus favoured by the fair sex. But in truth, road Coachmen are general favourites with womankind. It may be, perhaps, that in the tenderness of their nature, they consider their occupation to be a dangerous one, and on the long-established principle, that "none but the brave deserve the fair," they come next to the soldier in female estimation, amongst a certain class.

But how manifold are the associations connected with a road Coachman's calling? The great source and principle of human happiness, in a worldly sense, is *novelty;* and who can indulge in this equally with the traveller. To spend our lives with one set of unchanging objects, would afford no variety of sensations, images, or ideas; all around us, indeed, would soon have the

sameness of a cell; whereas, to the traveller every fresh scene is a picture, and every object affords food for a contemplative mind. In fact, the benefits of travelling are innumerable: it liberalises the mind, and enlarges the sphere of observation by comparison; dispels local prejudices, short-sightedness, and caprice; and has always been considered essential to the character of an accomplished gentleman. How delightful is it, then, to live in a country in which, as in England, travelling is so perfect, and can be occasionally indulged in with comfort, by all classes of the community. We are denied a passage through the air; but who can wish for anything of this nature beyond being conveyed at the rate of ten miles in the hour, on a road nearly as hard and as smooth as a barn floor, and by horses that appear to be but playing with their work? Then the extraordinary, the unique comfort of an English road-side inn! There is nothing like it in all the world besides; and since first we read of our Harry the Fifth's revellings with Falstaff, and the merry men of Eastcheap, at the sign of "The Boar's Head," we have always had a penchant for those temples of jollities and comfort—English inns. Next, a modern stage coach!—what a pretty specimen of mechanism reduced to practical usefulness and comfort does it exhibit; and how lamentable is it that it should be about to be put aside, to make room for that "nasty, wheezin', crackin', gaspin', puffin', bustin' monster"—as Master Humphrey calls it—the steam-engine and its appurtenances, with which England is now cursed; and this, perhaps, for the rest of her existence as a country, to the utter extinction of her pastoral character, heretofore her most beautiful and distinguishing feature! Then, again, the really classically dressed healthy-looking Coachmen and Guards, metamorphosed into smoke-dried stokers, and greasy engineers; their passengers conveyed through the country like thieves, amidst hosts of police-officers and constables, and locked up in vans, as if on their road to Newgate; and all this with the chance of being blown up into the clouds, or decapitated on the spot!

Quitting this disgusting scene, let us revert to the once boasted heroes of the road; and looking at the "HEADS" that are presented to us, endeavour to illustrate the originals. According to the rule of *seniores priores*, we will commence with the "old ones"—the old fashioned Coachman of former days; and we know not how we can better develope his character and calling, than by letting him at once speak for himself. We will, then, introduce him in conversation with his box-passenger, on his first start from a country town, a hundred and fifty miles west of the metropolis.

But, reader, observe this:—no Coachmen of the old school, nor many of the new, say a word to their passengers for the first two miles of the journey. They have sundry important matters to occupy, if not monoplise, their ideas for the time. There is the way-bill; the parcels to be dropped on the road; the state of the horses since their last journey; a calculation of their own lawful receipts, together with how much may be added to them by the help of the short pocket; and sundry other affairs which concern only themselves. Let us, however, suppose the ice to be broken, and after a slight survey of his person, imagine our Jehu of the old school, thus addressing his fellow-traveller:—

Coachman.—Booked through, sir?

Passenger.—Yes.

C. Nice day for your journey, and you 'll find this a good coach.

P. Not very fast.

C. If she aint fast, she aint slow; and though she loads heavy, she keeps her time. You 'll be in Lunnun to-morrow morning, sir, as the clock hits nine.

P. A good coach for Coachman and Guard, I 'll be bound.

C. No great things, sir. We does contrive to make tongue and buckle meet, as the saying is, and that 's all; although I have been a Coachman thirty years come next May, I am worth next to nothing. Then, to be sure I 've had a heavy family, and if it was n't for the help of the short pocket now and then, I know not what would have 'come on us.

P. Short pocket!

C. Some calls it shouldering, sir.

P. Oh, I understand you; you mean occasionally putting some money into your own pockets, instead of into your employer's?

C. Why, to be sure, sir; I can't say but it is a bit wrong, but a Coachman's place is no 'heritance, and there aint half-a-dozen in England as does n't do it, and very few proprietors as does n't know it.

P. And will they stand it?

C. Not all on 'em, sir; nor some passengers wont if they knows it. For instance:—the last journey but one, I axed a passenger who sat behind me on the roof, if he would walk on a little way on the road, while I changed horses, and he said he would. At last, he asked me *why?* "Why, sir," said I, "I means *to swallow you this morning.*" "Swallow me!" said he, "what do you mean?" On my telling him I meant to put his fare (it was but a trifle, as he warnt going very far, nor warnt

on the bill) into my own pocket, he said, he should do no sich thing. Now, says I to myself, what sort of a chap can this be? And who do you think he was? Why a Methodist parson! Blow me, says I to the Guard, but I did n't think there was as much honesty in all the Methodist parsons in the world.

P. Then all proprietors will not stand shouldering?

C. No, sir. I lost a sarvice by only shouldering a soldier two stages, and made it a rule never to shoulder another of that sort of live lumber. A proprietor can see 'em a mile off by the colour of their coat, and the feathers in their cap.

P. Well, it was no feather in your cap?

C. No, nor out of it, for the coach was no great things, and I've been on this ever since.

P. Driving must be a healthy occupation, and as you say you have been a Coachman nearly thirty years, you prove it to be such, for you look hale and hearty.

C. No doubt but it 's healthy, sir; that is to say, provided a man takes his natural rest, and keeps the right hand down. For my own part, I never lay rest a score journeys in my life, except when I broke this here leg, and had my hand frost-bitten.

P. What do you mean by keeping the right hand down?

C. Why, you know, sir (*smiling*), we takes the glass in the right hand; what I means is, not to take too much liquor.

P. What do you call too much liquor?

C. Why, sir, d' ye see, we stands in need, and especially o'er this high and cold ground, of something comfortable to keep out the weather. For my own part, I never called myself much of a drinker; but what curious notions some persons have about what a man like me should drink.

P. You rather might say, what a man like you does drink, or *ought* to drink.

C. Well, sir, have it that way if you like: a few journeys back, I had a doctor on the box along with me, and he would have it that hot rum-and-water—and that 's the liquor I always takes on the road—is poison.

P. Poison!

C. Yes, sir, downright poison; so much so, he said, he was quite sure that two glasses every day would kill a man in three years.

P. And what did you say to that remark?

C. Why, you know, sir, it warnt for me to contradict a doctor; but I made bold to ask him, what sort of stuff he thought I must be made of, for, said I, I have drunk no less than six

every day, on the road, for the last nineteen years, besides what I takes with my dinner and supper, and something comfortable with my pipe at night; and I don't know now, whether the 'Surance Office people would n't have my life before the doctor's, for he looks as white in the face as my near leader does.

P. You must meet with all sorts of people in your daily vocation.

C. Yes, and of all sizes too; I consider myself no small weight; but I had a gentleman alongside me on the box a few journeys back, that made me look like a shrimp. I axed him what he weighed, and he said, six-and-twenty stone *on the weigh-bridge*—for no scales would hold him.

P. Now what description of passengers pay you best?

C. Why, sir, next to a drunken sailor, just paid off, there is nothing like Eton schoolboys, and Oxford gentlemen. You see, sir, when they leaves school, or the 'Varsity, they are very happy at the thoughts of getting away from the big wigs, and their books; and when they returns, they are full of money, and do n't think much of a few shillings?

P. But the drunken sailor.

C. Pardon me, sir; I do n't mean to say, all sailors are drunkards, but I mean to say this, there 's nothing, in our line, comes near a sailor, a *little sprung*, with money in his pocket. When I drove the old "Liverpool Marcury," commonly called on the road (saving your presence), the "Lousy Liverpool," I have sacked two pounds on a journey for weeks together, in the time of war; and the landlord of the inn at which the coach stopped to breakfast has been heard to say, it was worth five hundred a-year to him.

P. How could that be?

C. How, sir? Why, Jack, you see, could never eat nothing at that time in the morning; but calling for something to drink for himself and messmates, would chuck down half-a-guinea, saying he never took no change.

P. And how came you to lose such a coach as that?

C. Aye, that 's the job, sir. I told you before our place is no 'heritance; we had a bad mishap; we had four horses and three passengers all drowned at one go.

P. And was you the cause of it?

C. Worse luck, I was.

P. Drunk, I fear?

C. No, sir, I warnt drunk, nor warnt sober. I wos what we calls stale drunk; the liquor wos a dying in me, like; but that warnt the cause. It wos a terrible foggy night; we had a

terrible awkward bridge to go over; and as bad luck would have it—we were shocking badly horsed in that coach—every one of the team that night was blind. Now what could be expected in such a case as this, with only one eye among us, and that one wos mine? I missed the bridge; into the river we went, drowning all the horses, and three drunken sailors asleep, in the inside. Of course, I got the sack.

P. And what are your worst payers?

C. Why, God bless them, sir—for I loves them to my very heart for all that, and have had two heavy families by two wives—women are the worst, and parsons next. Many a woman thinks she behaves handsome, if she gives a Coachman sixpence for driving her fifty miles, and helping her to swear that her child aint seven years old, when she knows it is eight, and ought to pay full fare; and as to parsons, you might as well expect to squeeze blood out of turnips, as more than a shilling out of them, especially those who have their hats turned up behind, and a bit of a rose in front, like that at the side of our coach-horse's bridle-fronts. But I sarved one of them out some years back. I happened to swear twice on the journey, when he made that an excuse for not giving me anything. Well, sir, when I sets him down at his house, he wanted his carpet bag; and also a heavy trunk that was in the roof: "You shall have your carpet-bag, sir," said I; "but as *you* have done your duty, I must do *mine*. I shall take your trunk to the office, and you will have seven-and-sixpence to pay for it." If he had given me something, you see, he would have had nothing to pay for his trunk.

P. I am at a loss to know how you distinguish your horses, when you have occasion to speak of them to the various horse-keepers on the road.

C. You see, sir, some on 'em are named by us, and others by the horse-keepers. For example:—this here near-wheeler wos christened Alderman in the stable, because he is such a devil to eat; and his partner, I calls Lawyer, because he wont do nothing without being well paid for it, and as little as he can help, then. In short, he is a shifty-rascal, and no more minds the whip than a lobster does a flea-bite.

P. And what do you call your present leaders?

C. Why, sir, I christened them both myself. The little bay horse on the near side, I calls Barleycorn, because he was bought of a publican, who brews the best ale on this road; and his partner, the grey mare, Virago.

P. Why Virago?

C. Well; to tell you the plain truth, sir, she is much like my first wife; God rest her soul, she warnt a bad kind of woman neither; but terrible violent if put out. And that 's the case with that there mare. If I was to hit her two or three times, smartly, under the bars—not that I am a-going to insinuvate that my poor missis and I ever came to blows—she would n't be herself again for all the rest of the stage. Then again you see, she wears something like a shade before her eyes, what we calls a mope, and this because she 's apt to be what we calls megrimy.

P. What do you mean?

C. Why, if she runs with the sun in her face, she is apt to be taken with the megrims, and then she 's down on her back in a crack, if not pulled up.

P. Has that anything to do with temper?

C. I should n't wonder if it has, for the neighbours used to say, my wife was very full of megrims, and I see no reason why it should n't be the same case with horses.

P. From what does it proceed?

C. I can't say exactly; but our farrier says it has something to do with the head. Now if I was to give my opinion, it comes from the head in horses, and from the heart in women; but both are apt to be queer in their temper, and difficult to handle, so as always to keep them in the straight road. Both, you know, sir, are given to bolt at times, and now and then to kick over a trace, or jump over the pole; not that I am a-going to insinuvate that my first missis ever went so far as this, at least, not to my knowledge.

P. But, Coachman, I fear your trade will soon be over; they tell me we are to have steam-carriages on the road as well as elsewhere.

C. Oh, sir, that wont be in my time nor yours; the Guard tells me, though, that our Lunnun man has heen talking about them.

P. Who do you mean by your London man?

C. Him who drives over the upper ground into Lunnun. These Lunnun men, you see, sir, knows a many things that we down in the country knows nothing about.

P. Was you never in London.

C. Never could reach it, sir; never could get beyond the middle ground. It aint on account of Coachmanship, for I would n't turn my back to any man in England, in our line, and that our proprietors knows, or I should n't have been on this coach for the last nineteen years; the stock speaks for that; but the truth is, we country Coachmen arnt thought quite 'cute enough to bring a coach—especially a night coach—in and out of Lunnun: so many

thieves, you know. A brother of mine, who druv the Holyhead mail through Wales, where a man aint hanged above once in fifty years, was done brown the first week he druv a coach into Lunnun: a man comes up to him in Piccadilly, with fine lace on his hat, and says,—"Now, Coachman, *be alive;* my master's luggage; there it is, that ere carpet bag;" so, taking the first that was handed down to him, *off* he goes with it; and of course, before night, my brother was *off* the coach. Then they tells me, some of them Lunnun Coachmen are quite like gentlemen, and able to talk with gentlemen on any matter, and in any language. Our Lunnun man, indeed, the passengers tells me, speaks Greek and Latin, and that which the Jews talks, as well. But for my part, I thinks some of those fine Lunnun Coachmen are a little above their situvation; not but what I would have every man, in our line, keep himself respectable. Indeed, I could not help saying to our Guard, t' other day, when he told me he met one of what they calls the "swell-dragsmen" out of Lunnun, at work in kid gloves, and with a bunch of curls sticking out on the off-side of his hat, that I should like to put a twitch on his nose, and trim him about the head, as we do a horse. I 'd put the dog-skins on him, too; what real Coachman ever druv in anything but dog-skin gloves? It 's coming it too strong, sir. Then our Guard told me another queer go. He said, an old fellow-servant of mine had given notice to quit his place at the end of the month, and what do you think this place is? Why no less than thirty miles in and out of Lunnun, two coaches in twenty-four hours, and all night-work! Why, I reckon the blockhead wants a place in the House of Commons.

P. I think your friend is somewhat unreasonable; but I do n't understand one expression of yours. You speak of "night-work," as a recommendation.

C. Nothing like "night-work," sir, for a Coachman. Proprietors snug in bed arter a certain hour; always something to be picked up on such a road as his.

P. But you must suffer in cold weather?

C. Can't say we does n't, sir. I 've had my box-coat so froze that it could not be unbuttoned; actually obliged to have the buttons cut off before I could get out of it, and then it would stand up for all the world as stiff as if I had been in it. Then meeting a storm of hail—sore work for the eyes, because, you see, sir, we are obliged to raise the eyelid, or we can't——

P. I do n't comprehend you.

C. Why, sir, if you 'll try, you will find that, though you can

see the wheel-horses, and half way along the leaders' backs, with your eyelids down, and your head in its natural place, you can't see their heads, still less the road before them, unless you raise your eyelids, and then you expose your eyes to the storm. I have had a pellet of hail strike my one good eye, ready to knock it out of the socket, and what a pretty go would that have been.

P. Well, driving and guarding a coach through a winter's night, or even a winter's day, must be punishing work, and doubtless attended with no small degree of danger. It is on this consideration that I always feel disposed to reward Coachmen and Guards well; here are three shillings for yourself, and I shall pay the Guard where we leave him.

C. Much obliged to you, sir; I shall drink your health after my dinner, with my usual toast.

P. Pray what may be your usual toast?

C. "As we travel through life, may we live on the road."

P. (*to himself*). *Dum vivimus, vivamus;* and very well translated.

At the next change, a different sort of person gets on the box, commonly called, when, as in this case, there are three Coachmen on the whole length of ground, "the middle-ground man." He is generally a cut above "the lower-ground man;" not so provincial in manner or language; in other words, a smarter and more wide-awake looking person altogether. By way of correctly illustrating him, we must continue the dialogical style.

Coachman.—Charming day, sir; anything new down the road?

Passenger.—Not that I am aware of. That fellow-servant of yours, we have just left behind, is a droll hand; but I wish he were not so fond of galloping his horses, and flogging them.

C. A capital coachman, sir; but of the old school; been used to weak horses and heavy loads, in former times, so can't keep his right hand still ("Nor *down* neither," said the passenger to himself). A terrible hard hitter: can almost lift a leader off the ground, as we say, with the point of the thong, and the draw.

P. But, surely, he was not used to gallopping in former days?

C. No, sir; neither need he to gallop now if he could persuade himself to pass by a public-house without calling; but he can't do that for the life of him. He 's then obliged to gallop to fetch up the time he loses in taking "his allowance," as he calls it, and chattering to the mistress of the house, or the landlord; but there is no necessity for gallopping on this coach, although she is rated at ten miles an hour. You 'll see no horse of mine gallop, except just at the bottom of a hill, with another in the face of it, which

gives the horses a bit of a lift, by keeping the coach alive ("the *vis vivida*," muttered the passenger); and as to whipping, a knot of Nottingham cord lasts me a twelvemonth. I don't use my horses to whipping; and though I don't pretend to be as good a Coachman as old Joe Randles, or One-eyed Joe, as we call him, I can coax my horses over their ground, and keep time, without all that whipping. You may whip horses till they wont go any pace without it; and after all, why punish poor dumb animals, who hav n't the power to complain, if you can do what you want, without it? That off-leader, for example:—she has been in this coach eleven years: well, for the first six miles, she is as good as she ever was; in fact, she *will have* the bar; but she drops off the last four. In fact, there aint much left in her besides her good heart, and a man must be a brute to whip that out of her.

P. I suppose you oftentimes find similar cases to her's in coach-horses.

C. Yes; and if all Coachmen would give it consideration, we should hear of fewer accidents than we do. For instance:—many wheel-horses will take a coach down a hill without skidding, at the beginning of a stage, and then Coachmen expect they can do the same at the end of it. But the case is altered. They are then often much distressed for wind and power,—consequently, weak; and thus accidents happen by the coach getting the better of them.

P. One-eyed Joe, as you call him, has been a hard drinker in his time, I have reason to believe.

C. Almost all Coachmen of the old school drink more than they should, but it is all over now with drinking on the road. A glass of sherry, and a biscuit, is all I take over my ground; and I believe our London Coachman only eats an apple.

P. A great improvement; but our friend, One-eyed Joe, wont hear of improvements, or, I rather had said, innovations. He wont believe that we shall ever see steam-coaches on the road.

C. Neither will I, sir: I have seen one of those unsightly objects at work, and am of opinion that not only will the machinery be constantly liable to be out of order, but I doubt much whether the wheels have sufficient bite of the ground to prevent their turning round without moving the carriage forward, particularly on hills, and when the road is glazed by ice. Joe says, he wishes the man who invented steam had been smothered in the birth, and I am also of his opinion, for they tell me, travelling by steam on rail-roads, will soon become general, and then it is all over with coaching, unless here and there, on some cross-roads, with those dangerous things called light pair-horse coaches.

P. Most the pity; now it is brought to such perfection; and the Coachmen, what will they do?

C. God only knows, sir. What is such a man as One-eyed Joe good for, off his box? He can just read well enough to make out what is on his way-bill, but as for writing, you never beheld such a scratch; and how can it be otherwise, for his fingers are nearly as thick as a horse's leg. Indeed, he says himself, that he hopes, when he is taken off the box, that he may at once be booked by the down mail.

P. That is talking rather lightly, Coachman. I would advice One-eyed Joe to ask for a little time to make up his account in another way; in other words, to make reparation, or supplicate forgiveness, for all he has put into the "short pocket." But I feel for proprietors of inns and publicans on the roads, who have embarked their capital, as well as for Coachmen and Guards, should steam conveyance for travellers become general. Thousands of hearts will be broken, and should it not eventually turn out to the country's benefit, the experiment will have been made at a great price. Rely upon this, it may be resorted to from necessity, other modes being done away with; but it will never be a favourite conveyance with Englishmen; a bad substitute for the well-appointed English stage coach, in, and about which, as Mr. Cobbet so forcibly expressed himself, you might see nearly the whole population of a village, carried away at the rate of nine miles in the hour, and as safe as when they were in their beds. For my own part, although I am no Coachman beyond driving a gig, I am fond of everything that belongs to what you call the road, and I wish to ask you a few questions.

C. Beg pardon, sir, but your mention of a gig puts me in mind of a good story a young Oxford gentleman told me the other day. He persuaded his uncle to take a drive with him in his gig, assuring him his was the quietest horse alive. Well, the old boy gets in, and he had n't been in long, before he told his nephew that he paid him a great compliment by trusting his person in his gig, as it was only the third time he had ever been in one in all his life. "Oh," said the young one, "my horse beats you by chalks; he was never in one till to-day." I need hardly tell you, the old one was soon out of the gig. But, sir, those gigs are terrible dangerous things; and strange to say, a road Coachman scarce ever gets into one that something do n't happen. I know of four that were killed by being thrown out of them,—the famous Dick Vaughan, or H—ll-fired Dick, as the Cambridge scholars christened him, of the number. Give me four wheels, and then you have a chance for your life, if a horse falls, or sets a-kicking. But I will now hear your questions, and answer them to the best of my power.

P. What do you consider the best kind of a horse for what you call road-work?

C. Your question is answered in a few words, sir. Plenty of substance, on short legs, with free action, and a close worker. A horse without substance is of little use in our coach, because horses draw by their weight, and not by the force of their muscles, although it is the force of the muscles that puts that weight into motion. He should, therefore, have good wind, for wind in a horse is strength.

P. How do you know when a horse is a close worker?

C. By looking at him closely.

P. Exactly so, I understand you; there is an increased tension of the frame when a horse exerts his powers in draught. But how do you manage to drive blind leaders, and to make those that see, face all weathers?

C. We should not keep time as we do keep it, if it was not that a coach-horse is always running home, that is to say, his home is at each end of his stage. As for blind horses, they soon know every yard of the ground they run over, and will stop to within three paces of where they are accustomed to stop. How they measure the ground, is more than I, or any other man, can say; and I am quite sure no human being could do the same thing; and as for blind horses in harness, some of them are delightful to drive, when running up to their bits, as they generally do, to avail themselves of their driver's hand.

P. I observe your horses are not poled up so tightly as those of your fellow-servant.

C. It punishes horses to pole them up short; but it must be done if they are made to gallop, because long pole chains cause the coach to roll. A man must have a very fine finger to gallop his coach with long pole-chains, and few Coachmen of the old school are blessed with a light finger.

P. As you appear to be an observer of circumstances, let me ask you what you consider the best material for roads, with reference to the draught of horses?

C. Why, you will hardly believe me when I tell you, that on good pavement, the draught is not more than a third of what it is on loose gravel, nor more than half what it is on a broken stone surface, after M'Adam's plan.

P. You spoke just now of "the draw," in allusion to the whip, when applied to a leader.

C. I did, sir, but it may be difficult to explain what is meant by that word. It signifies the mere act of a Coachman throwing out the point of his thong, so that on its return it invariably comes

back across his breast to his hand, and never hangs in the bars or the pole-chains. They tell me that nowhere but in Great Britain is there any neatness, still less science, displayed in the use of a four-horse whip by Coachmen. On the continent, I am told the whips used are similar to those with which Irishmen drive their pigs, when they come over to this country in droves. The manufacture of four-horse whips, in England, is now arrived at great perfection, and affords employment to many hundreds of persons. On the continent, a stick cut from a hedge or copse, and a slip of what is called whit-leather, are all that are considered necessary for a four-horse whip.

Our traveller again changes the scene—we rather had said, his companion. We have now not merely the "Lunnun man," as One-eyed Joe calls him, but the modern Coachman of the very first class, who is at once recognised as such by the respect paid to him by his horse-keepers, the high polish of his harness, the superior condition of his horses, and the dress and address of the man. We will at once start him on his journey, and having taken a slight survey of his passenger, suppose him thus to open the ball.

Coachman.—I hope you have had a pleasant journey, sir; found the coach what it ought to be, and likewise the Coachmen.

Passenger.—Quite so. I do not profess to be much of a judge of Coachmen, but I think you are fortunate in having an amusing man on one part of your ground, and a very decent, civil person on the other.

C. You mean One-eyed Joe, I suppose, sir, as the first? I have only seen him once, and then not on his box, but he appeared quite a character; and they tell me that, after the fashion of the old school, he is a right good Coachman. His lingo, to be sure, is a queer one, also of the old school; and I wish you could hear him give a description of himself at a wedding dinner, given by a sporting baronet at his mansion, in his part of the country, to a favourite road Coachman. It is far from being amiss, I can assure you, from the technicality of the style, shewing how intimately his ideas sympathise with his calling. I will endeavour to repeat that part of it which relates to his conduct in the servants' hall:—"I walks in," says he, "as free as hair; hangs my hat on a peg behind the door; sits myself down alongside a young woman they calls a lady's-maid, and gets as well acquainted with her in five minutes as if I had known her for seven years. At last, we goes to dinner; starts with some soup,—very different tackle from what I gets at "The Black Swan," on my journey down in the winter time; and next comes some fish. They was what are called trouts, spotted for all the world like any coach-dog.

Then, a loin of veal, as white as hallyblaster; the kidney fat as big as a lady's bandbox, I aint lying, so help me ——. A couple of ducks, stuffed with sage and innions, fit for any lord; and a pudding you might have druv a coach around. Red port and sherry white like puddles on the road; no end to 'em, one after t' other, like hopposition coaches; and I almost feared the butler would have broke his harm, a-drawing cocks. Then we finishes with tea and toast in the house-keeper's room, where all was right for a long time; but at last, I turns my eye o' the near side, and sees Bill Sims of the Bristol mail, a making too free with a young woman on the next chair. Says I to myself, I 'll put the drag chain upon *you;* Bill, says I, keep your hands in their places; that wont do; there must be nothing but whot 's genteel *here;* recollect you aint at Bristol now."

P. Capital; the ruling passion.

C. Yes, sir, strong in drink, as Pope says it is in death; and I heard, the other day, a remarkable instance of the latter, in a horse-dealer. A person had been trying to make a purchase, but there was the sum of five pounds between them, as the saying is. The chapman, however, called the next morning to make a second attempt to buy, and asked to see the dealer, who happened to be ill at the time. "Master died in the night, sir," said one of his men in the yard; "but he left word you should have the horse."

P. Capital again; but what a splendid road is this!

C. Indeed it is, sir; in fact, the prophecy which says, "Every valley shall be exalted, every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain," appears to be about to be fulfilled on our roads. See what has been done here! We are now absolutely going down hill, where our fathers went up, on this very spot. Only fancy the road having once gone over the top of that hill. But the fact is, road-makers, a century back, were very dull fellows. They fancied a straight line to be the shortest direction between two points, and therefore the most eligible for a road. But this opinion is not well founded. In some cases, indeed, both premises and conclusions are false; and in many cases, the premises may be granted, and the conclusion denied. A straight line is, indeed, the shortest distance between two points on a plane; but over a conical hill, it is longer than a circuitous line; and over a hill which forms a hemisphere, it is exactly of the same length, with a line round half the base.

P. (*looking surprised*). You appear to have studied this matter.

C. Not particularly, sir; a man at my time of life ought to know something of everything, and a good deal of what belongs to his call-

ing If Eschylus had not bled on the plains of Marathon, he could not have celebrated on the stage, the triumphs of his country; and if road Coachmen were now and then consulted about these matters, fewer mistakes would be made, and less expenses incurred.

P. Pray what is your opinion of steam?

C. Why, sir, every age and every country of which I have either heard, or read, has beheld some science the object of preference. Physics and mathematics are now on the throne; and we may be said to have entered upon a locomotive era.

P. Are you of opinion that steam will be applied to carriages on the roads?

C. I am not of that opinion, sir; but, as I have just observed, science has produced a new era, and although it will put us Coachmen on the shelf, such is the triumph of intellect over matter, that there is no saying what cannot, or what will not, be done. The substitution for inanimate, or as the scientific men call it, elementary, for animal power, is one of the most important improvements in the means of internal communication ever introduced, chiefly as to economy of time; that it will never be given up on railroads, is my belief, but my opinion is decidedly adverse to its ever becoming general on the road.

P. The last Coachman was adverse to them, and stated a few reasons for his opinion.

C. It strikes me, as it strikes him, that the wheels would not have sufficient bite of the road; in other words, that the periphery of the wheel would not have sufficient hold of the ground to make an available fulcrum. Then, in ascending hills, if a locomotive engine on a rail-road can scarcely propel itself up an inclined plane of moderate elevation, how is this to be effected on a road, where the friction is still more severe? But the greatest evil would be—were steam-carriages to become general—the entire destruction of our roads, from greater weight being carried over them, than their strength would bear. There is certainly a strong prejudice against steam-carriages on the road, but that would give way to experience with all but those who resist all attempts to quit the beaten track. Horace, you know, sir, considered navigation a violation of the laws of Nature; an impious defiance of the will and power of the gods; a mark of the impiety of mankind; and ——I beg pardon, sir; did you notice the Coachman who has just passed us on "The Magnet?" Perhaps you never saw so diminutive an one; still there are few better on the box; and as you appear to be amused with our road lingo, I can give you an anecdote of him.

P. Why, I have observed that most Coachmen, those on fast coaches especially, have a peculiar readiness of answer—a sort of epigrammatic style, which I admire. No humming and hawing; no waste of words, but out it comes at once,—short, but to the point. In fact, Mr. Locke says, "Perspicuity of language merely consists in proper words or terms (the fewer the better) for our ideas or thoughts, when we would have them pass from our mind to that of another." But your anecdote.

C. A certain lord, very fond of the whip, was complimenting the person I alluded to, on being so powerful a man on his box, and so small withal. "My lord," said he, "what others does by strength, I does by hartifice." Now were it not for his murdering the English, one might have supposed this fellow to have understood Greek, and had been reading Homer, who makes Nestor tell his son, that although his prads were got old and slow, they would beat their rivals in the chariot race, *by his superior coachmanship;* and Atrides, you know, had no chance with him. "It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize," is a literal translation of his words.

P. But how is it, Coachman, that you quote Horace and Homer?

C. The fact, is, sir, I was designed for the church, and took a degree at Oxford; but not being at all sure that I should make a good clergyman, but on the other hand, pretty sure that I should make a good Coachman, I am what you now see me. Moreover, I had no interest in the church that would lead to the loaves and fishes; and in my opinion, a poor parson works to a great disadvantage. He should be able to administer bodily as well as spiritual comfort to no small portion of his flock. That I dropped in the social scale, I admit, but—

> "Honour and shame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

P. Perhaps it may be all for the best, in your case; and if there were more well educated men in your line of life than there are, the road would be the better for them. We should hear of fewer accidents; less cruelty to horses would be practised; and the whole system would be still more refined and improved than it is. Now let me ask you a few questions, some of which it might have been useless to have put to either of the other Coachmen, because they would not be inclined to speak out. First:—what are the principal causes of accidents to coaches?

C. They may be classed thus:—carelessness the first; fast driving round corners, and down hills, next; and both combined in the

first. Thirdly:—broken axletrees, not altogether unavoidable, but, to a certain extent, to be traced to carelessness in not taking care that the weight to be carried by a coach is not too great for the sustaining powers of the axletrees, which may be proved by the iron they are made of being tried before use with an hydraulic press, the test being double the pressure it may have to sustain. Also that it is free from flaws. But so long as Coachmen are ignorant of the impetus of motion, and the gravitating preponderance of a loaded coach, accidents in descending hills, and swinging corners, will continue to prevail. Were you to talk to One-eyed Joe of the properties of falling bodies; that the velocity of falling bodies is proportionate to the times from the beginning of their fall, that is,—the falling body receives a new impulse equal to what it had before in the same space of time received from the same power; that its velocity, in fact, at the end of two seconds of time, is double what it was at the end of the first, and so on in proportion to the time of its fall, he would only smile in your face, and ask you what nonsense you were talking? and yet he never drives a coach down a hill that he does not prove the truth of these axioms; and if he goes fast off the top of it, adding impetus to impetus, he experiences the difficulty his wheel-horses have in holding back the coach. Then suppose you were to talk to him of the centre of gravity, or a centrifugal force. He knows nothing about either, but how many times has his coach been within an inch of losing the one, which would of course have thrown her on her side, and nearly swung off her legs by the preponderating influence of the other, without his being aware of it, and this, in great measure, by the improper position of the load, which disturbs the equilibrium of his coach. But there is now about to be a new source of accidents; the driving horses not properly harnessed, which chiefly had its rise in affectation. Light-mouthed leaders may be driven with safety without bearing reins, but the omission of them on wheel-horses has already caused some fatal accidents by the cross bar of the bit becoming fast in the pole-hook. On the Exeter road, two lives were lost on one night from this cause; and more than a dozen of the other passengers were very seriously injured. In fact, Seneca's distinction between the epithets *tutus* and *securus*, often occurs to me, on my box. The one, he says, signifies out of danger; the other, free from the dread of it. Passengers by coaches should have no causes for alarm, beyond those which, unavoidably, attend all the actions of our lives.

P. I should like to have your opinion on the effects of speed, as generally affecting the profit and loss of *coaching?* for that, I believe,

is the term applied to the conducting of public conveyances on the road.

C. I consider the expenses nearly keep pace with the rate at which a coach is timed; in other words, the expense increases up to the practical limit of speed, nearly as the velocity. The efficiency of horses in draught diminishes as their speed increases, so that, for fast coaches, a superior horse, with superior keep, is required, and his services are necessarily shortened.

P. What is the maximum of speed of horses in harness?

C. I know of nothing on the road that exceeds Mr. Sheward's exploit. He drove four horses fifteen miles in fifty-four minutes..

P. There is not, I think, so much cruelty towards coach-horses, in these days, as was formerly practised.

C. Certainly not. Road Coachmen used to pride themselves, as One-eyed Joe does, on being what they called hard hitters, that is to say, able to punish horses unmercifully with their whips. All this is bad, and too often unnecessary. As Shakspere says, "It is excellent to have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it like a giant;" and a noble sentiment it is. For my own part, I abhor cruelty towards animals—horses above all; and have never forgotten that beautiful passage in Lord Erskine's speech, which I believe I can repeat:—"We are too apt to consider animals under the domination of man," said his lordship, "in no view but that of property. The dominion granted to us over the inferior part of the animal world, is not confided to us absolutely. It is a dominion in trust. The animal over which we exercise our power, has all the organs which render it susceptible of pleasure and of pain. It sees, it hears, it smells, it tastes, it feels with acuteness all the sensations of pleasure and pain; how mercifully then ought we to exercise the dominion entrusted to us!" For my part, I wish a pathometer could be invented, to enable us to judge of the suffering of the animal creation. It would make us all more merciful towards them than we are.

P. I asked the last Coachman how he knows when a horse is doing his share of work? He told me he judged partly by looking at his body.

C. He is right, sir. A horse may appear to work up to his collar, and to keep something like a tight trace, and still be doing but little. It is by observing a tension of the whole frame that we can best judge of the power he is exerting in draught. The vital principle of giving out that power at will, will ever remain inexplicable to us; and it is the necessary increase of it, when going at a quick rate, and in ascending hills, that occasions distress to horses. It

is said that the increment of power necessary to take a horse without anything upon or behind him up a hill rising three inches in a yard, is equal to one-twelfth of his weight.

P. What do you think of gentlemen Coachmen, and the length to which, some years back, they carried their passion for the coach-box?

C. Why, sir, I think they did a great service to their country, although some of them remind us of the young gentleman, so well described by Ovid, in his Metamorphosis, who would drive the horses of the sun; they sometimes meet with more than their match, and get floored. But depend upon this, sir, neither the roads, nor the coaches, nor Coachmen, nor horse-keepers, would be so efficient as they now are, but for the gentlemen Coachmen. And why should not a gentleman drive his own coach? Kings have done so in the best of times; and I think I have read of a Roman figuring on the box in the streets of Rome, during the period of his consulate.

P. Yes, but only by night, when consul. Lateranus was the person you allude to.

C. One-eyed Joe would have said, "I wonders what sort of lamps the gentleman used." But English gentlemen need no apologist for their driving propensities; and we shall meet one of them presently who, like Camillus of old, has not driven a horse of any other colour but grey, for the last forty years; and another, who sticks to the roans. They are both capital Coachmen, and very worthy men.

P. I should like to have your opinion of a perfect road Coachman.

C. The modern road Coachman, sir, is generally to be appreciated by the time his coach is rated at. As coaches are now horsed, any muff who knows how to put the reins into his hand, can drive a slow coach; but a fast one, hotly opposed, is quite another thing. It requires what we call an *artist* in our line; and he must be as ready with his tongue as with his hands, and able to spring from, and on to his box, with the agility of a harlequin. Neither should he shut his eyes, but like the sailor in the main-top, he must look our for squalls. Then, as a soft answer turns away wrath, so does a short one best become a Coachman's mouth—that is to say, provided it be a civil one. Men in our line, however, will sometimes forget themselves. For instance:—a passenger the other day, put his head out of the window of one of the fastest coaches on our road, at the first change out of London, and wanted to know whether he could have some breakfast? "Yes, sir," replied the Coachman, who was in the act of drawing the reins through the terrets at the moment, and about to spring on his box, "if you can eat it whilst I can count twenty." But you have no idea of the absurd questions often put to us by

passengers. Fancy an old woman wishing to know, the last journey but one, whether I had ever been at Brighton? and on my telling her I had, she asked me, did I know *a* Mr. Jones? But to return to the previous question, as they say in the House. One of the first requisites in a Coachman, is to know when horses are put properly to a coach, on the well-known axiom that "who has made a good beginning has half finished his work." Avoid galloping as much as possible, because when leaders gallop, their bars are not at rest, and much of their draught is consequently lost in the angles described by them. Always take a hill in time,—that is to say, never go fast off the top or crown of it. Use your whip as sparingly as you can; keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut, as much as you can; and *never throw away a chance.* In passing or meeting other carriages, clear your bars, and all will be right, and always keep your own side. Still—

"The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
I confess I have thought it so long;
If you go to the left, you are sure to go right,
If you go to the right you are wrong."

P. Speaking to coach-horses on the box is quite out of fashion.

C. Coachmen, forty years back, like Antilochus of old, absolutely cracked their voice by a peculiar roll of it, which no doubt had its effect; but we of this day are not allowed more than two clicks of the tongue—not even a whistle.

P. By the way, alluding to the doings of "this day," what think you of Asphalte?

C. A regular humbug; like many other of the doings of "this day."

P. And the wood-pavement?

C. Invented by an Irishman of course—wood-pavement! What shall we hear of next? They say it is to last for ever, like that which, as Addison says,—

"To proud Rome th' admiring nations leads."

P. I know not what we shall next hear of; but I fear many of those who are denied the faculty of hearing at all, will be run over, if that covering for streets becomes general. But why call it pavement, which is derived from the Latin word *pavio*, to ram?

C. Why, sir, it is not miscalled. It is the fashion of the day to ram down people's throats anything they will swallow; and as Asphalte has rather stuck by the way, they are about to try a somewhat softer material; but, excuse the pun, I should not wonder at the projectors

of it being *floored*. However, here we are at Hyde Park Corner; and three minutes and seventeen seconds within our time, instead of being three hours and a-half behind it, as was formerly the case when there were One-eyed Joes on all the ground. I hope, sir, you have had a pleasant journey, and will not fail to recommend our coach.

P. I have had a very pleasant journey, especially the latter part of it, thanks to the information I have received from you. It has greatly helped to shorten its distance by beguiling the time, and although I was amused by One-eyed Joe, I admit that I have received instruction from you.

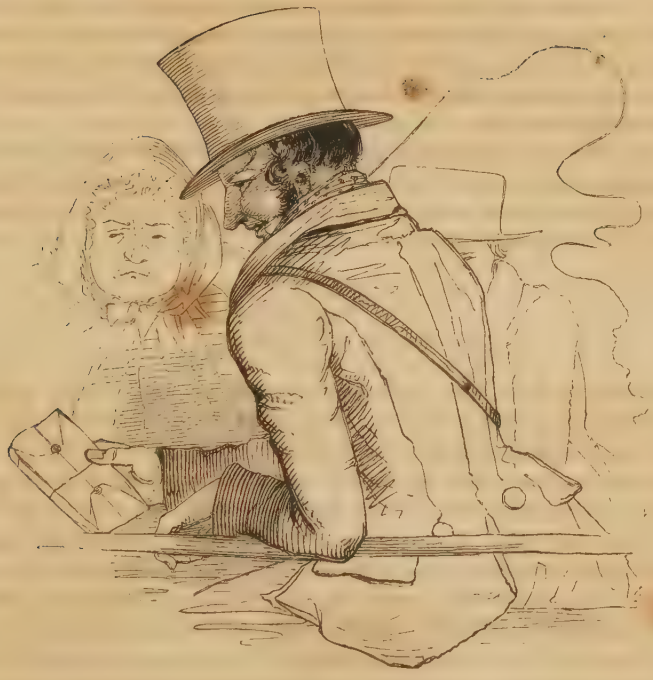
C. Not much of that, sir (pulling up at "Hatchett's Hotel," at the moment); the subject is a barren one. "*Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta docri.*" I am much obliged to you, sir, and hope to see you on your return to the country.

THE GUARD.

Of all impositions, in a small way, ever laid upon the British public, has been that of throwing upon travellers, the payment—beyond a pittance of half-a-guinea a week from Government—of the services of Guards to mail-coaches, forasmuch as the services of the said Guards have been to them of no avail at all. In fact, their very duty has required that they should not trouble themselves about passengers that travel by their coaches, beyond opening the coach-door for them, should they chance to be close at hand at the moment; their sole attention being confined to the care and delivery of the mail-bags. Not a carpet-bag, much less a portmanteau, would they touch, notwithstanding which, the cuckoo cry of "Please to remember the Guard, sir," is as familiar to their passengers as the rattle of the wheels, as they revolve. But does he not carry a blunderbuss and pistols to protect the persons of his passengers? Not a bit of it: he has nothing to do with his passengers. His own life and the mail-bags are all he is bound to defend; and a devil of a life must his be on some roads, and at certain seasons of the year, with the thermometer at zero for example, and a hundred miles in his teeth; with the mad woman* inside, and only three out.

But let us not be too hard upon the Mail Guard. He earns his bread dearly; is perfectly trustworthy, and performs the duties of his office with much punctuality and credit. But he must have, for the

* The mad woman is a term on the road for an empty coach.



THE GUARD.

The greatest is behind.

SHAKSPERE

most part, a sorry time of it when on duty : no companion to converse with; no pretty girl on the roof to say soft things to, as his Coachman often has; no horses to occupy his attention; nothing, in short, to engage his thoughts beyond the next office at which a bag is to be left, and another to be taken up; unless it be either the retrospect of his past life, or a view of his present not very enviable situation; and every now-and-then indulging a foreboding, that one of these nights, either Galloping Jem or Lushing Ben will be the death of him over a certain part of his ground—his wife a widow, and his children helpless! But death or no death, *Time* says the Post-office (always personified on the roads) *must be kept;* gallop they both must, and Ben must drink, forasmuch as his nerves being shattered by drink, he cannot gallop when quite sober.

But the phenomenon Time: who knows the value of it equal to a Mail Guard? He may truly be said to exist on time, as the Deity exists in eternity. At all events, not a moment of it passes away unheeded by him when on duty; and so fully occupied with it are his thoughts, that were he to be asked, as the philosopher of old was asked, "What time is?" he would not reply as he did, "*Si non roges, intelligo;*" but would at once tell you, *his* time to be at the Post-office is thirteen minutes before six, and that he has at that moment three minutes in hand. In fact, eternity to him is a bauble compared with time; I 'll answer for his not thinking of it one journey in a score; it is nothing but time, time, time; and as he began his life with it, so does he end his journey, with a minute or two in hand, if he can.

But the Mail Guard runs other risks than being gallopped to death by Galloping Jem or Lushing Ben. He often puts his life to hazard in his zeal to forward the bags, when the roads have been rendered impassable to his coach by floods or snow. Some years since, indeed, one lost his life on the Chester road, by being carried away by flood, and another perished in a snow storm. A signal instance of this zeal occurred on the Holyhead road, some twenty years ago. Fourteen Irish mails were due, to the no small inconvenience of the commercial world, and all who had bills to take up from anticipated remittances from England. The stoppage on the road commenced at Corwen, when the bags accumulated were found just a load for a coach. The Guard was determined to make an effort to forward them, and by help of pioneers, got his coach through the snow. At one place of change, however, he was rather put to a nonplus. The horses were refused him, and the stable door was locked. But he soon found a remedy for all this: taking his tool-box in one hand, and his blunderbuss in the other—threatening to shoot the first

man who obstructed him—he got the horses out of the stable, and proceeded. He was rewarded for his trouble by the Post-office, and very deservedly so.

The Mail Guard always carries a civil, respectful tongue, and is generally clean in his person when he starts; never being seen without well-polished boots, and above all, a well-brushed hat. He has a peculiar blast of his horn, quite different from that of the Guards to stage-coaches; and, strange to say, there is a certain soothing, if not soporiferous tone in it, not ill adapted to the dead hours of night. If he be not so, generally, he *ought* to be active in person to enable him to mount and dismount quickly when necessary, and he should be an expert skidder of a wheel. One of his fraternity was able to do this, not only whilst the coach was going, but, from great personal strength, he could also release the wheel from the skid, by turning the wheel backwards, without the coach being stopped; but, alas! he did this once too often. The skid struck him on the head, and killed him on the spot. But, with a few exceptions, there will be no more need for expert skidders of a mail-coach wheel. Their Guards have nothing for it now but to sit on or about their coaches, on what some of them call the h—ll-fire railroads, with mopes before their eyes, after the fashion of One-eyed Joe's Virago; and, instead of being afraid of being killed on the spot by Gallopping Joe, or Lushing Ben, have only to fear being blown up into the air, or roasted alive, by their coaches taking fire, as has already been the case, in two instances.

Guards on stage-coaches are somewhat of the inferior order to Mail Guards, but are generally well conducted. They are also required to he powerful men, to lift luggage and all heavy packages; and they had need be in the vigour of life to enable them to stand fatigue. Fancy a man, in this situation, starting on cold and wet nights to go from London to Exeter, one-hundred-and-eighty miles, with scarcely time to take any refreshment on the road, and, as he returns with the next coach but one, only being in his bed one *night* in three.

Guards have often a propensity to speculate on sporting matters. Among those on the north road, many of them have been rather heavy betters on the turf; and we could now name one who often picks out a winner. Several of them have been famous for game-cocks, but here their occupation is gone. Immoral pastimes are only tolerated in the rich and the great, at the present day.

THE POLICEMAN.

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility.

HENRY V.

THE POLICEMAN.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

As these pages are intended for the perusal of all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, it will be desirable that all the views in which the Policeman is capable of being regarded, should be taken; for different sorts of people have very different notions respecting him: and should our own be peculiar, there is no reason why we should wish to impose them on the world.

That the Policeman wears an oil-skin hat, and, in wet weather a cape of the same material, which, when it is fine, is rolled up and strapped to his side; that this cape, when there is occasion for wearing it, is superadded to a stout great coat, or what, if the maxim "Set a thief to catch a thief" be true, might be termed a wrap-rascal; that his ordinary official costume is a sort of half-military uniform of blue ditto; that a leather belt encircles his waist; and while he is on duty, a piece of striped list the cuff of his coat; that his collar is so made as to defy retaliation on the part of those with the corresponding portion of whose dress it is sometimes his business to make free; and that his somewhat soldier-like appearance, taken in connexion with the colour of his clothing, and perhaps with the prehensile qualities for which he is distinguished, has made him the subject of an invidious comparison with a certain marine shell-fish in its uncooked state, are facts, which, coloured howsoever they may be, nobody will dispute in the main. Nor indeed would they be mentioned here, were not this work, in a manner, a book of Natural History; and were they not of a nature quite as interesting as the spots which besprinkle a sparrow's egg, or the shades that diversify a cat's tail. And now, having got rid of what we had to say of our subject generally, let us descend to particulars.

In the first place, the Policeman may be considered a perfect model of symmetry; his person exhibiting those beautiful and ideal proportions, which the talented artist in male costume displays at the door of his establishment; while on his uniform, the artist referred to appears to have exhausted all his skill. The brim of his hat

shades, on each side, a jaunty, spruce-looking bush of short, curly, black hair. Whiskers of as deep a dye, remarkable for their extent, set off the manly red that glows in his cheeks. His shirt collar is white, and well starched; he wears his trowsers "very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg;" his carriage is erect and noble; and his favourite attitude is the second position. So much for his bodily attributes. As to his disposition, it is one marked in an eminent degree by humanity and courage: the start of horror with which he first encounters some scene of crime and blood, is a proof that he possesses the first of these virtues; and the alacrity with which, brandishing his staff of office, he seizes, in spite of his carving-knife, the sanguinary assassin, assures us that he is distinguished by the second.

Such is the poetical view of the Policeman; the beau-ideal of a young officer, drawn by the imagination of Mary the housemaid, who looks upon the A division, with just as much interest and admiration, as her youthful mistress feels for the life-guards. The above description may perhaps fall short of the conceptions of some of our readers; in which case, they are respectfully referred to the beautifully-illustrated, full, true, and particular account, of the last horrid, barbarous, and atrocious murder, all to be had for the small charge of one penny.

The Policeman, secondly, may be stigmatised as a moral and physical monstrosity. He is a great mis-shapen giant, with large glaring eyes, a ferocious hooked nose, and shaggy and enormous whiskers. He carries a bludgeon with him wherever he goes, and with that weapon beats, bruises, and knocks down unoffending apple-women, unresisting infants, and crippled beggars, as if he thought it necessary to put all persons *hors de combat*, previously to taking them into custody; or as if being in a state of insensibility were an essential condition for admission into the station-house. Thus, constituting himself a public nuisance, and doing in particular much injury to the "HEADS OF THE PEOPLE," it is but fit that we should endeavour, with all our forces, to expose him to the indignation of society.

This is the picture of the Policeman, exhibited in certain combinations of Literature and Art, which are weekly circulated, at a cheap rate, among a large class of Her Majesty's subjects: a hard working —nay, occasionally a *hard labouring*—body of men, of whom the Policeman is the natural enemy, and whom his every act aggrieves; inasmuch as he is continually interfering with their avocations.

The Policeman is essentially necessary to the well being of the state; he it is who keeps in order the truculent and blood-thirsty

mob, who, but for him, would at once rise upon their betters, deprive them of their lives and property, overthrow the Church, subvert the government, and dethrone the Queen. Thus is he esteemed by one class of politicians.

By another party, he is accounted the tool of a tyrannical aristocracy; an instrument for clogging the liberty, and abridging the amusements of the subject: his office implies an insult to the spotless morality of the masses; and his very existence is incompatible with the rights of Englishmen.

For our own part, never having been taken up—for the free expression of opinion is not, in this happy country, thus summarily punishable, except when those from whom it proceeds are drunk and disorderly—we bear the Policeman no ill will. In what we have to say concerning him, therefore, while we shall "nothing extenuate," so neither shall we "set down aught in malice." There may be a few things about him which may excite our laughter, but there are not many that can provoke our bile.

Among the former of these may certainly be mentioned his hands and feet, especially when we regard them, not in state of repose, but in one of action. These parts of a man's person, if particularly large and clumsy-looking, present, even while he keeps them still, a somewhat comical appearance, but as soon as he begins to use them, their peculiarities become more prominent, and their ludicrous character is increased. And this happens when he makes the most of nature in the management of his legs and arms; but when he stumps along upon his heels, with his elbow joints straightened as if by a process of disease, and his fingers stiffly extended, and separated from each other, like those which the youthful caricaturist sketches in white chalk on a barn-door; we cannot restrain ourselves from laughing at him outright. Now, such is precisely the Policeman's mode of progression; and the members which are therein displayed to the greatest possible disadvantage, are still further set off; the hands, by Berlin gloves, sometimes white, whereby their apparent thickness is augmented; and the lower limbs by trousers made at random, and usually some inches too short; and by boots, whose eccentric conformation resembles those works of Nature, which she is said to perform in sport. The heels, in particular, of these curiosities, are remarkable for a developement, by no means corresponding to that of the internal parts of the same name, than which they are considerably larger, advancing in front of them to a singular unsightly, and, one would think, uncomfortable extent. Hence, perhaps, arises, in some measure, the characteristic gait of the Policeman. It would seem

that the process of drilling, which had been brought to bear on the back bone, so as to straighten it to a tolerable degree, had been prevented, by the inflexibility of their cases, from affecting the feet. Another piece of oddity about the Policeman consists in an apparent length of body, produced by a real elongation of coat, which generally is made to descend to a point level with the hips, and marked in front by the last of a row of pewter buttons, that, beginning at the throat, indicates, in its downward course, the outline of the wearer's chest and stomach. He thus has, certainly, on the whole, a risible kind of figure; and one which, drawn without the least exaggeration, nay, by the Daguerreotype itself, might with propriety be called a caricature.

But though the Policeman may fairly enough be made the subject of sport; there is neither reason nor justice in constituting him an object of abuse. There are those to be met with who vituperate him on all occasions; as if there were something in his office essentially detestable and odious: on what account, their own honesty being presumed, it is not easy to perceive. Their invectives, indeed, render their pretence to that virtue exceedingly questionable; and their hearers will display no lack of judgment, if, inferring that they have been, are, or expect to be, in some sort of peril from the person whom they malign, they remove any property that may be in their way, as speedily as possible out of it. We are told, by people of this kind, that society does not require to be kept together by constables; that man can be moral without coercion; that to think otherwise is to take a degrading view of human nature, and other twaddle to the like effect; but it will be found by those who are at the pains to observe, that they who are most indignant at precautions against roguery, based on a distrust of the world in general, are the persons most likely to justify them. An honest man has no objection to be set down, on the score of his species, for a rogue, by those who do not know him; well aware that his character will improve in their estimation on acquaintance; whereas the knave, despairing of being able to prove his integrity, is the more anxious to have it taken for granted. None are such sticklers for the maxim of law, that every rogue is an honest man until he is found out, as those who chiefly profit by it. The Policeman walks the streets in the supposition that any one whom he meets may be a thief; and if Aristides himself could come out of his grave, he might be looked upon (considered simply as A) as being, perhaps, a member of the swell mob. But what would he care about that, seeing that by the same general suspicion, his pockets were secured from the spoliation of the fraternity in question? It should be remembered that the Policeman

here spoken of, is the English Policeman, whose vocation practically consists in keeping an eye upon swindlers, pickpockets, and all manner of vagabonds; in maintaining public order and decency; and in preventing riot, robbery, and violence. He is not, as in some other countries, a political spy, occupied from morning till night in watching the movements of some patriotic jackass, who, choosing to stick a ribbon, which he has no business with, in his button hole, is suspected of being engaged in a plot to blow up the Sovereign. Among us there is no danger, because, employed in this way, he has no time to attend to such trifling matters as the protection of life and property, of being shot or stabbed in the streets, if we remain out after dark. But let any one take a walk down Regent Street, or through Leicester Square, and count the number of dirty, moustachioed, ferocious-looking fellows that he is sure to meet; or let him visit the Rookery in St. Giles's, or the vicinity of Saffron Hill; and then let him consider with himself how much of the personal security which we enjoy, is owing to our being possessed of an efficient police. The Policeman is eminently useful; it is to be wished that his office were unnecessary, but that, till England becomes Utopia, or till we are all Socialists and rogues together, will assuredly never be the case.

Let it not, however, be supposed that it is intended to represent the Policeman as immaculate: there are not many grounds of quarrel with him; but still there are a few. Every true Briton will have an affection, a regard, an esteem,—nay, a certain veneration, for the time-hallowed amusements of his country. He would not, perhaps, desire to see bull-baiting, bear-baiting, and cock-fighting revived; yet, in making this concession, he will feel that he sacrifices somewhat of a high sentiment, though, it may be, at the bidding of one higher still. But when he stops, with others of her Majesty's subjects, to contemplate, in the capacity of by-stander, a harmless boxing-match, between a couple of urchins, who adopt that mode of settling the difference at once, which they would otherwise brood and sulk over, the interference of the police—except in the case of an obstruction to passengers being produced—will be not a little offensive to his mind. He who restrains the pugilist, may one day have to apprehend the murderer. We are now, however, touching on a point on which there may be a diversity of opinion; and we, therefore, shall not insist on it; but proceed to one, with respect to which there can be nothing but the most perfect unanimity, among all who have eyes, ears, heads, hearts, patriotic feelings, and muscles of laughter.

We trust that our gentle readers, of both sexes, are fond of Punch. We say, of both sexes, to prevent misconstruction; for the

fondness referred to, can have, or at least, be supposed to have, but one object only in the female breast. The word gentle is used in contradistinction to simple, because those to whom the latter epithet —denoting, not the simplicity of a child, but that of a simpleton— belongs, are, we are convinced, hopelessly insensible to the merits of our favourite drama. We were walking, but the other day, accompanied by a friend, through one of the large thoroughfares of this city, when certain familiar sounds, consisting of those of the drum, Pandean pipes, and a peculiar and well-known, but anonymous mouth-piece, induced us to turn down a by-street, in order to witness the play to which they served as an overture. The theatre had been erected, with requisite caution, close to the pavement; the spectators had arranged themselves in such a manner as neither to impede nor stand in danger of the few carriages (for the fashionable part of the day was over) that were then passing. Having each of us contributed his share to the encouragement of the exhibitors, who, although they do not make the announcement, "No money returned," always act on that principle—on which account our case was the harder—we stationed ourselves at some little distance, to witness the representation. The hero appeared, made his bow, inquired after the health of his audience, sang, danced, and commenced his amusing career. He had just knocked the constable, who comes to apprehend him for the murder of his wife and child, on the head, and, flushed with victory, was performing on his favourite instrument, and in his own *presto* style, the air of "Alice Gray," when he was unseasonably interrupted by the appearance of a blue-coated, pewter-buttoned, big-fisted, heavy-footed, marble-hearted, leather-headed Jack-in-office, who, without mercy or remorse, commanded both him and his patrons to "move on." And in spite of what did he utter this hard behest? Will it be believed that Punch, the fierce, the fearless, the victorious, the scorner of law, and the killer of its officers, actually condescended to deprecate the fellow's rigour by a bow? In imitation of a personage immortalised by the greatest of poets, but whom, both in deeds and in person, he strongly resembles, he might well have said—

> "I never sued to court nor constable;
> My knee could never learn low servile bend;
> But now thy favour is proposed my fee,
> My proud heart sues, and prompts my knee to bow."

But whatever success may have attended the self-abasement of Richard III., that of Punch was destined to be fruitless; although the act of humiliation was repeated at least three several times.

"Come, this here wont do, you know, it 's quite agin the rules," said the Policeman.

"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! Here 's a pretty situation!" exclaimed Punch, in his characteristic key."

"Come, I say, none of this!' cried the imperturbable officer," whose gravity, or rather dulness, would have been proof against Momus or Grimaldi himself, "it 's o' no use. Move on."

Mr. Punch suddenly disappeared; and a head, the face appertaining to which bore a very rueful expression, was protruded from behind the green baize extended between the supporters of the theatre.

"We aint a doin' no harm," remonstrated the head; "wot 'casion is there for turnin' of us away?"

"Can't help it. Move on, will yer? 'less you 'd like to be made."

"Well, this is rather hard, this is. A exhibitor o' Punch do n't meet with encouragement every day; and yer might find somethin' better to do, I should think, than stand in the way of a man gettin' a honest livin', and disappint the public besides."

"No gammon, mister! 'taint o' no use, I tell yer. Come, move on, or d' ye want me to help yer?"

The unfortunate Thespians were obliged to obey. A murmur of indignation arose, mingled with cries of "Shame!" in which we will not undertake to say that we did not join. Most certainly, if we ever felt a temptation to resist the authority of the "powers that be," it was at that moment; and if all the motives for sedition and insurrection could be unveiled, few, perhaps, would be found more reasonable in their nature than zeal for the outraged dignity of Punch.

To all exhibitors of street shows, to itinerant musicians, wizards, and astronomical demonstrators, the Policeman is as important a person as the Lord Chamberlain is to theatrical managers; and as a motion made in the House of Commons, lately proved the means of imparting a little common sense and justice to the exercise of a certain office, it is to be hoped that recourse will be had by some patriotic member to a similar proceeding, for the purpose of doing away with all such vexatious exertions of power, as that of which we have above had occasion to complain. The Policeman is also an object of much terror to all small boys; not only to those who are of a predatory turn, but likewise to the players at marbles or hop-scotch, vaulters over posts, and loiterers under lamps. It is quite amusing to observe the rapidity with which his "Now then, young feller," makes one of these young gentlemen scamper. You may often be advertised of the approach of a Policeman, by seeing half-a-dozen of

them dash by you at the turning of a corner ; just as in the country, a flock of small birds whirling in rapid flight round a hedge, prepares you for the appearance of a sparrow-hawk. The same birds would follow, twitter at, and buffet, an owl or a buzzard ; and the same boys would hoot and bawl after a great fat beadle ; but the Policeman is not to be played or trifled with ; and whatever sentiments they may express respecting him during his absence, his presence inspires them with veneration and awe. The urchin who would have no hesitation in asking you what might be the state of your mother's health, would never think of addressing him otherwise than by the title of "Sir."

We do not know what particular notions of justice, our various readers may entertain ; and therefore, while we mention as a fact, that the Policeman makes, generally, a wide distinction between the wearer of a good coat and of a bad one, in case of disorderly or irregular conduct ; we shall not accompany it by a comment. We are acquainted with an instance in which one, who had not been a long time in the corps, was guilty of the mistake of taking a few young gentlemen, disguised, by their own admission, in point of dress, and presumably, in liquor also, to the station-house, because they persisted, in spite of his warnings to the contrary, in singing glees about the streets at night. For this piece of officiousness, he received the rebuke of his inspector, to whom the prisoners were known ; and if we mistake not—for here we will not implicitly trust our memory—was excluded from his share of the beer, by the compotation of which, on the part both of his fellows, and the captive vocalists, the little adventure concluded.

It was originally our intention to terminate this article with a dissertation on the utility of the metropolitan police, in connexion with the abstraction of knockers ; in which the nature and results of that amusement would have been briefly illustrated and considered. We had also an interesting story to tell, exemplifying the efficiency of the rural police, and setting forth in what manner a gentleman was, not long since, at a cathedral town not a hundred miles from Winchester, summoned before the civic authorities, in the morning, and fined five shillings, for having dared, over night, in a state of vinous excitement, to pronounce a malediction on the head, or visual organs (we will not undertake to say which) of an eaves-dropping officer, who was standing in his way. But for these, and other matters, we have not room,—we will not say, unfortunately, for were we not rendered brief by necessity, we might, possibly, become tedious from licence.

THE PARISH CLERK.

And the truth is not in us.

COMMON PRAYER.

THE PARISH CLERK.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

In those good old times, commonly called the "dark ages," the word "Clerk" denoted a person in holy orders. As learning was then confined to the priesthood, it became, likewise, a convertible term with "scholar;" and such it continued to be even after the laity had learned to read and write. Thus it acquired, in process of time, two distinct significations. It is as implying an occupation more or less literary, that it is now appropriated by persons who transact business, keep accounts, and the like, for others; but the sense in which it belongs to our parochial friend, is not quite so plainly apparent. His claim to it may, however, be defended on the ground of his reading,—by those who call it reading,—in Church; or on that whereupon the names of Solon, Solomon, and other philosophers and wise men, are sometimes applied to certain people.

The Parish Clerk is a sort of non-commissioned officer of the Church militant; and the ecclesiastical drilling of the charity children is generally one part of his business. Beside the responses and the catechism, he sometimes teaches them the art of singing; at least, that beautiful and affecting style of it which musicians call parochial. With the nature of the remainder of his duties, our native readers are, of course, familiar; but, for the information of the French and others, we may say, that in addition to the secular offices of taking care of the vestry, and keeping sundry books relating to the church and parish business, he acts as assistant to the clergyman during certain parts of the service, some of which he reads aloud alternately with him; and also as deputy to the congregation, on whose part he is delegated to say "Amen." Had we not mentioned thus much, it would certainly puzzle a foreigner to account for allusions to any thing like the ceremonies of the Establishment, in connexion with the personage here described.

Though everywhere essentially the same animal, the Parish Clerk is found in two varieties; one in the country,—the other in town. Each of these requires a separate notice.

The office and work of a Clerk is sweetened by a fair allowance —considered with respect to the occupant's station in life — of the loaves and fishes; and affords frequent opportunities for divers very pleasant nibblings at them as well. He is usually, at the time of his appointment, somewhat advanced in years; this at least is the case in the country; where, as there are almost always several persons in a village whose merits and acquirements give them nearly an equal claim, in the event of a vacancy, to the employment, seniority is often the circumstance that determines the choice between them. Otherwise, the station is, by allowance, in a manner hereditary; and the son, himself far from young, succeeds to it on the death or resignation of the father.

Whatever may be the voice which the 'squire of the parish has in the vestry, the Clerk has a stronger one in the church. Parochial affairs are mostly conducted on the strictest utilitarian principles. Those who are versed in rural matters well know that if churchwardens can have their way, they are sure, if there be a spot in the village where, from its conspicuousness, something of an ornamental nature might be erected, to make it the site of the stocks, the cage, or, as the latter is sometimes called, the "blind-house." The same regard to utility is observed in the selection of a Clerk. He is chosen principally for his strength of lungs. Among those who attend church on a Sunday, there are a great many men and women who are old and deaf; and to enable them to join, to their own great comfort, and the edification of their neighbours, in the singing, it is necessary that they should hear what it is that is given out for the psalm. Hence the advantage of having this announcement made in as Stentorean a voice as possible,—and hence, too, the expediency, on the part of those who aspire to the dignity of delivering it, of training themselves for Boanerges. Hence, moreover, in some country places (and we have an eye now to one in particular), there are some half-a-dozen rustics who, each hoping to be the next successor to the existing Clerk, make a point of vying with each other in reading after the clergyman in as loud a tone as possible; a practice which, especially as they express themselves in a very provincial dialect, is greatly conducive to the beauty and decency of the service. These objects are still more effectually consulted by a peculiarity which the Clerk acquires as he gets older, in consequence of the natural diminution of power which his voice undergoes; namely, an alteration in point of quality of the sounds which proceed from his windpipe. His vocal energies having become impaired, he has no other way left of making himself intelligible, as it has always been his boast to be,

to the dullest ear, than a remarkable style of intonation, which acts by stimulating blunted nerves, and exciting sensation anew. Despairing of strength of sound, he endeavours to make up for it by the next best thing for acoustic purposes,—shrillness; and in place of swelling—

"The murmur of the deep Amen,"

he delivers that word in a *staccato* manner, particularly consistent with its meaning, and singularly expressive of solemnity and awe. Add to this, that from an accumulation of snuff, or some other obstruction in his nose, his notes, being debarred from a free egress through that organ, are made to reverberate about its various caverns, to the no small augmentation of their sonorous properties; and it will be seen, plainly enough, that so far as an extraordinary mode of utterance can go in bespeaking attention, he may be considered, though no longer able to bawl, as tolerably certain of always obtaining it. The expression, notes, is used above advisedly; for, though he has little enough of music in his soul to be fit (according to Shakspere) for a Chartist; yet all that proceeds, in the exercise of his vocation, from his mouth, assumes the form of a kind of chant; and so great, in this respect, is the general similarity that exists between all Clerks, that one might almost ascribe it to traditional instruction. Now and then, however, the Clerk is, or believes himself to be, a parish Handel,—a wag would refer such an one to the parish pump,—and, in that belief, ventures an attempt at composition. Of course, the principle of such "composition" would be, in the most literal sense, that of the construction of a rook's nest; but still there is one instance at least, in which, as we are assured on unquestionable authority, the thing was actually done.

There is a village in Hampshire, which rejoices in the epithet of "dirty;" what other name it may have we have no occasion to say. Here there flourished, some years ago, an obscure Timotheus, in the shape of the Clerk. His productions have unfortunately been lost; indeed, their very names, with the exception of that about to be mentioned, are now unknown. However, it is an established fact, that he once composed a sort of funeral anthem, on the occasion of the decease of a member of his choir: and it was arranged that this should be sung in church, during the interval between the prayers and the sermon, on the Sunday subsequent to the burial.

It must be premised, for the information of those who are not aware of the fact, that in village churches, the place of an organ is often supplied by a sort of orchestra, including a flute, fiddle, violon-

cello, horn, and clarionet, which instruments are worked by self-taught performers, the greater number of whom play from ear. We are not certain that it was not a member of such a band, who, when observed to be playing the violin without making any use of his left hand, assigned as a reason for the omission,—"Whoy, I doant know; zum do, and zum doant: it's all a matter of fancy!"

The service was over; the parson had ascended the pulpit, and the congregation, having finished coughing, were sitting in unwonted expectation, when the Clerk rose from his seat, and with a look of greater importance, and with even more bustle than usual, gave out the following novel exhortation:—

"*Let* us zing, *to* the praise *and* glory, &c. (Clerks always reverse the ordinary rules of emphasis), *a* little 'im of my own composun!"

Scroop, scroop, grumbled the double-bass; prut-trut, trut, tweedle deedle, squeaked the fiddle; too-tle, too-tle-too, moaned the flute, in the agonies of being tuned; but the clarionet was refractory. Ubp! ubp! puffed the owner of it, vainly endeavouring, with staring eyes and distended cheeks, to induce it to speak. "Ubp! ubp! ubp!"

"*A* little 'im of my own composun," cried the Clerk again, conceiving that the silence of the performers was owing to their awaiting the final signal for commencing the prelude.

"Ubp! ubp! ubp!" was the only reply. The clarionet (to venture a Paddyism) was their first fiddle,—they could not get on without him.

Not observing the cause of the delay, the Clerk began to wax rather impatient. In a quicker tone than usual, and one which plainly shewed that he was astonished and annoyed, he repeated, for the third time, with strong emphasis,—

"A little 'im of my own composun!"

"Ubp! ubp! ubp!"

Another pause ensued.

"A little 'im of my own composun!" shouted the Clerk once more; now losing all temper.

"Ah! there! it's o' naw use; 'a got a hoss-bean in 'un, and 'a wunt blow!"

Whether the repose of the soul of the departed chorister was further interfered with, or not; or whether the requiem, adapted to other words, was reserved for the next occasion, festive or otherwise, that presented itself, we cannot undertake to say. From what has been related, a moral may be deduced by some persons, inculcating on country performers the propriety of keeping their wind instruments somewhere else than in the bin where they put their corn.

Others, judging by the results of so disposing of them, will contend that there is no other place to which they might be so fitly consigned, except, perhaps, the bottom of the well.

We hereby, on behalf of our client, the public, apply to the parish authorities generally, throughout England, for a rule to shew cause why an injunction should not be forthwith issued, to restrain all and sundry Parish Clerks from the abuse, alteration, and disfigurement of divers terms, words, and phrases, to be met with in the Book of Common Prayer, and likewise in the Psalter, or Psalms of David.

There are certain persons who are pleased to say, that in the discharge of such offices as those which belong to the Parish Clerk, deportment and manner of speaking are of little or no consequence: and the admirers of Cant (not the German philosopher) are welcome to believe them. We cannot but think that, the place where the Clerk stands and the substance of what he utters being considered, he might as well pronounce his words correctly. We doubt, with all deference to that part of the world called serious,—and admitting the share which the weakness of an acute perception of absurdity (to them apparently unknown) has on the formation of our opinion;—we doubt whether the bulk of mankind have as yet arrived at that pitch of perfection, at which ludicrous behaviour on solemn occasions is no longer observed or regarded. Ordinary mortals, when they hear "mercy," pronounced "massy;" "we beseech thee," "we 'sache thee;" the "raging of the sea," the "raggin of the zay," and so forth, are obliged, if they succeed even so far in controlling themselves, to keep their countenances by main force. Who, hearing a nobleman or a judge addressed by the title of "My Lard," would not instinctively connect the expression, as the countryman in the well-known story did the word "felicity" with "something inside a hog!" Or let the justice or the peer be called "Goulard," for "Good Lord,"—will not the phantasm of a pint bottle, labelled, "The lotion to be used as directed," dance, uncalled for and provokingly, before the mind's eye? But the laws of association of ideas are the same all over the world, and operate even in a pew.

Country Clerks may be fairly divided into fat and lean; for the easy nature of their duties and mode of life inclines them, necessarily, to corpulence; and those on whom it fails to produce such an effect, are of that peculiar class of individuals who are constitutionally meagre, and on whom meat, as it were, is cast away. It is true that the Clerk labours otherwise than in his ministerial capacity, and that with his own hands, too: but, then, his legs have in general

very little to do. He is at one village a cobbler; at another a tailor; and in many places, in conjunction with some such occupation as one of these, he is a schoolmaster. His instruction is of course of a very elementary nature, comprising only those branches of knowledge which a country gentleman, in prefacing the toast, "Popular Education," is said to have called the three *R's*,—"reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic." So quiet a way of getting through the world, falling to the lot of a man who feeds plenteously, and is besides strongly addicted to pipes and ale, is exceedingly favourable to bodily aggrandisement. Hence a very curious incongruity between the two most conspicuous persons in a parish church is often observable; the curate being as poor as a church mouse, because, like that animal, he is in a place where he cannot get a living; while the Clerk rather resembles a stalled-ox; and one that—more the pity—is never muzzled. A jolly rubicund face, set off by a snub nose, and wearing an expression of obtuse veneration, of which self, officially considered, is perhaps more an object than anything else; a bullet head, and a round portly figure propped up by short and somewhat small legs, may perhaps be regarded, on the whole, as furnishing, collectively, the best idea of this pseudo-clerical character. His habiliments, for the most part, are much in keeping with his functions; he is, in external appearance, a kind of ecclesiastical merman: for while he is arrayed from the neck to the middle in canonical black, his nether parts are usually invested with the drab of a layman.

We have often thought that there is less extravagance than that which at first sight may appear in Mr. Shandy's hypothesis respecting Christian names. Those of Clerks have undoubtedly a generic character. They are mostly Scriptural; and their bearers, Ebenezer Brown, Ezekiel Jones, or Zachariah Vokes, would almost seem to have been specially christened with a view to their destined office. There must be something in the Shandean theory.

In speaking of anything that is done in the church, the Clerk is very prone to make use of the personal pronoun in the plural number, *we;* by which he means, "We of the spirituality;" that is to say, "The parson and I," or rather, it may be, "I and the parson." It should be remembered, that Wolsey, who used to express himself in a manner somewhat similar, was a Clerk,—but, then, he was not a Parish one.

The foregoing description relates to a personage, who, whether at his desk or elsewhere, but particularly in the former case, must be admitted to be, both in manners and appearance, a grotesque one.

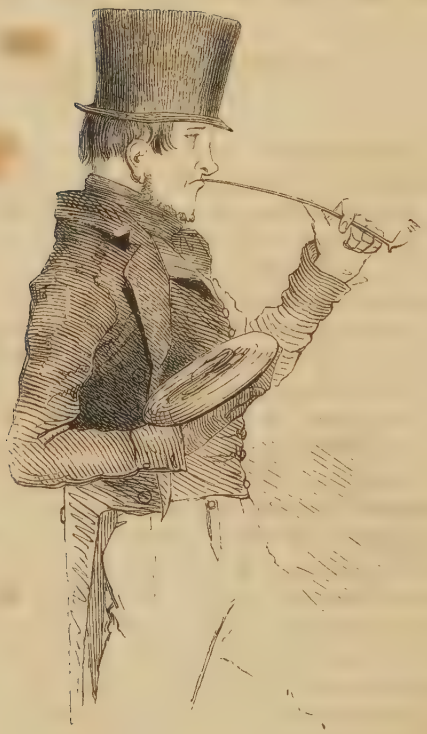
Yet, on the whole, he is rather to be termed queer, whimsical, and eccentric, than utterly and contemptibly ridiculous. There is often a certain quaintness about him, which, though not exactly a fit qualification for the office which he has to perform, is by no means a disparagement to him out of church. It causes him to be looked at with good nature; it is productive of amusement, certainly, but so far as it goes, it by no means incurs derision. Nay, when his length of days have given him something of a patriarchal appearance, especially if he chance to be a lean Clerk instead of a fat one, it does not hinder us from regarding him with a sort of comical reverence, not altogether unlike that with which, in surveying some grey old ruin, we contemplate a strange-looking corbel. But nothing of this kind can we say for the Clerk of a London parish. He has everything that is objectionable in his country counterpart, and faults of his own besides, with nothing at all to redeem either.

His secular employment is very often the sickening one—sickening as conducted in this Metropolis—of Undertaker: and in virtue thereof, he dresses entirely in black. Thus far assimilated to the appearance of his superior, the clergyman, he endeavours to complete the resemblance in the matter of neckcloth; and perhaps in that of hair: for he is frequently a much younger man than the country Clerk. His face is not one of the ruddy jovial sort to be met with in the healthy village; his habits, aided by a London atmosphere, have rendered it puffy, pasty, and shining. His aspect, too - we are still supposing him to be also an undertaker—has that mock-solemn kind of appearance, with which features habitually moulded to the exhibition of artificial concern, at last become permanently stamped; everything about it is ludicrously woeful, with the exception of the dull, be-muddled, money-loving eye. As to his deportment in his place on a Sunday,—in this likewise, he tries to imitate the clergyman; or, to speak more correctly, even to surpass him. Should the latter be possessed with an unfortunate habit of discomposing his countenance, or disguising the natural tones of his voice, he is pretty sure to be out-heroded by his subordinate in the desk below him, to a degree, which, on the part of any one else, would be accounted the height of burlesque. The London Clerk, too, has vices of speech which are peculiarly his own. These principally consist in vulgar attempts at refinement, than which the coarsest provincialisms are less offensive to a judicious ear. What can be more intolerable than "Laud," "Ohmen," or Fawther," except the odious substitution, of which he is also too often guilty, of the letter *o* for *a*, in such a word, for instance, as "harden," which he almost invariably pro-

nounces "horden?" And were there anything wanting to enhance the richness of these lingual elegances, it would surely be found in the endeavour, which accompanies them in the majority of cases, to be impressive, affecting, and pathetic.

How it happens that so strange a person is usually selected to fill the office of Clerk, it is somewhat difficult to explain. There are some satirical people who say that all ecclesiastical functions are not equally gentleman-like, and that we are obliged to put up with a vulgar fellow for a Clerk, because we can get no one else to be one: but their opinion, imputing to the religious public a decree of pride to which of course they are strangers, is uncharitable. Others may contend that it is not the genius of the English nation to endure unmixed solemnity, insomuch that in the most grave dramatic compositions in our language, we are pleased by the introduction of a clown. To us, however, it appears that what may be fit and proper enough on the stage, may possibly be not so appropriate in church; and that the duties of a Clergyman, how serious soever their nature may be, can be so performed as to command and sustain all requisite attention, without the enlivening of a buffoon. Nor do we think that the devotion of the greater part of us is so deep, and pure, as to be profitably exercised by any such trial of its sincerity as the contemplation of a ridiculous object.

It is the peculiar misfortune of this country, that no defect is ever remedied no grievance redressed—no public eye-sore even removed out of the way, until everybody is clamouring against it. And though all may feel the inconvenience, a long time often elapses before any one thinks of complaining. Hence, perhaps, the toleration which the Parish Clerk, such as he has been and still is, has so long experienced. There is, now, however, or, at all events, there very soon will be, a demand arising for his amendment; and we beg to suggest to the collective wisdom of this country, that should they resolve, for the good of the nation, to legalise a measure for Church-Extension, it would not be amiss to accompany it by another for Clerk-Improvement. With this suggestion, and in the hope that in making it we have not been guilty of a breach of privilege, we conclude our observations on the Parish Clerk.



THE SPITALFIELDS WEAVER.

This weaves itself perforce into my business.

KING LEAR

THE SPITALFIELDS WEAVER.

BY ARTHUR ARMITAGE.

"Call that an Englishman?" we fancy some compassionate reader exclaiming within himself, as he ponders upon the "picture of misery" opposite. It must be acknowledged that the Spitalfields Weaver is but a sorry representative of our national characteristics. The honest yeoman as he "stalks a-field" with his broad substantial shoulders—his finely-developed thews and sinews; his open cheerful eye, and his manly bronzed countenance, might well regard with complacent distrust the claims of such a dwindled specimen of humanity to the honours, rights, and privileges of a free-born Briton. The Juggernaut of commercial cupidity has crushed the energies of the poor Weaver; confinement and unwholesome labour have stunted his form. His muscles from lack of exercise are wasted till they are almost as powerless as a child's; the healthful breeze has never since he left his cradle visited his sharp colourless features: he has read somewhere admiring comments upon the "purling brooks" and the "tuneful birds" (it was an extract in a newspaper), and he wonders that no mention is made of the music of the shuttle. He has some vague conception of a "harvest-home," and murmurs at the want of liberality in master weavers, who never give men in their employment a glass of spirits when they carry their work home. The idea of liberty he dismisses from his mind, as the wild speculation of enthusiasm, or the day-dream of indolence,—an idea totally unworthy the attention of a sensible working man.

The Spitalfields Weaver occupies a small tenement which, though newly-built, has, like himself, all the appearances of premature decay. His workshop is a long room, lighted back and front with a frame of small leaded windows, several of which are wanting, and their places supplied by old rags or paper, as may be most convenient. There are two looms in the apartment, at one of which is seated the father, a jaded man in a worsted nightcap, and a pair of grey stocking-sleeves. At the other loom is employed a sickly boy of ten years of age, clad in a calico night-shirt and a pair of corduroy

trousers, suspended by a piece of list running transversely over his shoulder. In one corner is a party-coloured counterpane and a blanket, whereon the boy sleeps after his frugal supper, consisting of a thick slice of bread and a raw onion. The dingy plastered walls are ornamented with a Dutch clock and a broad-sheet almanack, the hieroglyphic painted by some inexperienced artist. On the floor, in picturesque confusion, lie scattered an old band-box, a wooden doll (sorely maimed), a battered tin oil-lamp, a small pair of shears, and from two to three bushels of fine oriental (or east-end) dust.

Full sixteen hours the Weaver keeps the treddles in motion with his feet, and the shuttle with his hands. He sees no such amazing hardship in this; a certain quantity of silk must be wove *per diem* to procure a certain amount of food, which the children fetch from the baker's,—two peck-loaves at a time. On extraordinary occasions, however, when the doctor is attending his wife for instance, he labours for an additional hour or two. If death be in his house, the Sunday is no day of rest for him. When his little girl returns from Sunday-school, her father is still at his loom, and she sits down on a stool in the chimney-corner and reads aloud the pious tract which the teacher gave her to bring home for her parents' edification and improvement.

"Throw that in the fire!" exclaims the father with an angry voice, that makes the little creature's heart to beat as she tremblingly hesitates to obey a command that, coming from her father, she scarcely knows whether its "intent be wicked or charitable."

The old alliteration of "poverty and progeny" is exemplified in the Spitalfields Weaver. Nature and Fortune, we have often thought, resemble two benevolent sisters, one of whom undertakes to dispense her bounty to the patrician, while the other distributes her gifts amongst the working portion of society,—including such of the clergy as have livings not exceeding fifty pounds per annum. The Weaver of Spitalfields generally has a family equivalent in number to the muses and graces united. In every street in that populous district may be seen shoals of half-dressed little wretches crowding the doorways, gambolling in the gutters, or devouring with frightful rapidity tremendous hunches of bread and treacle.

At the recurrence of every fifteenth moon, the Spitalfields Weaver entertains a large party of his relatives and acquaintances, to celebrate the christening of his last family portrait. Then comes his brother and his brother's wife and family; also his sister (a widow), and family; also his wife's brother and family; also his father-in-law and mother-in-law, and his grandfather, a decrepid old man, in a buff

coat with a scarlet collar and cuffs, and plated buttons, who has obtained leave of absence, on parole, from the parochial asylum for superannuated invalids. Then there are the Smiths and family, the Browns and family, the Jones's and family, — half-a-dozen or so casual visitors, and nephews and nieces promiscuous, who, with the other juvenile branches, compose a select party of their own, and make merry over brown cakes and soft apples in the wash-house.

Easter and Whit-Monday are red-letter days with the Spitalfields Weaver; we mean of course the "fine young weaving gentleman," that is courting Rebecca Tidy, who is much addicted to tambour-work. When holiday making, he attires himself in his best suit, which being characteristic, we shall attempt to describe it. His upper garment is a blue frock-coat, with a very short waist and prodigiously long skirts. Two parallel cords run down either side of his trousers, at the termination of which he displays a pair of highly-polished high-lows, secured across the instep with a strap and buckle. His throat is confined by a loose bandanna handkerchief, tied with studied negligence. His hair is a pale canary, tortured into two pensile ringlets of the Corinthian order, and surmounted by a glossy silk hat, with a lofty expanding crown, sufficiently capacious to answer all the purposes of a portmanteau or a carpet-bag, and in which, when travelling on a pleasure excursion, he invariably carries Rebecca's clogs.

The Spitalfields Weaver possesses notions of gallantry at once peculiar and original. For example, he will walk for miles with his "betrothed" on his arm, and his hands quietly deposited in his breeches pockets. Occasionally you will see him with a short pipe, beguiling the tediousness of a long journey, and Rebecca's still more extensive reminiscences. His favourite suburban resort is "Clay Hall," a sort of tea-gardens, celebrated for its ingenious machine by which old persons may be ground young again. The process of going up into the mill, and descending amidst the banter of the company, affords a wonderful deal of diversion to the young women of the shuttle and bobbin persuasion. As might be supposed, from his sedentary occupation, the Weaver is more of a meditative than a mercurial temperament. Rural felicity with him is sitting in a close box, exhaling the fumes of tobacco, imbibing copious draughts of mild ale, and picking shrimps.

The Spitalfields Weaver is, by hereditary predilection, a pigeon-fancier. Let his family be ever so numerous, his privations ever so great, he must have a pigeon-trap on the roof of his domicile, where twice a-day, at dinner and tea-time, for ten minutes, he exhibits the

capabilities of his highly-trained covey of pouters, tumblers, dragons, Jacobins, and carriers. He flaps a long cane on the boards, and the covey—pouters, tumblers, dragons, Jacobins, and carriers—fly off and describe concentric circles in the air. Anon, he puts two fingers between his teeth, and gives a shrill whistle, when the sagacious Jacobins, &c. immediately return to their lawful habitation. Perchance, an individual who has but lately entered the regiment is prone to desert, and quitting his *corps*, lodges with provoking impudence on a neighbouring parapet, looking like a citizen who has taken up his freedom. The Weaver whistles till his lungs are exhausted in vain. Once more he flaps the boarding with his magic wand, and sends up the flock to entice if practicable the recreant back to his allegiance. The manœuvre wont do,—the little vagabond has resolved upon a voyage of discovery; and, turning his tail upon his indignant sovereign, he coolly struts into a remote attic window. Quick as thought, the Weaver, with a volume of half-suppressed anathemas, drops down from his trap, and posting off to the house where his "pouting horseman" has taken apartments, urgently demands the restoration of his property. The tenant, who is also a pigeon-fancier, denies stoutly having in his possession any biped of any quality or description whatsoever, save what he has honestly bought and paid for. The claimant insists upon his right of entry—the right is disputed—hard names are reciprocated—a fight ensues, and both plaintiff and defendant are ultimately conducted to the station-house, with nose and eyes respectively of a sanguinary and sable hue.

The Spitalfields Weaver is a passionate lover of harmony. Every Monday night he attends a concert upon the *otium cum dignitate*, or "free and easy" principle, at the "Cheshire Cheese." His taste in singing, as in everything else, is eccentric; neither Bailey nor Barnett has any merit in his opinion. His favourite melodies, those which he calls "sentimental," generally relate to shipwrecks and disasters at sea. They never consist of less than fourteen verses of eight lines each, and usually occupy from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour in the delivery, exclusive of interruptions, hole in the ballad, trying back, &c., &c. He laughs immoderately at comic songs, especially those which touch upon donkeys and itinerant vendors of greengrocery, and he joins in the chorus cordially and lustily: unlike the tailor, who handles with equal dexterity the fiddle and the sleeve-board, the bodkin and the fiddle-stick, the Weaver rarely performs upon any musical instrument. The violin he thinks approaches too nearly to the character of a machine, and playing on it is too much

like an apology for manual labour. When he does feel musically inclined, he patronises the Pandean pipes, better known by their vulgar appellation of the mouth-organ.

If we may credit the assertion of the Weaver, some twenty years ago there was no more flourishing branch of industry in existence than that of silk-weaving in Spitalfields. The introduction of machinery, the multiplication of journeymen, and other causes, have conspired to reduce it to a state compared with which the occupation of a scavenger must be truly enviable. The Weaver complains bitterly of French silks and free-trade,—the caprices of fashion and the inhumanity of its votaries. He will descant for hours upon the departed glory of the "book-prices." His club meet once a month, when deputations are appointed to wait upon the masters to petition for an advance or remonstrate against a threatened reduction of prices. About ten years ago, there was a "strike" amongst the journeymen weavers. Members of the "union" distinguished themselves by exhibiting outside their houses an assortment of fancy ribands affixed to a pole. Those who neglected or refused to hoist this veritable "signal of distress" were punished for their negligence or contumacy by having every pane of their windows broken shortly after dark. Processions were constantly formed, and the allied forces went about the streets with a band of music and blue silk banners, with heroic and patriotic mottoes in gold letters inscribed thereon. Apprehensions of a tumult being entertained by the peaceful inhabitants of the Tower Hamlets, some half-dozen determined-looking Bow Street officers were sent down by government to intimidate the "union." Had it been a detachment of cavalry, the intimidation could not have been more speedy or more complete. At sight of the sturdy emissaries of justice, the band, who understood nothing of the differences between masters and journeymen, and probably cared less, suddenly emerged from the congregated body of the "union," and drum, fife, and bugle, to the astonishment and indignation of their employers, walked off quietly about their own particular business. Soon after this occurrence, the "union" disbanded its forces, but they still persist in ascribing the failure of the combination to the pusillanimity of their fellow-workmen who declined "striking" with them, instead of laying the blame upon those mercenary musicians, who sneaked off when called upon, at the critical moment of an expected conflict, with animation and vigour, to "strike up."

Surprising as it may appear, the Weaver, while deploring the depressed condition of his trade, as soon as his children are capable

of exercising their upper and lower extremities, puts them as a matter of course in the loom, and by so doing perpetuates a famished and discontented race. It is true that his conduct admits of some extenuation, inasmuch as if some portion of the family be devoted to future destitution, it is to save from present starvation the remainder. With strangers, however, no such plea can be adduced. Nevertheless, experience justifies us in stating, that parents in no way connected with the silk trade are constantly binding their sons apprentices to Spitalfields Weavers. We have heard of a youth who, despite the entreaties of his friends, persisted in enrolling himself a member of the diabolical Society of Chimney-Sweeps, and could only attribute his partiality for that profession to a natural love of solitude and a desire of being alone. Living in town, he considered that a chimney was the only situation in which a man of a reflecting turn of mind could indulge in meditation free from interruption from his fellow men. The Spitalfields Weaver, whose portrait heads this article, affords a similar instance of blind fanaticism. His attachment to weaving was grounded on the advantage of being enabled to *sit* all day long; whereas, had he been brought up as a doctor's boy (as his maternal aunt most earnestly desired), he would, as he justly remarked, have been condemned to be constantly running about, or standing behind the apothecary's counter. His election, therefore, required not a moment's consideration.

The officers of a city parish, sometime last summer, came before the magistrates at Worship Street, with a lad fresh from the workhouse, who felt ambitious (so the beadle affirmed) to be apprenticed to a silk-weaver in Spitalfields. The Weaver was in attendance,—a hungry-looking man, whose mouth watered for the five pound note which he was to receive, by way of premium, as soon as the indentures were sealed and delivered. Fortunately, the usual preliminaries had not been completed, when the beadle of Spitalfields appeared before the bench, and presented to the sitting magistrates such a graphic picture of the miseries of a Spitalfields Weaver, that the bench at once resolved upon quashing the proceedings *in toto*. On hearing this decision, the "City" became wroth exceedingly, and boldly declared that "Spitalfields" was animated in its opposition by the meanest and most discreditable motives; and in order to defeat the selfish object that Spitalfields had in view, the City announced its determination to bind every boy in the poorhouse (as soon as he should arrive at years of discretion) to artisans resident in Spitalfields, thereby exasperating the rate-payers, and provoking them to regard with inveterate enmity the law of settlement for generations to come.

In the palmy days of weaving, we mean prior to the establishment of the new police system, the most favourite recreation of the Spitalfields Weaver was bull-baiting. A bull, smoking-hot from Smithfield on a Monday afternoon, was looked for by the sporting gentry of Mile End Old Town, as regularly as the London mail by the ostlers of a country inn. The streets were lined at an early hour by gay young gentlemen in their shirt sleeves, each equipped with a knobby club, and all on the tiptoe of expectation. As soon as the animal appeared in sight, a wild shout of triumph suddenly rent the air ; and apprentices, deaf to the call of duty and of "master's wife," sprang out of their looms and scampered off to join in the *melée*. There was a little hump-backed fellow on crutches, with one leg shorter than the other, who was celebrated for his activity and enthusiasm in the sport. Several times had he been suddenly and unexpectedly elevated to a level with the house-tops, first having invited, with inconsiderate gallantry, an embrace with the animal's horns. By some means, known only to himself, he invariably contrived to fall on a soft place, so that his pericranium (the *softest* place perhaps he could fall on) seldom sustained any material injury. He is now a married man, and deals in portable confectionary and sweetmeats, but he never observes a drove of oxen pass along without betraying an agitation of feeling that requires him to be narrowly watched by the policeman on duty.

Fairlop Fair has, from the period of its institution, been annually honoured by the presence of the *élite* of Spitalfields and its vicinity. Early on the first Friday in July, light commodious spring-vans covered with red bordered canvass, and tastefully decorated with green boughs, start for Epping Forest, each capable of conveying a double row of ladies and gentlemen, varying in age from one score to three score, and in number from twenty-five to thirty-five. Large stone bottles are carefully deposited between the legs of the sterner sex, in order that those of either a masculine or feminine constitution who may experience on the road a sudden depression of spirits, or any other equally distressing malady, may be furnished with prompt and effectual means of alleviation. A hamper or two secured on the outworks of the conveyance, and heavily laden with cold legs of pork, affords scope to the imaginations of the silent, and gives rise to prophetic observations of a jocular character in such as can relish "good things," whether animal or intellectual—a pun as well as a pie.

The Spitalfields Weaver, when his trade has been particularly stagnant, has endeavoured to give it a temporary stimulus by angling for the patronage of royalty. One of the most expensive baits that

ever was thrown out to hook a crowned head, was a magnificent robe, presented by the Weavers of Spitalfields to the fourth George, and first gentleman of Great Britain. His majesty of course felt highly flattered by this proof of affection in his industrious subjects—graciously condescended to try on the admired garment—reviewed his elegant person in a *cheval* glass, and pronounced it to be an exquisite piece of workmanship; promised to recommend the gentlemen of his court to abjure India and use pocket-handkerchiefs only of home manufacture; and having bowed out the blushing delegates, retired into his dressing-room,—threw the robe to his valet, and requested to be furnished with a bottle of *eau de Cologne*.

Having had time to repent of their disobedience of David's injunction about reposing trust and confidence in polite princes, the Spitalfields Weaver next resolved to make a desperate experiment upon the gratitude of female majesty, ascribing his disappointment in the first instance not to a want of sentiment in sovereigns universally, but to a simple mistake of gender. Accordingly, a bevy of ingenious vestals, with spotless hands, was selected from the virgin operatives of Spitalfields, and deputed to fabricate a specimen of their ability in reconciling warp and woof for the adornment of their beloved sovereign. The work was finished, and taken with all due ceremony to the palace. Her majesty (for the time being) on looking at it at once candidly confessed that she never before beheld anything one half so beautiful. The ladies of her court (like the gentlemen of the former) were one and all instructed on the spot to provide themselves with similar articles of apparel from a similar source with all convenient expedition.

To facilitate the execution of this benevolent design, a proclamation was issued commanding all the housemaids in the royal establishment to cast aside any dress of a silken fabric they might have in their use or possession, and assume forthwith the more becoming garb of merinos, stuffs, or printed cottons. The Weaver's bosom was filled with joy,—the housekeeper's room with indignation. The poor Weaver saw in his sleep a vision of St. James's glittering in the effulgence of Spitalfields silks: the persecuted housemaids saw nothing but degradation; loss of admiration; a life of celibacy, and irremediable woe. At length, the household began to talk seriously of the imperative necessity for republican institutions; the operatives, meanwhile, discoursed calmly upon the serene beauty of a limited monarchy. Time flew on: the housemaids were still in agony, and knew not what course to pursue; the poor Weaver pointed to himself, and bade them learn a beneficial lesson of resignation.

THE SPORTING GENTLEMAN.

—— The breed of noble bloods.

JULIUS CÆSAR

THE SPORTING GENTLEMAN.

BY NIMROD.

Hunting has been called "a remnant of ancient barbarism;" and so called by one who, no doubt, called himself a clever fellow. The blockhead! The antiquity of the Goths is nothing to it; we scarcely travel over half a dozen pages of the Bible ere the sport begins.—"And Esau went to the field to hunt for venison," says the author of the twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis. Perhaps he did so from necessity; but that this pastime—which doubtless it soon became — seized on the affections of men beyond any other, is evident from its having stood the test of so many ages, improving, as it were, in each, without any one venturing to attack what has such high authority to support it. As has been elegantly said of it, "it has (with us) long since become the great and exhilarating characteristic of the English country gentleman, transmitted by his ancestors to the present generation, equally pure and unimpaired with the glorious constitution under which he lives." We wish Solomon had tried it. He is said to have found the pleasures in women, wine, fine houses, fine gardens, gold, silver, and music, to be vanity and vexation of spirit: would that he had tried fox-hunting!

But to be serious. Field sports are congenial with the habits and taste of Englishmen, as well as peculiarly suited to their native pith and pluck; they have, in fact, a natural tendency to inspire and promote manly spirits, and a free and generous conduct; whilst in the present state of society amongst the upper classes, they may be said to afford the only effectual counterbalance to the allurements of great towns, and their consequences. Then, on the score of *health*, which is said to raise us above man and fate. Cowley says:—

> "*Here* health itself doth live,
> That salt of life which doth to all a relish give."

Look into the face of the Sporting Gentleman, and compare him with the town voluptuary—a sort of walking quagmire, with joints

like rusty hinges. As the brightness of the flame consumes the fuel, so is he worn out long ere he attains the age of man; and how should it be otherwise? Independently of his dividing his time between an anxious conscience and a nauseated stomach, the very make and composure of the human system *demand* motion and exercise for its relief and preservation, and it will not go on regularly and well without them; and as action is natural and necessary, it is as pleasant as it is useful. Indolence is, in fact, the bane of repose, whereas exercise and fresh air produce easiness of mind, joined with clearness and strength of thought that fit us for anything of which we are capable, to say nothing of the truism,—that the devil always employs an idle man.

It is true, there have been objections made to hunting; the most powerful of any, perhaps, by Addison, as resisting our compassion for the brute creation. A Frenchman, M. Pascal, says, no man goes a-hunting unless it be to fly away from his thoughts; whilst Virgil, in his tenth Eclogue, makes Gallus fly to it, to relieve his love for his lost mistress, all other expedients having failed; no small recommendation, by the way, to its all-engrossing powers. But what value has the opinion of a Frenchman of Monsieur Pascal's day, on the merits or demerits of the chase? We might as well apply to a Parisian for his notions of a pastoral, which seldom extend beyond a court; or to Sir Fopling Flutter, who considered all beyond Hyde Park Corner to have been a desert. Virgil was a Sporting Gentleman, and so was Pliny the Consul, both of whom extol the chase; and Horace speaks in disgust of an effeminate young Roman, who had given up the pursuit of manly and invigorating exercises; and, to crown all, Xenophon calls hunting a princely sport,—*the gift of the gods!*

Divines, it is true, in their dark metaphysics, have been severe on hunting, and most others of our manly pursuits. By a perverse application of passages in the Old Testament, as well as from a corrupt interpretation of Evangelic precepts, the retirement and abstraction of a monastic life was represented as the state most favourable to virtue; but, happily for mankind, the more liberal use of reason has dispelled such mistaken notions. Providence never could have designed that this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be voluntarily involved in gloom and melancholy.

> "What more grateful to the ear,
> Than the voice that speaks to cheer?"

They forget that recreation is an essential part of life, inasmuch as it gives us strength to fulfil the duties of it; nay, further, it has been insisted upon by some, that to occupy one part of life in serious and important occupations, it is necessary to spend the other in amusements. Then, again, hunting is said to be the most threadbare of all threadbare subjects for the pen. This assertion is untrue. It cannot be unpoetical, for it holds out an opportunity to expatiate on the beauties of Nature, with which, Milton says, the devil himself was pleased.

The great Lord Falkland pitied an unlearned gentleman on rainy days,—a censure generally applied to Sportsmen. It is true, that the Squire Western of his day was little better than an illiterate brute in the morning, and a drunken sot in the evening; such, however, is not the case now. But, let us proceed to a description of the Sporting Gentleman.

The Sporting Gentleman is for the most part of comely appearance, his countenance and frame denoting health and cheerfulness, and cheerful he generally is. And a rare virtue is cheerfulness;—it makes more friends than learning and wit into the bargain; in fact, it was a proverb among the ancients, that a man who can laugh heartily, will never cut your throat. It is malice and cunning that render him serious. It may be said of him, indeed, what Cicero said of Catiline,—that he lives with the young, pleasantly; with the old, gravely;—that is to say, he is well bred enough to put all his friends and acquaintance at their ease. He abhors over-refinement, which he considers but a mark for profligacy, heartlessness, and insincerity; and often thinks what old Fabricius would say, were he to rise from the grave, and witness the over-strained and unnatural state of a great portion of the fashionable society of the present age. His house, however, abounds with everything tending to convenience and comfort; partly with reference to his station and family, and also with a view to the repose necessary to himself and friends, after a good day's sport.

In his general conduct,—in his transactions with the world,—the Sporting Gentleman has a scrupulous regard to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement he may enter into, which is the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman. He has, in fact, been educated in the schools of honour,—those of Eton and Christchurch, or others of equal note,—which have inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to these points. But let us look a little closer into his character.

It is a singular fact, that there are thousands of country gentle-

men possessing their thousands per annum, but who are scarcely known beyond the precincts of their own county. It is not so with the Sporting Gentleman. He is almost universally known by name and reputation, and not only in his native country, but on the continent. When Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith was presented to Napoleon at his court, he exclaimed, "*Ah! le grand chasseur d'Angleterre.*" And it does not require a man to be a master of fox-hounds, by which his name so frequently appears in the newspapers, to be thus known. The mere fact of his being an accomplished Sportsman and horseman is sufficient to blazon him to the world. Where is the English gentleman who never heard of the late Lord Forrester and Lord Delamere, when they rejoiced in the less distinguished appellations of "Cecil Forrester," and "Tom Cholmondley?" And what raised them to the peerage? Why, in great part, their celebrity in the hunting field, which introduced them to the friendship of George IV., added to that of half the nobility of England.

The Sporting Gentleman seldom entangles himself in the thorny mazes of politics,—at all events, he is never found amongst the daring apostles of Utopian liberty, and would as soon see the devil at his table, as Joseph Hume or Daniel O'Connell. He is, however, a thoroughly loyal subject, and in former days his usual daily toast was, "Church and King, and *down with the Rump.*" Refinement has robbed him of his toast, but the sentiment is still cherished by the Sporting Gentleman.

The Sporting Gentleman is a great admirer of the female sex, and, if married, his wife is generally what is called a fine woman. His eye, being accustomed to regard the points of the brute creation, does not overlook them in woman, knowing that, on the principle of "like producing like," it is hopeless to look for fine and healthy progeny from an ugly, ill-formed mother. The Sporting Gentleman is also proud of his wife; takes her to London for a few weeks in the spring, as well as to all the races and race-balls in his neighbourhood; but, as he prefers the air of the country, and well-ventilated apartments to the heated saloons of London, his stay in the metropolis is short.

The Sporting Gentleman is very fond of his children, and puts them on horseback as soon as they can stride a saddle. He sends his sons to Eton for two seasons. He is partial to the Eton grammar, in the first place; and in the next, he was himself at Eton. He afterwards sends them to Oxford,—where he also was,—and to Christchurch College, although warned by a friend of the expense.

"I will make the sacrifice," is his answer, "for I wish my sons to be gentlemen." Should he have three, the second succeeds to the family advowson, and the third generally enters the army. The law is suggested as a fine field for the third, but the father has at once an answer, having recourse to poetry for a clincher:—

> "Tom struts a soldier,—open, bold, and brave;
> *Will sneaks a scrivener,—an exceeding knave.*"

The daughters of the Sporting Gentleman are educated at home by a governess and other necessary instructors. He is too good a judge to send them to a boarding-school, having been let into some of the proceedings of those seminaries as they are called,—and not inaptly, inasmuch as they are the seed-plots of vice,—by his wife. He also puts them on horseback at an early age, esteeming riding an accomplishment, but confines their excursions to the road. He has objections to their hunting; first, because he considers it not unattended with danger: secondly, his experience of the cover's side has taught him that it is not always the court of Diana.

The daughters of the Sporting Gentleman are generally much admired by the opposite sex, in great measure the consequence of their very healthy appearance, for there is nothing of voluptuousness about a woman without the display of good health. But the fact is, not only have the errors in the physical education of the body, in what Dr. Beddoes calls "the manufacturing them into ladies," been avoided,—such as pinching them off in the middle by tight lacing and so forth; but the preternatural forcing of their intellectual faculties, to the destruction of the vital energy of their frames, and the banishment of the bloom on the cheek, has not been resorted to by these country-bred ladies,—and ladies they really are, notwithstanding the apparent laxity of their discipline, when compared with other systems. The daughters of the Sporting Gentleman are seldom cut off by consumption in the very budding of their womanhood, if not in still earlier life, but live to become mothers themselves, imparting a healthy offspring to posterity, untainted by hereditary disease.

The Sporting Gentleman is always an agriculturist to a certain extent, and often to a very considerable one, assisted in his operations by a Scotch bailiff, being aware that none other will keep his land clean, and consequently productive, forasmuch as it cannot produce corn and weeds at the same time. He prides himself on his cattle and sheep, and now and then exhibits at the Smithfield show. In nine cases out of ten he is a liberal landlord, and from the following

considerations. First, being himself a practical man, he knows what can be done on a farm; and, also, if the occupier is too highly taxed for rent, he is aware he cannot do justice to it. Secondly, his pursuits in life bringing him oftentimes in contact with his tenants, he has a feeling for their welfare beyond that of the mere landlord. They are brother sportsmen, in fact, and a bond of social union exists between them and their families, of great moral strength.

The Sporting Gentleman is a kind master to his servants,—several of them being considered as heir-looms on the estate,—descending from father to son, and dying in the service of the latter, or retiring on the fruits of their service. But he keeps a tight hand upon them, those in his stables especially,—the high condition of his hunters, as well as the neat "turn out" of his equipages, being a grand consideration with him. Experience has taught him two lessons touching this matter,—the one, that servants, like soldiers, under a relaxed system of mastership, are never really good; the other, that a good master makes good servants, kindness having more influence than fear.

The Sporting Gentleman prides himself on keeping what is called a good house,—and in the real John Bull acceptation of this term,—not a grand display in the family dining-room, with scantiness in the servants' hall, but plenty everywhere, and to "comers and goers" as well. Still, without condescending to enter into the minutiæ of the butlery and the pantry, his injunctions are, that there be no wilful waste. The butler looks to it in his department, and over the kitchen chimney-piece is this seasonable hint in letters six inches in length,—"Want not; waste not." Neither are the poor of his neighbourhood forgotten by the Sporting Gentleman. Broken victuals and soup are served out to them twice a week through the winter, from his kitchen; and he gladdens their hearts at Christmas by a distribution of meat and coals, in addition to articles of female apparel, suitable to the season, by his lady.

The Sporting Gentleman gives a dinner to his tenants twice a year, at his rent days, and often presides at it himself. This latter point, however, is immaterial; he does what is much more beneficial to them and to his neighbours; he drops great part of the money he receives on the spot on which it is produced, in lieu of taking it to enrich strangers who neither know, nor care a rush for himself or any one belonging to him.

The Sporting Gentleman is oftentimes in parliament, and then generally for the county in which he lives. He is called upon by his station to go there, although it be not much to his taste; but

when he does go, he goes as his hunter goes over the country, *with his head at liberty;* he will not stand a martingal. In other words, he will suffer no one,—not even the "unwashed,"—to tell him how he is to act, or for or against what he is to vote. Neither is party his object. He wants no favours, the good of the country being his chief aim. In fact, he courts not popularity at its expense; he is too proud to do it :—

——— "This, my prize, I never shall forego;
This, who but touches, warriors, is my foe."

The Sporting Gentleman is on the Turf. That is, he has two or three thorough-bred brood mares, and runs their produce at the neighbouring races,—say, within a radius of fifty miles. Racing, with him, however, is only a secondary pursuit. Still, as far as he goes, he enters into it with spirit. He gives large sums for mares of the most fashionable blood, knowing that to breed from any other is to incur certain loss; and he selects the best stud-horses to breed from, regardless of the heavy expense. He is proud of his paddocks, which he has planned himself after the newest system, being about a fourth of the size of those in his father's time; and his young racing stock are fed chiefly on dry food, by which they are forced into size and form, and as such have generally the best of their neighbours. He does not back them at the post beyond a few pounds, still less attempt to make what is called "a Book," and this for two reasons. First,—he is aware that there are very long odds against him, or against any other private gentleman on a race-course. Secondly, he is well assured that not one man in a thousand possesses the powers of calculation sufficient to enable him to make a winning-book; and lastly, it is not congenial with his feelings.* He considers it *infra dig.* to be in constant communication with a most disreputable order in society,—the public betting-men of the day.

The Sporting Gentleman, however, occasionally performs the office of gentleman-jockey, at some of our first private race-meetings, and occasionally at public ones, for stakes whose articles express that the riders of the horses should be gentlemen. And he will take great pains to prepare himself for this office, either on his own account, or to serve a friend, whose horse he may be asked to ride.

* It is a curious fact, that men who come under the true denomination of *Sportsmen*, are seldom ardent admirers of the Turf. On the day of the last Epsom Derby, three masters of foxhounds, namely, Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith, the Earl of Kintore, and the Honourable Colonel Lowther, remained in London.

He will go through the regular process of training, by severe exercise, for wind, and of reducing his weight by fasting, each of which is no small sacrifice to those who have not been accustomed to any compulsory exertions and self-denials. Ambition, however, has something to do with all this; he is proud of, and anxious to display his fine horsemanship, and the winning a race, by a head, for a friend, is esteemed one of the most gratifying events of his life.

The Sporting Gentleman is proud of exhibiting his stables and their contents; and on the arrival of his sporting acquaintance and friends at his hall, the first walk is to his stables. The superior condition of his horses is his principal boast on these occasions; and it has been his aim to make as many converts as he can to the means by which it has been obtained, out of his regard to that noble animal, the horse, and from a wish to diminish his sufferings. Add to this, he urges this means,—the in-door treatment of hunters in the summer,—on the score of economy, assuring his friends, that five hunters so treated will do the work of six of those which have been summered in the fields, as was formerly the practice pursued by ninety-nine sportsmen in a hundred, to the destruction of a third of their studs by either accidents or diseases, of both of which it was the most prolific source.

Amongst other pastimes, the Sporting Gentleman is fond of what is termed "The Road;" and if he have not (as several of his genus have) a regular team of coach-horses at work all the year round, he generally contrives to make up what is called a "scratch team" in the summer,—some of his hunters, who have rather lost their pace, contributing towards it. And he patronises "The Road" and all that belongs to it. A mail and a stage-coach pass daily through his nearest village, at a certain public-house in which a refreshing glass is always ready, at his expense, for the coachmen and guards. He also directs his attention to the state of the roads in his neighbourhood; and to his countenance and presence are to be attributed sundry improvements and ameliorations in the important operations of travelling.

The Sporting Gentleman has once in his life been abroad,—a foreign tour having been considered by his father an essential part of an English gentleman's education. But the continent is little to his taste; he misses the comforts of his hall, and the habits and pursuits of the people are at variance with his own.

The Sporting Gentleman is a preserver of game in his covers and woods, for the amusement of himself and his friends; but a still stricter preserver of foxes,—finding from experience, that game

and foxes can be preserved together, on the same spot. But he is not content with the tame diversion afforded by partridges and pheasants; he visits Scotland in the August month, which, from the wildness of the quarry, is quite in unison with his idea of wherein the perfection of shooting consists. Neither is he content with grouse; but, with rifle in hand, pursues the stag of the forest, and has been known to kill, from his own shoulder, upwards of sixty of those animals in one year,—a feat that has been performed by the celebrated Captain Ross, of Rossie Castle, N. B. He looks upon deer-stalking as the fox-hunting of shooting; and, on his return home, amuses his family and friends with a recital of what he has done. And he has a fine field for the descriptive. The majestic scenery of the Highlands; the motions of the deer under every variety of pursuit and danger; their sagacity and self-possession; their courage and noble bearing; the bay; the method in which they are prepared for being taken home; and many other particulars relating to their natural history and habits, are themes worthy of any man's tongue or pen.*

The Sporting Gentleman visits Melton Mowbray generally once in the year, for a longer or shorter period, as circumstances may direct; and occasionally spends the entire hunting-season in that emporium of fox-hunting. In the latter case, he is called upon to open his purse-strings, and increase the strength of his stud to the number of fourteen,—less not being sufficient for six days' hunting in each week, which the circumstance of there being three packs of foxhounds within daily reach of that town, enables him to avail himself of. And he is likewise called upon to make another addition to his establishment,—namely, a first-rate *man* cook. Mrs. Jennings is all very well,—a top-sawyer, indeed, in the provincials,—but she will not do for Melton Mowbray. "*Nil ibi plebeium*," and next to a slow horse, nothing is less in character with the place than the animal so often sought after by housekeepers in other parts of the world, where the palate is not so refined,—namely, "the good plain cook."

It often happens that the Sporting Gentleman is himself the master of foxhounds; let us, then, look at him in that character. His heart and soul are in the whole thing, and he devotes half his time to it at least, forasmuch as, without the master's eye, and *that*

* Should any of the readers of the "HEADS OF THE PEOPLE" be inclined to be initiated into the rudiments and mysteries of this noble sport, we recommend them the perusal of Mr. Scrope's elegant work, published last year by Mr. Murray.

the eye of a sportsman, a failure in some department of the undertaking is the natural and inevitable consequence. His object is to shew sport to his field; to give satisfaction to the country; and in his endeavours to do so, he spares neither his purse nor his pains. Still, he does not launch out into unnecessary and ruinous expenses, it being his intention to continue to keep his hounds as long as he is able to follow them; and, not like Actæon of old, to be devoured by them in the prime of his days. Four thousand pounds a-year, then, is the sum he appropriates for the purpose, should he not accept a subscription; and he finds that, with good management, it will cover all expenses for four days' hunting in each week, and occasionally a bye-day. And such it should do; it is a large sum to pay chiefly for the amusement of others, and what no human being upon earth, except a native of Great Britain, would ever dream of paying. Sancho Panza considered sporting pleasant when at other people's expense; and we are so far of his opinion, that except in cases of vast landed possessions, all masters of foxhounds should be assisted by a subscription; and we say this from the knowledge of the great sacrifice of property that has already been made to the keeping of foxhounds; in some instances, indeed, to the irretrievable ruin of the too liberal individuals. But, referring to those who could afford the outlay which we have now stated as the annual charge of an efficient fox-hunting establishment, some curious facts may be related. It is well known that one celebrated sportsman, lately deceased, was the owner of foxhounds for fifty-seven years; here has been the immense sum of two hundred and twenty-eight thousand pounds expended by one man, in one pursuit, supposing the above annual sum to have been disbursed in the charges attending it. We could name a dozen masters of foxhounds for thirty consecutive years, at their own cost, each of which must have expended one hundred and twenty thousand pounds in the course of that period, and on the above-named account! Should fox-hunting be put an end to in this country,—which, despite of evil forebodings, we hope it may not,—and another century be completed ere the pen of the historian should record the doings of the present, the foregoing statement might go far towards shaking the faith of the reader in the veracity of the writer.

The hounds of the Sporting Gentleman are bred by himself with the greatest care, his idea on that subject being that nothing should be esteemed as characteristic of a species but what is found amongst the best and most perfect individuals of that species. He breeds largely, therefore, to enable him to draft his pack closely, and thus avoid the almost certain disappointment of entering hounds at all

faulty in their make,—at least, in points that are found to be essential to hard work. Whether or not he performs the office of huntsman to his own hounds,—so much the custom of late years,—depends on circumstances. Carthage produced but one Hannibal, and Great Britain is somewhat tardy in giving birth to men eminently qualified for this difficult task; and he may be of opinion that it might be more satisfactory to his field to trust it to the hands of a well-instructed servant. Should he, however, undertake it, he resembles not the Baronet in Humphrey Clinker, who commenced hunting without having served an apprenticeship to the mysteries of it, but brings to his aid the experience of at least a dozen years in the difficult science of the chase; and difficult it is, as all those who have given their time and attention to it, will testify. On this subject, there is a remarkable passage in one of the letters of Pliny the Consul.—"I employ myself," says he, "at my Tuscan villa, in hunting and studying, sometimes alternately, and sometimes both together; but I am not yet able to determine in which of these pursuits it is most difficult to succeed." On another occasion, he tells a friend, how much the chase contributes to enliven the imagination, and elegantly assures him, he "will find Minerva as fond of traversing the hills as Diana."

It may be objected, that I have drawn too flattering a picture of the Sporting Gentleman. Let me hasten, then, to disabuse the minds of such of my readers as may be of this opinion. The Sporting Gentleman is very far from immaculate,—perfection is not the lot of humanity:—

> "Virtue and vice in the same man are found,
> And now they gain, and now they lose their ground."

Still, as regards his morality, he is generally on a par with his neighbours. At all events, there is nothing demoralising in his pursuits; on the contrary, the pastimes of the Sportsman have been found to be public benefits in more ways than one; and his example in the field is not without its effect. We have no slight authority for saying that the hearts of those men which are capable of being strung up to a high pitch of enthusiasm and determination in the chase,—which is called the image of war,—would fit them to lead columns in their country's battles; at the same time that they are found to possess, in the softer moments of relaxation and enjoyment, certain chords which vibrate the sweetest notes of pleasure; and the former of these positions is substantiated by the testimony of military officers, who have so often asserted that in the battle-field the most

daring and gallant soldiers have been those which have been accustomed to field-sports.* Neither does the Sporting Gentleman spend his time in counteracting happiness; and, as Johnson has it, "filling the world with wrong and danger, confusion and remorse." The converse is the case; the pursuits he indulges in promote happiness by finding employment for vast numbers of the community, both in trade and in servitude, and they are known to be the lion supporters of the agriculturist by the great demand for horses, and consequently for the produce of their land for their support. Let us hope, then, that although changes are gradually introduced by time in the habits and modes of thinking of mankind; and, notwithstanding the refinement of modern manners may contract, as it has done, the circle of, and abate the general ardour for, the sports of the field, room may still be found for the enjoyment of the manly pursuits of the chase; and also that the flagging spirit which has lately shewn itself, may be revived by the generation that is to succeed us. As I have already observed, they have stood their ground from the earliest times; have been encouraged in all ages and by the greatest of men; and cannot, therefore, now be supposed to dread censure or need support. They had their origin in Nature. And we have a pleasing foreboding that our hopes on this subject will be realised. The illustrious consort of our gracious Queen is a sportsman; and, although, as the poet says,—

> "Who, from the morning's brightest ray,
> Can promise what will be the day;"

We have a fair promise here, that by his example and influence, the sports of the field, in the country which has adopted him, will be upheld in their pristine vigour. And Prince Albert will find his account in this. It was one of the qualifications bestowed by Xenophon on his Cyrus, that he was a sportsman; and if the Scripture Nimrod had not been a sportsman, he would not have been a king. Add to this, all sportsmen are popular; and the historian, Sallust, has assured us that neither armies nor gold can preserve princes on their thrones;—they must reign in the affections of their people.

* General Sir Hussey Vivian expressed himself very much to this purpose, a few years back, in his place in the House of Commons.

THE BARRISTER.

And peers through all things with his half-shut eyes.

THE BARRISTER.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

How majestic;—but that is a cold word! How inexpressibly sublime and beautiful is the spectacle presented to the delighted imagination, when,—taking a range for which Westminster Hall would be too low and narrow, were half Europe canopied there,—it embraces all the glorious ideas that congregate around—the Barrister on his Legs! Humanity has no higher, no nobler image. The pages of philosophy unfold no lovelier or purer reality. The dreams of the poet,

"Lone sitting by the shores of old Romance,"

peopled though they be with countless things, of mould magnificent and unfading lustre, compass not the bare conception of a form more radiant in character, more towering in action, more godlike in purpose! Talk of power in the Hercules, and gracefulness in the Apollo! Look at—the Barrister on his Legs! The stamp and expression of all moral beauties there unite. We think of the fine old Vicar's great man struggling with adversity, and then of his good man who comes to relieve it; but both are eclipsed by the greatness and goodness concentrated in that image.

Glance round the Court of Law,—the Exchequer or Queen's Bench; we view the jurymen with indifference wonderfully contrasted with our reverence for the principle that places them in the box; we see the plaintiff and defendant, perhaps, and share a little in the anxieties of both; we survey the crowd of witnesses with the curiosity, the compassion, due to people about to be legally stretched on the rack, and turned constitutionally inside out; we behold the judge with just respect;—but it is the Barrister whom we gaze on with admiration and wonder.

Who would care to see a knight-errant of old! Look but at the Barrister of to-day. There is the spirit of chivalry, cased in black mail, and riding on a roll of foolscap, as witch did never yet on broomstick. Look searchingly at him. Your first impression is

that you see nothing but a rather ordinary little man with a pert nose, a cunning eye, a coarse hard mouth, a sallow complexion, and wiry hair of a sandy hue, straggling all round (except just across the parchment of the forehead) from under a wig that must have been ugly before it was dirty; the unsightliness of it being now so considerably heightened, as to induce a conviction that the powder-puff which last came in contact with it, was fresh from the soot-bag. You suspect, too, that his attire consists of a suit of black ostentatiously shabby; the sleeves so worn as to harmonise with the dingy gloves, and the collar so darkly powdered and pomatomed, as to match exactly with the wig; all else, save a neckcloth and band, remarkable for illustrating the satirist's maxim, that "white 's not so very white," being enveloped in a stuff gown, that having lost all its original blackness relies for its distinguishing marks on the effect of a profusion of crumples and splashes in the hinder parts.

Such are probably your first impressions; but these, as you look, give place to convictions more flattering. You discern in the coarse mouth, cock nose, and cunning eye, the moral beauty of a man, fired, in every atom of that mass of sensation which he presents to you, with a heroism more than human in its excess of daring on behalf of humanity,—with a sympathy that elevates its possessor above all mortals, by the very truth of its devotion to all as represented in one,—*his* client! The crisp curls of his wig shoot out into rays of glory circling his head; his gown of shabbiest stuff becomes a robe of grace of finest texture,

"Soft as dove's down, and as white as it."

You hail in him the inspired advocate of human right, the indefatigable and uncompromising asserter of justice. His acuteness is equal to his intrepidity,—his impartiality, if possible, surpasses both. He is the champion of the man in tribulation, be he high or low. He is the redressor of wrongs, be the wronged man dwarf or giant. His shield is thrown over the first comer,—the creature who seeks his protection, whatsoever he may be,—and it is thrown over him unhesitatingly, unshrinkingly, untiringly. In the same spirit is he moved,—by the very first appeal to his chivalrous devotion to the cause of fair-dealing and equal justice,—to draw his sword and commence the combat. His principle of action is to assault the oppressor, as well as to shelter the oppressed; and whether the poor man who deems himself injured shall purpose to beard the great lord in his strong castle, or to besiege him, if it may so be, therein; or

whether the great lord shall purpose to sally forth from his stone walls, and give battle to a daring and lawless multitude of trespassers,—his heart is found in the right place; his arm with its muscle hard; his hand with a weapon in it,—his weapon with a keen edge to aid the quick stroke. Herein is his magnanimity displayed. While ready—ready! ridiculous! While anxious, most anxious, to plead the cause of "Poverty *v.* Riches;" while prepared to war against windmills in defence of the vested rights of blind old Dobbin,—he is equally anxious—anxious! absurd! He is solicitous, in the most eager sense of those syllables, to champion the plaintiff in the cause of "Riches *v.* Poverty." Conscious that he is ever at the call of Weakness, he is magnanimous enough to take part with Power when the call comes in that direction. At the beck of the Indigent, he has sufficient moral courage and philosophic daring to devote his best energies: when invited to the purposes of Wealth, he feels that he can afford it.

See him at one time asserting the rights and privileges of the subject against the crown; at another period, of no less momentous interest, maintaining the prerogatives of the crown against the encroachments of a faction. To-day he is found wielding the strongest weapons and exercising the subtlest craft in endeavours to snatch some wretch, whose guilt is doubtful, from the meshes of the law, that have been drawn around him to his condemnation; to-morrow, it is his task,—a nobler still,—to extricate, if he may, an innocent being from the law's almost limitless entanglements; and, finding the pleas of justice powerless, to deliver the half-dead victim through the lucky medium of a flaw; and then, the next hour, it must become his duty to vindicate that law triumphantly against all assailants; to establish the perfectness of its wisdom, the purity of its justice, and to instil a sense of its sacredness into the bosom of every hearer!

Thus the same undaunted energies which he is eager to interpose between the law and its victim, he is as strenuous in exerting in defence of the law, when its sanctity is perilled by the sacrifice of the least of its forms to expediency or caprice. And while you observe with what impartiality he resolves, note with what zeal and fearlessness he executes. No consideration of the offence that he may give to the high and powerful, by the line of argument he pursues in support of the feeble, ever glances across his mind; the blandishments of worldly sport and pastime beset him in vain, if a brief require to be perused, or a cause have a chance of being called on; he has no pleasure, no business, no duty, but the interest of the

one being whose welfare he has engaged to promote. Wife, children, club, debate,—even dinner,—seduce him not from his purpose. He is to plead the cause of the stranger on the morrow, and the soul of honour within him is proof against all temptation. Unensnared by the charmer, though turtle and cold punch are among the persuasives employed, behold him, freed from every fascination but that of justice; punctual to his hour,—in court ere the contest begins, watchful of every turn of it to seize the chance advantages; and, imbued with such a sense of its importance, that to him the glorious interests of the great Past, the awful mysteries of the mighty Future, are merged and mingled in the actual Present. He has no particle of life belonging to him that is not living in the contention then and there going on. What can shake his fixed resolve to win the victory for the struggler he has adopted? Any fear of exposing others; any dread of injuring himself? No! The ties of consanguinity here hold him not back; the springs of sacred friendship are for the occasion dried up. In defence of a client whom, though he has never seen, he has undertaken to protect, he will convict his near and dear relation of rascality; to win his cause, he will quarrel with his excellent friend on the other side, charging him with the most palpable unfairness; covering with scorn his arguments as shallow; his motives as unworthy; and branding his highly-respected associate as the apologist for perjury, and the advocate of fraud.

Beautiful and sublime is the spectacle! Talk no more, then, of the knight-errant in the olden time; for in his topmost bravery, he is a poor creature beside some modern knight,—a Sir James Wheedle, or a Sir Jacob Bluster, pricking o'er the plain of Bedford Square, or of Bloomsbury, at nine in the morning, in a patent-safety, to rescue that distressed damsel, Justice, from piteous perils, at Westminster; or to relieve her sightless and forlorn condition in the neighbourhood of giants at Guildhall!

But is the eminence on which the Barrister sits to be contemplated admiringly only from a single point? or rather, has that eminence but one towering pinnacle? instead of a multiplicity of peaks above peaks, each rising up as though in a struggle for superior loftiness. We have but to take him in his several avocations to find him "another, yet the same" in all. Is anybody unpleasantly situated in reference to some trust-deed, or title-deed, which, having no irons in the fire, he heartily wishes there? Whither points his hope, but to Number-something, Such-an Inn, where, though he fancied himself without a friend in the world, he finds a total stranger willing to incur headache and heartburn in a toilsome

search for flaws; and able to prove the bond, that kept him pale, nothing but waste parchment. Or, has a gentleman found himself, like Farquhar's recruit, troubled with too much wife, to whom does he rush, in the hope of divesting himself of the superfluity in his house, but to the fellow-genius of the philanthropist who gained the other gentleman an estate? How must both gentlemen admire—the one, to see a man discovering him to be the real owner of an estate not his own; and the other, to find a man knowing considerably more about his family secrets and his wife's failings than he ever did himself!

But, whether with regard to the conveying of property ("convey the wise it call"), or to other chamber-counsellings for the more peaceable settlement of disputes, or to the last and grandest effort—the gallant stand-up fight in open court, making a fellow-creature's cause his own—the Barrister labours under one great disadvantage when compared with the saints, heroes, philanthropists, and good Samaritans of old. He *sells* his philanthropy. He lets out his spacious soul in furnished apartments for single litigants. He plies for money—ready money only!

Such is the captious and profoundly stupid objection which the ungrateful insensibility of the world allows itself to urge against a chivalrous defender. His chivalry is not the "cheap defence of nations," forsooth; his heroism is not the "unbought grace of life." "The charm of the contest is the fee it brings," they cry. The only written bit of a case that affects his hard heart, or moves him to mortal sympathy, is on the outside of the folded-up document, just above the attorney's name—"Case for opinion, &c., Mr. Swivelton. Six guineas." The questions of life and death in his brief, the tremendous interests that are at issue in the cause he has to open, touch him no more than the deaths of the folks who were slain at Hastings. What are his countrymen to him? He cares for nothing but his fee, and fights hard for a verdict only that he may get a heavier retainer next time.

Now, of all the ten thousand modes and systems of detraction, this we should hate most, if we did not perceive a still more abominable species of calumny gaining ground to the detriment of the Barrister at the bar of public opinion.

Imagine the advocate of a great cause—the enforcer of a noble principle—the defender of an oppressed fellow being, working himself up to frenzy; scattering the fiery bolts of his indignation around him; trampling on personal distinctions, and snapping ancient friendhips asunder, as flame severs flax; and all upon the principle—

nothing higher—that carries the player-king triumphantly through his task of tears; tears shed for Hecuba! Conceive this glorious advocate of right and justice insensible to both, and mindful only of the statement in his brief; which, injure whom he may, he will seek to substantiate, though he knows the impossibility of doing it, perhaps the cruelty of attempting.

But, having supposed this—which is one charge entered against him in the book of popular errors—how are we possibly to imagine what is yet beyond? That this Sir Knight, who is the pledged servitor of honour and virtue, and whose glory maketh dull the else brilliant fame of the mailed champions of old, not only fights on the false side—as it hath happened for many warriors to do—but fights thereon after he has found it to be false; that while gloriously vindicating the principle of truth, as embodied in the case of his unfortunate and respected client, he suddenly discovers what was known to many before, that his unfortunate and respected client is a scamp of the first class—A 1 in villany; and yet, discovering this by tokens that are truth itself, goes on to plead as though no new ray of light had broken in upon the question, no circumstance had occurred to shake his faith in the case he had submitted, no fact had arisen to snatch the mask from imposture and turn the scale of justice? This is asserted (it is so much easier to assert than to believe) of many Barristers, by people, who—because they read reports of legal proceedings, and go into courts of law, and hear men in dusty wigs and rusty gowns straining (as the swallowers of camels do at gnats) to convince judge and jury that his scoundrel of a client is a martyr, or that his lying witness ought to be believed on his oath—fancy that they prove their case. These are the dolts who adhere all through life to the doctrine that hearing is believing. There is no use in reasoning with these literalists.

But do they stop even here? No: the scandal only reaches its full enormity when it alleges that the advocate has been known, ere now, not merely to screen from suspicion the knave who was palpably spotted from head to foot; not simply to defend, as innocent, the culprit who had privately confessed to him his guilt; but to do this with public asseverations of belief in his innocence frightfully contrasted with a secret knowledge of his criminality. Yet one step more: he has even (it is thought), under such circumstances, stood up, in the presence of justice robed for judgment, and sought to twist the evidence into a rope for the witnesses who had spoken truly; to strain suspicion against the innocent accusers; to fasten upon others, by every species of ingenious practice in the art of

disjointing facts and appealing eloquently to prejudices, something of the odium of that guilt which he knew to be then resting solely on the head he would have spared. It was the head of *his* client, and hence his sympathy with it, to the exclusion of the remotest concern for the triumph of justice. Not that he desired to let loose an acknowledged murderer upon society; but that he had received the fee, he had undertaken the defence, it was his prescribed duty to get the accused off if he could; the knowledge of guilt was an awkward accident, which he could not help; the insufficiency of evidence was an assumed fact, which he was bound to demonstrate if possible; and as for the witnesses' characters, how should a spot remain upon *them*, when his client's confession of guilt came to be published, appended (by way of moral) to the exulting announcement of a verdict of acquittal?

As reasonably expect the door-posts of the Temple and the Inns of Court, to be inscribed, "Ground-floor: Mr. Wm. Gammon, Advice gratis," as to expect Barristers to throw up their briefs merely because they discover their clients to be unconscionable rogues. As to a stray endeavour now and then to fix a client's admitted guilt upon his accusers or their witnesses, who can wonder at it, when it is observed that half the people who go to hear trials come away with a cruel prejudice against the Barristers on both sides; deciding, on a cool review of the whole evidence, that the counsel for the plaintiff, in the one case, was plainly a party to a nefarious attempt on the defendant's pocket; and that the advocate for the prisoner at the bar, in another case, was, beyond question, *particeps criminis* in the affair of burglary he had so feelingly defended?

Human nature is not perfection (the remark is rather more true, perhaps, than new); and we should all make allowances for one another. The prisoners should make allowance for the witnesses, who seldom know whether they are speaking Arabic or Dutch; the witnesses should excuse the jury, who will keep fancying they understand all that is going on; the jury should feel for the counsel, who have a dozen hard heads to impress, making four-and-twenty ears to stun, and as many eyes to keep wide open; and the counsel should make great allowances for the judge, who has to bear the full brunt of the knavery, the equivocation, the stupidity and arrogance of them all.

Let us not claim, then, even for the Barrister, exemption from human weakness—albeit he rarely speaks as though he deemed himself liable to it. In a large, although learned profession, elevated

by much moral excellence, and sanctified by great public usefulness, there must be many abusers of an invaluable privilege. Take these in classes. Say, to begin with, that we light on—

The Dry Barrister.—Many of these are called to the bar, just as prisoners are brought to it, because they are destitute. This Barrister can do nothing but pore over precedents, and rake for authorities, that would be very applicable to the case before him if they were strictly analogous. He is terribly apt to overlook a most important feature in the case you have submitted to him, in the ardour of his interest relative to the long-forgotten case of "Rex *v.* Mouldy." And when, after going through seventeen striking precedents, he proceeds to irritate the judge, and disgust the over-wearied jury, by citing the last and most curious authority apposite to the matter in hand, you discover that he coolly suppresses in your own case the one essential fact that would have saved you, because it would have spoiled the exquisite parallel which he had luckily dug up out of the dark ages of the law. Of law he has not an atom of idea, except as a thing settled by judges and juries long since mouldered away, in some case not totally dissimilar to the present. Justice and equity are not to be meted out by the living, save in the measures of the dead. The question with him is, not what should be, but what *was*.

The Wheedling Barrister.—He is pretty sure to overdo his work. The veriest simpleton of the twelve—not that juries are invariably of one class—shakes his sage head, and settles that the right *must* be on the other side of the question, because Mr. Blarney is trying to cajole him. A defendant, who has scarce a scrap of answer to the action, instantly feels that there will be a verdict for him, from the cozening tone of the appeal in favour of the truth. Yet wheedling is a safe game, so long as the professor does n't fancy that he can "wheedle with the devil," or a judge. And the wheedler is popular—as men are, who, though they never win, seem to have the chances of success always running in their favour.

The Browbeating Barrister.—This is a large class, and a singularly lucky one; for witnesses are many, and the metropolis is wide; yet we never hear of a counsel being kicked through it. The glory of this tribe is to succeed in making a sensible man look like a goose in the witness-box, and to see Truth shrinking out of it as though she had committed perjury. The browbeater is then triumphant; he has displayed vast genius, and upheld the dignity of the bar. When a timid gentleman, strange to the scene, has delivered in distinct terms his weak-voiced testimony, up starts the cross-

examining brow-beater, and, with folded arms, and body rocking to and fro—with a vulgar fierceness in his aspect and insolent suspicion in his tone—with an eye glancing knowingly from the jury to the witness, bellows out, "Now, sir, before you go, I must just trouble you to open your mouth a little wider, and answer this question, without the slightest equivocation: Have you ever been in Birmingham?" The "No" of the nervous witness is perhaps unheard, but the blush of indignation on his cheek is too visible to escape notice. "I 'm sorry to embarrass you, sir. Calm your nerves—you were tolerably composed just now. Come, sir, I must repeat my disagreeable question; tell me (with a leer round the admiring court), and remember you are on your oath, tell me, Have you—ever—been in—Birmingham?" Forced to hear the negative now, he returns to the charge. "Never in Birmingham. Now, sir, look at the gentlemen of the jury, and, on your oath, reply to the question I now put to you: Have you ever in your life been in Manchester?" No sooner has the witness answered "Yes," than the browbeater turns round to the jury with an exulting swagger, and exclaims, "There 's a pretty prevaricating fellow!"* Unless he can turn the nervous man's astonishment and confusion to further account, he probably sits down, observing, that he does n't think it necessary to put any more questions to such a witness as that.

The Briefless Barrister, instead of ending, we should have begun with. But we had not the heart. Every puny whipster of a wag has a fling at the Briefless Barrister. Jokers of all degrees take a pride to gird at him. Why? Because he is distinguished above all his fellows; he has done no mischief; undone no client; ruined no man. The parchment of his soul is unscribbled. He is as innocent as the prisoner at the bar before the trial begins. And then, he is so melancholy. His blue bag is filled with little devils of the same colour. Every day is a week long to him. The year is one long vacation. What are Hilary and Trinity to that martyr unto brieflessness? Yet with what punctuality he attends to do nothing; how undeviatingly regular are his appearances in court; and he has a clerk, and a boy, and all—shamming business. How he squints at other men's briefs, from habit only; for it is seven years since the last hope of having one died within him. As it takes a life-time to get hold of a brief, he wonders how many centuries it will require to make him Attorney-General; and then, what portion of eternity must elapse before he becomes a judge. He is as a "serpent's egg" that is never hatched!

THE JUDGE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Herne's oak was once an acorn; and the great whale now floundering in the ocean-stream was, a few centuries ago, a little blubberer not too big to reconcile us to its being ranked with the mammalia. But what ages must have elapsed since that grave and reverend seignior on whom we are now gazing was a lubberly boy; that calm, passionless, imperturbable embodiment of the principle of justice—that living type of the highest morality—apparently purified from all human weakness; speckless as the cambric that envelops his throat; bright as the gorgeous robe that enfolds his limbs; soft and sleek as the fur that sweeps so gracefully from his drooping shoulders, yet rigid as the marble out of which his features seem chiselled; tougher and more wiry than the hair of that abundant wig, to eke out whose expanse the heads of many ursine convicts must have been shaved! Was he ever boy at all—was that cedar of Lebanon ever as a gooseberry-bush? Was he but a puling infant in the old nurse's arms, more helpless than a blind puppy, and ignorant as so much wax-work? Spun he tops, and was his forte the trap and ball; his passion, cricket—not half a century ago? Was he (this iteration is inevitable, for one is of necessity incredulous)—was he indeed a riotous, racketing, pugnacious urchin, ripe for any exploit provided it was irregular—pummelling particular friends—smashing cucumber frames—plundering orchards and overturning stalls—tormenting tradesmen—torturing tutors—and keeping the maternal heart for ever on the rack of terror? Are these pleasant pranks, natural recreations, discoverable among the records of *his* life, who sits there as he were the elder brother of one of those old Roman senators that stirred not from their seats when the ruffian Gaul, in the flush of victory, dared to approach and pluck their long white beards? All this he must have been; yet surely it is impossible but to see in him a phenomenon opposed in every sense to the free and youthful image of the shepherd "piping as though he should never grow old;" for how looks he, but as one who had never been young,—nay other than he is now!"

THE JUDGE.

There sits a Judge, that no king can corrupt.

HENRY VIII.

The day has been, however, when his lordship, or his honour, who now fills the judgment-seat with so much of the flesh, and so little of its frailty clinging to it, was content with a back seat upon the benches appropriated for counsel, and almost dreaded, perhaps, the coming of the hour when, a brief being put into his hands, it would be necessary for him to get upon his legs and address the Court for the first time. He had gone through the preliminary studies and ceremonies with credit; he had become popular with his young contemporaries, thanks to a dashing air, a lively wit, a turn for thinking, and a capacity for drinking—and as this latter quality more especially commended him, in its gradual development, to the notice of his elders in the law, his chances of getting on in his profession were excellent. These, perhaps, were wonderfully promoted by important commercial connexions—or by influence in a snug borough returning two members—or by a lucky opportunity of displaying his powers as junior counsel in a capital cause, when the senior chanced to be absent—or by hazarding, just in the right place, a flashy remark, or a ticklish repartee, "which excited considerable laughter, in which his lordship heartily joined"—or by a patient and pains-taking exhibition of such legal knowledge as he happened to possess; so as, while producing all he knew, to seem to be speaking from the overflowing affluence of his stores instead of the scarcity of them—or by a new edition of some old reports or uncut treatises—or by a pamphlet worthy of being classed with the uncut—or by a slashing article on some topic of personal interest in a leading review—or by being erroneously supposed to write for "The Times"—or (at the cost of half his balance at his banker's) by a grand and desperate dash at dinner-giving, asking twenty nobs to "The Clarendon," and getting them, from sheer curiosity and astonishment at the young man's assurance, to come.

Those were days of glorious excitement; and perhaps the hour of final triumph, when the hopes of the aspiring lawyer are crowned by his elevation to the bench, has no such delight; assuredly his career as a Judge can have no such consecutive delights as then were his—the pleasures of *getting on*. Client after client came, and cause after cause was won; his income advanced from one to four thousand per annum, and then doubled; he took the coif—he went into Parliament—and the solicitor-generalship was but a step off, if he chose to seek it. Such was his life of business in court; his life of pleasure out of it kept pace with this success. He took all that came legitimately in his way—among other things, a wife; and, in a house suitable in state and crammed with comfort, managed all

his Clarendonisms at home. Nobody was anxious to get first out of his dining-room; nobody was ever known to find fault with anything that came out of his cellar.

> "Hear him but reason on his burgundy,
> And, all admiring, with an inward wish
> You would desire your host were made a grower.
> Hear him debate on claret and champagne,
> You'd say they have been all in all his study.
> List his discourse of port, and you shall have
> A glorious bottle rendered you in music."

But sentence of death must be passed even upon Judges! and when a Sir William This, one of the Barons of Her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, happens to quit the bench for the bier, there must be a Sir John That to fill the vacant place. In the midst, then, of his prosperity, and in the thick of his pleasures, our barrister is summoned to the bench. Strange to say, the shock of his promotion operates upon him like a cold bath. His star is in its zenith. His reputation and his income are increasing yearly—his taste for social enjoyments equals his forensic powers—his means answer to his ends. The Judge's wig seems positively, in his case, an anti-climax. If he accepts it, more than half his income goes at one fell swoop, and with it seven-eighths of his freedom of action. Yet the ermine to which he had aspired must not be unworn now that the chance of events has hung it upon him. His political friends are in office; they must not, by a rejection of their offer, be repulsed and offended. Lastly, when no other persuasive remains, his country occurs to him; justice and his country require him to consent; and the honourable and learned counsel is forthwith numbered with the more Learned and more Honourable Twelve.

Now, indeed, comes a serious change over the spirit of that dream—his life. He is Mr. Justice Blank, or Mr. Baron Dash; and every movement must be decorous, guarded, judge-like, unimpeachable in its propriety, a model and a lesson to every looker-on. There must be no more cakes and ale—in public; no more festivity, in the sweet face of heaven. The club must be sparingly visited, the rubber at whist abjured, Crockford's cut altogether. The race-course is now a place to be as shy of as a ground set with spring-guns; the theatre, as a convenience to drop into, is little better than a man-trap, and to go behind the scenes would be to take a lover's leap into the bottomless pit. There must be no going hither and thither, no free and easy strollings, no agreeable gaddings about

from concert to ball, and rout to opera. All must be point device, and governed by a rule of correctness as though the eyes of Europe (with those of Asia, &c.) were watching every turn and expression of the countenance. The very servants must not be allowed to overhear their master humming a comic song in his own dressing-room. "Jolly Nose," though all the world beside were joining in joyful chorus, the learned Judge must not dream of chaunting; how merry and musical soever in disposition, he dare not murmur a single note of "Jim Crow" in his sleep. As for a waltz—a country dance—a simple, natural, necessary jig—he might just as well have had his two legs shot off at Waterloo. With the same degree of propriety, with the same chance of conciliating public opinion, with the same regard to the dignity of his judicial function, might he sally forth one fine winter morning to enjoy an hour's skaiting on the Serpentine. Imagine a Judge cutting a figure of eight, and gravely coming down upon his centre of gravity! What would Great Britain and Mrs. Grundy say?

Nor are these privations all that our Judge suffered, when he gave up half his professional income and doubled his professional dignity. He restricted himself, even in grave and sober conversation, to a circle so narrow, that liberty of opinion could hardly be said to be his, save on topics as old as the "Iliad," and quite as unattractive in ordinary society. Topics of to-day were almost forbidden. He found it necessary to glance round the table at the guests, check his observation midway when he saw a stranger present, or mutter his idea inaudibly to his next neighbour. His bare opinion would have, in spite of himself, the weight of a judgment. How could he say but that the very subject in dispute might become a matter of legal procedure of which he himself would be the arbiter? Even the pleasantry of a jest upon it would be denied him. Upon the last elopement, the last duel, the last murder, he must be silent. Yes, his dearest friend's wife might run away, and he be forbidden to bring up the subject, as a charming theme for discussion, in whatever company he went into. What can recompense a kindly heart, touched with sympathy and fond of interesting converse, for such denials as these? Nay, he must not go into a towering passion when he wants—"no, not an oath."

Let it not be inferred, however, that such a barrister as we have supposed, can ever be completely tamed down and subdued into such a Judge as appearances have just presented. "Robes and furred gowns hide all," says he who knew everything; and in that mighty all is included every passion that warms and chills,

every emotion that elevates or depresses, the heart of a human being.

"The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,
The Judges are ranged, a terrible show!"

And look well at those Judges. What spectator could ever confound them, though in station and attire the same, with the counsel congregated in the court? They are of the bench—benchy. They are quite another set of men—animated by other interests, governed by other principles, moved by other motives, obeying another law. They seem utterly dead to everything but that to which it is their duty to be keenly alive. They appear to have no thought about persons, but only about the facts adduced and made clear to their understandings. They betray no consciousness of themselves, but simply of the things that are to be done. Ah! but what mere mortals are they all this time! Gods of clay, with cracked heads—frail vessels, and not so closely sealed but that the divine essence of justice escapes by many crevices! The breast that heaves under that motionless ermine, which seems to cover a stone image, is agitated, perhaps, with sorrow for a child in peril—with shame, possibly, for a brother whose disgrace cannot be hidden—with mortification for unrequited friendship. Some concern may penetrate it now for giddy daughters or for stupid sons; perhaps for a wife who is no angel. Or, in spite of strong self-control, perhaps that breast is tickled with some wilful and perverse reminiscence of a jocular kind, more resolute to enter because it ought not to intrude—in fact, with a bon-mot, which it would discharge at the crowded court if it dared, and which, stifled—

"Fires that are closest shut burn most of all"—

threatens every moment to go off at the eyes and mouth in one convulsive muscular explosion.

If Judges, before they become Judges, were not exactly like other people, and therefore exceedingly disposed to enjoy a hearty laugh when they can, they would still be very likely to feel, in secret, a peculiar relish for a good thing, thought or uttered, for the very reason that their functions act as a check, and forbid them the freedom which is enjoyed by counsel. No men living, in fact, have a keener relish, but it is not noisily evinced. A Judge's laugh is rather seen than heard; it oozes out at his eyes, gambols round his mouth, flushes his distended cheeks, and subsides in a minute as though it had never been. We read of maniacs who believed themselves to be wolves, and that the "hair grew

inward;" and we hear of Judges who might be described as Yoricks turned inside out—wearing the cap and bells inwardly.

The jokes of Judges on the bench are generally, as they ought to be, involuntary. Excepting the one great case of an Irish Judge in our own time, the world has witnessed very little of premeditated jesting—waggery with malice aforethought—on the bench. When it has happened, the feeling has been provoked by the humorous sallies of counsel, much in the way that Samuel Johnson was moved by a jovial crew in the night-time, to come down and "have a frisk with them." Of this, an instance may be cited from recent records in Westminster. A sheriff's officer, dashingly arrayed, was undergoing a cross-examination, to which the counsel had given a comic turn, ending with a desire to know (the witness being described as "an officer") if he belonged to the army, and to what regiment. "Neither to the army nor to the navy," was the reply, uttered in a highly offended tone; "I am an officer of the sheriff of Wilts." "Of what county did the witness say?" enquired the Judge. "Of Wilts," returned the handsomely-attired witness, with an air of conscious pride. "I should have thought," said the Judge, in a low tone, to the bar, glancing at the witness's smart waistcoat and gold chain,—"I should have thought, rather, of *Bucks*."

More private, and more decorous, as became superior station, was the pleasantry of a most distinguished living ornament of the bench, when, seated with three of his learned brethren, on a sultry day, the heat became insupportable. "Brother G.," turning to a late learned justice, whose extraordinary figure was more characterised by breadth than length, and who sat next to the Chief Judge, "Brother G., it's growing dreadfully hot; I wish you could *lie down* on the bench, and *give us a little room*." As a bit of "broad" humour, this is perfect.

But the pleasantest of the pleasant sayings of the Judges are all involuntary. Of this class, was the *lapsus* of an eminent Judge who presides east of Temple Bar, and who has (perhaps we should say had) a habit of employing the homeliest phrases to juries, as those of which they would best comprehend the meaning. One of his peculiarities consisted in describing a jury as "laying their heads together" instead of "consulting." On a certain occasion, long ago, it fell to our lot to hear an address to a grand jury, in the course of which the Judge had to refer to an instance of doubtful description of property, in a case of felony submitted to them—the question being whether knives or forks had been stolen;

and he cited a parallel case for the guidance of the jury. "Mr. Justice H.," said he, "on the occasion in question, told the jury that it was for them to find, according to the evidence before them, whether the *stones* alleged to have been stolen were really stones or not; and the jury, *having laid their heads together, found them to be blocks of wood.*"

Of this species of judicial humour, arising out of a straightforward and familiar simplicity, many examples might be cited; but we prefer putting in contrast with the above a *lapsus* that arose out of the opposite habit of employing an elaborate and overcharged kind of phraseology.

Judge B., in his latter days, fell into an indulgence of this sort. A case of aggravated assault came before him; a brutal fellow had beaten a neighbour's child with dreadful severity for plucking a flower on his grounds; he was found guilty, and the Judge, when passing sentence upon him, meant to say that, as the prisoner was himself *a father*, his conduct was the more revolting. But the phrase he used gave an entirely different turn to the whole expression. "Prisoner at the bar," said the kind-hearted Judge, whose feelings were strongly excited, "you have been convicted, on the clearest testimony, of an offence which is abhorrent to every feeling of humanity; all the affections of the heart, and all the sympathies of our common nature, rise up in reprehension of your crime. Upon no provocation, or the slightest imaginable, you have consigned a young and tender and innocent thing to the anguish of a broken limb, perhaps to a life-long injury. Savage as such conduct would have been in any case, in yours the act was more especially revolting and barbarous; for how could you commit such an aggravated outrage on your neighbour's child *when you had one of your own at home?*" The learned Judge thus inadvertently reduced the question to a mere affair of property; and how could it be wondered at, if, when he saw the whole batch of barristers below cramming their gloves and blue bags into their mouths to stifle a laugh, he felt the absurdity too, and finished his affecting address with emotions rather different to those with which he commenced it?

A Judge is bound to weigh and examine every syllable he utters, before it escapes him, lest it be capable of conveying two meanings. The utmost nicety should characterise every expression from judicial lips. A misapplied word—a term whose meaning is in the slightest degree obliquitous—is sure to have some fatal effect; the seriousness with which he is listened to is exceedingly liable, from its severity, to give away—to snap into sudden and

involuntary laughter. Such a phrase as that which was once employed by Mr. Justice P., when touching on the gravest possible subject, would have provoked no titter, no levity under ordinary circumstances. Addressing the jury, in censure of a man who was called as a witness, the Judge, ever the most zealously religious of his class, said, "the man whom the prisoner called to speak for him is, although his evidence could not be received, in reality a witness against him. That man openly avowed his disbelief in the book upon which he was to have been sworn. He told you, in fact, that he rejected revelation altogether; that he denied the absolute certainty that there is a hell; that he did not credit the existence of a place of perpetual torment; and, in short, he would deprive us of all the *consolations* of religion." Dignity of station, and solemnity of subject, are sometimes horrible provocatives of untimely tittering.

Among the powers which the isolated position of the Judge in court, and perhaps to some extent in society, undoubtedly tends to ripen, and which are still further sharpened by the continual and rigid exercise of all the best powers of his understanding, is that of attending to two subjects at a time—one ear for one topic, the other ear for another topic. A great lawyer of the present day, we believe, disputes this faculty for which some Judges have been celebrated, if we may decide by the circumstance of his suddenly stopping short one day in his argument, upon seeing the Judge (Lord Chancellor B.) employing himself in writing letters. "Go on, Sir E.," said his lordship, looking up. The counsel proceeded—so did the Judge—and the counsel stopped again. "Go on, Sir E." The counsel wished to wait until his lordship was at leisure to hear the argument; but the Judge asserted his power of carrying on the two functions of listening and letter-writing at the same time. So also might it have been with a Judge of less repute, who, when on the circuit, was pestered, in some small and inconvenient court-house, with sundry canine visitors, that insisted upon yelping as witnesses, after the fashion of the "quaaking" ducks of Charles Mathews the elder. "Officer, turn out those dogs," said the Judge. Out went a dog or two, but in they came again as soon as the door re-opened, and yelped as before. The Judge commanded silence once more, and sharply rebuked the officers of the court for not ejecting the noisy intruders, who were then about to be expelled in right earnest; but here the Judge broke in again—"No, no, officer, not that little dog—the others—the others; that little dog has not made the slightest disturbance, *I've been watching him for three-*

quarters of an hour; let him alone, he may remain!" Who will presume to say that a Judge's mind is not capacious enough for the double action—the close and vigilant attention accorded at the same time to the witnesses and the whelp?

There is, no doubt, a pleasant relief from the severe and wearisome application of the faculties, attainable through the medium of such a trifling incident as the intrusion of this little dog. The eye of the Judge fell upon him as an amusing, a tranquillising object; and perhaps the puppy served to carry off thoughts and associations that might otherwise have thrust themselves into his observation of the cause he was trying, and distracted his attention a thousand times more. How frequently necessary must some such relief be, come in what shape it may! The weight of years, the heat of the season, the crowd in court, the incumbrance of curls and fur superfluous, the disposition to slumber, the long sitting in one position, the dreadful bodily maladies of which such habits are the precursors, and to which Judges are often known to be martyrs—all these privations and sufferings combined, frequently render the representative of justice on the bench an object more entitled to pity, as he is also to reverence, than any other in the assembly over which he presides—not excepting even the feminine witness whom a bullying counsel has deemed it his duty to insult.

And yet, how Judges cling to the bench! While they have one faculty left unimpaired, they will totter to it as though they had nothing to retire upon. Scotland has afforded remarkable instances of this. Hearing gone and memory gone, the forfeiters will not go likewise. With the mischiefs arising from such defects whole volumes might be filled; but, instead of these, a curious instance may be adduced of the consequences of another infirmity in a Judge—a habit of uttering his reflections aloud. It occurred in London, on the trial of a man for stealing a faggot from a large heap. The witness, who was produced to identify the stolen article, having sworn to it, Mr. Justice P. remarked, "You swear it is the same faggot you saw the prisoner take?" "Yes, the same." "Very well;" and then, as he was writing his note of this evidence, he said (to *himself*, as he innocently thought), "why, how can he swear it is the same faggot? One faggot is as much like another as one egg is like another." The cunning counsel for the prisoner, close below, caught the Judge's remark, and instantly had the witness called back for re-examination. "Now, sir, you have sworn this is the same faggot; why, how do you know it 's the same faggot? One faggot is as much like another as one egg is like another."

The Judge dropped his pen, and looked over his spectacles into the serious face of the counsel. "Mr. P.," he observed, "I see the finger of God in this case; the same reflection was passing through my mind at that moment, in the same form of words. I certainly shall not let this case go to the jury on such testimony."

Let us, in all gratitude and respect, pray that every pure and upright Judge may escape the visitation of such infirmities, or at least be conscious of them when they have crept upon him, so that he may "die with dignity." From errors, weaknesses, and prejudices on the bench, justice must ever suffer; but these may yet be rendered more limited in their influence. It is something meanwhile to rejoice over, that in modern times the horrible spectacle of a dishonest, a corrupt Judge, has been unwitnessed in this land. Defective as he may be in disposition, or perverted by professional habit and party associations, no one can name the Judge by whom the law was wilfully mal-administered. Cambyses, the Persian, is said to have caused a Judge to be flayed alive, and his skin to be spread on the justice-seat, "to put his son, to whom the vacant office was given, in mind of exercising his charge better." Judges in our day would be sure to die in their skins, though King Cambyses were on the throne. Whatever they may lack, they have INTEGRITY; if they reverence not justice, they reverence a good name, and treasure it. May they all be merrier than they seem—more like men and less like machines; and when a note is brought by a messenger, and handed up to the bench, eliciting a grave, formal, dignified nod of assent, may it be as the great Lawyer Brandon's was, nothing more distressing than the acceptance of an invitation to dinner. May "sobriety cease to be sober," when the time comes.

Above all, let us express a wish that grows out of a painful reflection. How many barristers, become judges, must have lived to hang the clients they formerly defended! If the man who goes to law is on the road to ruin, and ruin be a path to crime, the list must be long. May the Judge be spared such pains in future! As he is faithful to the throne and the altar, may the principles that sanctify both give him at length none but merciful laws to administer! As he is a sworn friend to order, and a devout hater of the policy that mounts a *red* cap, may this blessing be his henceforward—may he never *put on the black cap!*

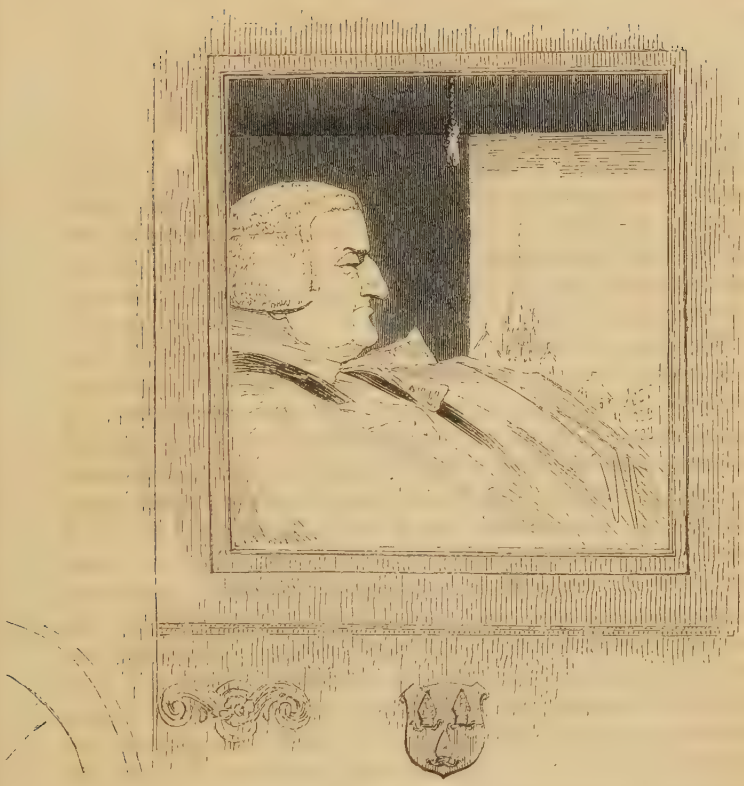
THE BISHOP.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

The Bishop is not merely a national blessing—he is, in the strictest sense, in absolute verity, a national necessity. What may be his functions, what his worth, in other countries—what these may have been amongst us in former ages—we need not pause to enquire; enough, that he is now, and in this land, an article of first necessity, —a popular essential!

Take away the Bishop, and the people's safety-valve is gone. What explosions must follow! The swelling hearts of a million of men, scattered over many districts of the empire, must burst in a single morning, from the sheer want of something to carry off their superfluous emotions, and vent their overwrought and ungovernable humours upon. While the Bishop lives, these sons of excitement will never die by explosion. He is always ready for use, and at everybody's especial convenience. No calamity, public or private, political, social, or domestic, can occur but somebody abuses the Bishop. No man can labour long under a bilious attack, but the Bishop, more potential than the physician, comes to his relief, and then the low grumbling, risen into a fierce growl, terminates. Part of an Englishman's sense of felicity in this world consists in a sweet and stubborn consciousness of having been grievously wronged; and while there are Bishops above ground, he cannot be persuaded but that he is an ill-used being. He keeps up a tolerable stock of happiness, therefore, by perpetually railing.

Now the English climate is an invaluable resource, and furnishes him with frequent causes of discontent and apprehension; the east wind or the north wind, the dead calm or the sudden blast, the odious drizzle or the soaking shower—these are eminently serviceable in turns; the sheet of mid-day fog, link proof—the nasty slippy sloppy snow—the "muggy" day that stifles, or the sharp dry heat that is pronounced to be pos-i-tively killing—all are very fine things in their way; and what myriads would do, if deprived of such fertile and legitimate helps to the grumbler, it is difficult to imagine, unless they found in the deprivation itself a degree of ill-usage exceeding even that which the climate as it is enables them constitutionally to



THE BISHOP.

The temporal lands, which men devout have given to the church, would they strip from us.

HENRY V

enjoy. Women especially would more than ever regard themselves as injured angels.

But what is the weather, as an excuse for grumbling, compared with the Bishop! Natural liberty, or the privilege of railing at the clouds, the winds, and the sun, has been too common in all ages to be pre-eminently exquisite in any. Civil liberty, or the privilege of calling one another knave and fool, of ripping up old grievances, and exposing family affairs for the amusement of the bystanders, is precious enough; though, if sweet in the first enjoyment, it is rather unpleasant afterwards. But religious liberty, or the privilege of abusing a Bishop, has no drawback; for its pleasures, like the music of an island more enchanted than ours, give delight and hurt not. In a country where it is an understood thing that a man in a passion shall pummel the Bishop of the diocese, or, if it so please him, the whole bench, rather than the individual with whom he has his quarrel, what wonder if the peccant humours and irritable affections of the blood are safely carried off, and civil war is a stranger? What can so practically promote peace, as this species of resentment of affronts and injuries? Would not duelling, for example, be in effect abolished, if it were a maxim of civil polity that an offence would be properly resented, and wounded honour effectually healed, if the injured man went out into the fields and discharged his pistol at an effigy, set there expressly to be shot at, arrayed in a shovel-hat and wig, silk apron and lawn sleeves? Well, and how many quarrels, that else must ripen into duels, are amicably adjusted by virtue of that principle of religious liberty which points at the vilification of the Bishop?

Look on all sides. Here, we see a man whose quarrel is with his lawyer—whose ire is roused by a ruinous bill of costs; but, cautious how he exasperates the potent man of the law, he falls, tooth and nail, on the peaceful man of the church—ten chances to one, his rage is only finally appeased by tearing a Bishop joint from joint. There, we find an invalid expending the last remains of his vigour, —not in a fierce assault upon the apothecary and two physicians who have conspired to treat him for a complaint he never had—but in a splenetic attack upon the Bishops, arch and simple. And, in another place, we discover a railer, who, while his riotous rib was scarifying him from crown to sole, sat suffering, fear-stricken, answerless to all complaints, not dreaming of the retort-warlike, not even daring to expostulate—who now, with smothered anger consuming him inwardly, looks about for some grand and fitting and

legitimate object against which to direct the pent-up storm he must not, for his ears, hurl at the right head, and—

"My dukedom to a beggarly denier"—

it bursts upon the Bishop! So the honest laird, when Jeannie Deans refuses his offer to make her the lady o' Dumbiedikes, comforts himself with an anticipation of the bangings that he has in store for Rory Bean, his pony.

"Bishops," says the duchess in "Don Quixote,"—"Bishops are made of blocks, and not of men." Who would think it, seeing the inflictions they undergo? When we speak of "the bench," it would be comforting to the pity which is in our nature, if we could speak rather of the hard wood whereof it is made, than the soft flesh that is seated on it. But if we should thus be relieved from all concern about the sufferings of that spiritual band, from them what a crown of honour would be snatched—from what glorious martyrdom would they be cut off for ever! If a Bishop in the flesh were no more than a Bishop on a chess-board—if he were, to use the duchess's phrase, a block, and not a man—he could assuredly suffer nothing though he were burnt; but neither could he rank with the saints and martyrs.

"'Tis better as it is;"—and so the Bishop himself seems to think. Many and fiery as are the bolts hurled at the bench, has there been in the worst of times any lack of candidates for a vacant seat upon it? Has the post been unsought, because it is a post of danger? Has the world witnessed one single instance of flinching on the part of a reverend divine, when summoned to take possession of a see, and set the mitre on his brows as the warrior draws on his helmet? No! amongst so many, not one has been found wanting. It has been known, as well to pious doctors as to the profane and unlearned, that, to become a Bishop, might be nothing less than to be the appointed mark for obloquy and abuse; to supply a new victim for vulgar scandal; to present a new name to the flingers of dirt; to invite the hiss of public scorn to follow in the highways: and yet, has the most timid, the most selfish, shrunk? Or rather, has there not been amongst that devoted class in which the heads that best fit mitres are invariably found, as much zeal, activity, and daring in the continual rush towards the bench episcopal, as there ever was—as much disordering of surplices and cassocks, rumpling of orthodox wigs, and trampling on toes full of the frailty of the flesh; in short, as much squeezing, jostling, worrying, wrangling, bullying, vilifying (all in a reverend and learned way), in the parsonic race for the mitre? Can manifestations of the spirit of self-sacrifice be more in-

dubitable? Can the Bishop be more exalted than by the simple elevation he attains over the heads of so many spiritual heroes seeking installation and its accompanying martyrdom?

Yes; for there is more behind. The spirit of self-sacrifice is not yet seen at its height. It is for something more even than a readiness to incur obloquy and rancour, that the Bishop should be canonised by his contemporaries, without leaving the grace of that act of justice to posterity. He is willing to bear more serious, we may add, more awful penalties. Yea, he is willing to bear throughout this life the burden of great riches—riches, which he knoweth to be the root of all evil!

Here we behold the abused Bishop in his brightest light—in his whitest of lawn, in his glossiest of raven black. Self-denial cannot surely be carried farther than this point — the voluntary obligation to revel always in worldly wealth and carnal luxury. Apostolic poverty, simple fare, lowly living, laborious occupation, he abjures: these, forming the peculiar blessedness of the earlier christians, he surrenders without a sigh or a murmur; he sacrifices himself for the good of his flock; he spares others the perils of temptation, by imminent danger to himself; he monopolises as much of the root of evil as he decently can, knowing that the more he hath, the less must his fellow-creatures necessarily have to bear the guilt of; he permits vast quantities of filthy lucre to be brought to his door, that the habitations of others may be cleansed of it, and all the risk, all the pollution, may be his. And, as Sancho informs the duchess already introduced, saying unto her grace, "I shall set out for my government, whither I go with a most outrageous desire of getting money,"—so (but more inwardly) says the Bishop when he sets out for the government of his diocese; taking for his animating principle a most outrageous desire of getting money, in order that of the insane root which takes the reason prisoner (the root of all evil), mankind may have the less to devour. Moreover, as the aforesaid Sancho for himself says, that he never once "drank out of malice," though "from thirst he might," so may the meek Bishop declare on his own behalf, that of venison, and turtle, and rare wines, he partakes not out of malice, though from a strong relish of them he may. From the temptations of wealth, from the evils of luxurious living, he mercifully relieves as many as he can; he charitably refuses the craving, but not as Blunt does:—

> "'God cannot love,' cries Blunt, with tearless eyes,
> 'The wretch he starves'—and piously denies;
> But the good Bishop, with a meeker air,
> Admits—and leaves them—Providence's care."

If, in moments of weakness, he gives away corruptive coin, it is in infinitismal quantities that can do little harm; nor is it then scattered among a promiscuous multitude; for, lest the minutest particle of the root of evil should work ill, the Bishop confines the distribution to the craving among his own flock, and takes care that no doitless dissenter shall be injured by an alms. In like manner, he dispenses not rich soups or other lust-provoking viands to penniless and thin-blooded christians, but cooling drinks and chastening messes, that may keep them lowly and humble: with such good things as gruel has he been known to fill the hungry. Are the rich, then, sent empty away? No; lest they should thence repair to their own loaded tables, and revel in unseemly excesses, these is he known to entertain at sumptuous banquets, prepared, no doubt, by the most pious cooks that France can produce, and supplied to the sensual guests by numerous saints in fine livery. Thus, he reduces corruption where he cannot exterminate it, and ensures its continued absence where it is not.

And for this, even for this, is an outcry to be raised and prolonged and perpetuated against the Bishop—because he hath the moral courage, the religious enthusiasm, to be rich! Because he is the recipient of large revenues, and dares encounter all the risks and responsibilities of ten thousand a-year! Out of their mouths are they condemned, who say that he condemns himself out of his own, in preaching that it is easier for camels to pass through needles' eyes, than for rich men to enter the—place where Bishops ought to be when finally spiritualised! Let the railers hearken (if Calumny had an ear as sharp as her tongue it would be well) to the truth, that the Bishop is not to be numbered among rich men, and cannot be but by monstrous perversion. No; the Bishop *per se*, though not *per see*, is a poor man; grasps at riches by the root, only that curates may enjoy a healthy and christian poverty. Can it be supposed that one so versed in divinity puts faith in the unrecorded miracle, that a huge quadruped *can* pass through a space not ample enough for the passage of an atom? Are we to be told that a doctor of such approved knowledge is so ignorant of the laws of mechanics and of natural history, as to imagine that a camel, hump included, *can* squeeze through the eye of a needle? He believes of course in no such conjuration; and, identifying the rich man's impassableness with that of the camel, he keeps himself ever in safe poverty, in his own estimation, and can be accounted affluent but by proxy. Give the Bishop yet another five thousand per annum, and he will still deem himself needy, devoting himself to gathering together more gold, lest men, seeking it, should be lost.

Let us consider how many of the meek and faithful among the clergy would be little better than so many of the wicked, were the provident Bishop less thoughtful of their welfare—were he rashly to distribute his immense revenues amongst them. The character of a "Good Parson," as painted by old Chaucer, and set in a noble framework by Dryden, is yet extant. Contemplate the glorious picture:—

> "Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor
> (As God had clothed his own Ambassador),
> For such on earth his blessed Redeemer wore."

And then this:—

> "The tithes his parish freely paid, he took;
> But never sued, or cursed with bell and book:
> The country churls, according to their kind
> (Who grudge their dues and love to be behind),
> The less he sought his offerings pinched the more,
> And praised a priest contented to be poor.
> Yet of his little he had some to spare
> To feed the famished and to clothe the bare:
> For, mortified he was to that degree,
> A poorer than himself he would not see."

Now, what pains and penalties would be too heavy for that base Bishop, who, by a shameful surrender of income and a wanton equalisation of revenue, should destroy such a character as this? That it is to be met with in life, not merely in every diocese, but at no great distance from every parish church, is not with decency to be denied: and think of the sin of spoiling such a parson by settling upon him five hundred a-year, abstracted from the superflux of his diocesan. The charm of poverty gone, the spell of virtue would be gone too. You would call at the dwelling of the man of sanctity to gaze with reverence on the human elevated to the divine, and you would find him—gone to Ascot, or to a fox-chase—or playing guinea-games at cribbage with the rakish squire. The "Good Parson" would be no more. You would as readily guess him, by his look, demeanour, dress, or employment, to be "God's ambassador," as you would one of the Bishop's file of servants, clad in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day. Instead of seeing his parishioners "pinch themselves the more," because he scorned to press them for his tithes, you would see him pinching them (the nippers as hot as law could make them) for the arrears—a handsome remittance to "my lady," gone up to London for the winter, being instantly called for; or a hunter, not to be had on trust, having caught the critical eye of his hard-riding reverence. The "Good Parson" would be utterly, hopelessly extinct.

Thanks to the wisdom and beneficence of the Bishop, no such good parson now alive is in the slightest danger of being visited with such a settlement. No such five hundred perils a-year are at all likely to drop out of the strong box of the diocesan into the pocket of the poor curate's threadbare garment, there to explode, to delude, to confound and to destroy. The Bishop, knowing the curse of riches, keeps them far out of the way of the working curate. Witnessing the blessings of poverty, he yet practises wonderful self-denial, in officially divesting himself of them as fast as he may, and abjuring them most religiously to the end of his days.

When a Most Reverend Prelate descanted, upon a recent occasion, on the desirableness of giving an Archbishop at least fifteen thousand a-year, and on the necessity of keeping up the enormous incomes allotted to other dignitaries, for otherwise men of competent ability and excellence of character would not be induced to make the church their profession, there was a scandalous combination amongst men to misunderstand him. People would and will have it, that the prelate thought so ill of scholars and of high families, had so little faith in the piety of the learned and respectable; so little hope of seeing any man influenced by the spirit of religion alone when he enrolled himself among the clergy, as to deem these great church-prizes necessary, in the shape of baits to the ungodly, to turn hypocrites and profess sanctity in the pulpit. But it is quite clear that the observation meant no more than that these prizes must naturally ensure many blanks; and that by these blanks—not by the prizes—men of meek and humble natures, of unworldly views, of disinterested and truly pious dispositions, despising pomp and vanity, abhorring Mammon and all unrighteousness, would be attracted to the church and tempted to enter into a ministry that held out such scanty rewards in this world. On this principle, can the church be too rich? Can a Bishop have too spacious a coach-house, or too extensive a wine-cellar?

The Bishop rarely preaches. Now and then, when some old institution has fallen upon evil days, and the heads of its founders, a charity sermon is extracted from him—the promoters of the experiment upon public sympathy well knowing that people will flock to see a Bishop, even though a plate be held at the door, when the cause of benevolence pleaded by a plain rector would have had the effect of sending them two miles the other way. See the practical uses of the Bishop! On these occasions, he enlarges, in mild persuasive accents, on charity (the greatest of the three); on the superfluities of the rich, on the privations of the poor; on the

vanity of riches but as a means of virtue; and on man's duty to his neighbour, whom he is to love as himself. To enforce his lesson of moderation the more effectually; to impress upon his hearers' minds how little they need for themselves in this world; and to exhibit before their eyes an example of the ostentation and vanity they are exhorted to avoid, his splendid carriage, richly purpled within and without, with a magnificent pair of horses, and harness to match, a sleek and serious coachman, and two footmen, who, though accustomed perhaps to praying, are manifestly unused to fasting, wait for him at the church gates.

Thus we see that, if the Bishop puts on the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and yields sometimes to the sinful lusts of the flesh, his intentions are ever pure, unimpeachable, and saintly. His motives towards us, his flock, are even as those of the Spartan fathers of old, who made their slaves gloriously drunk from morning to night, in order to disgust their children by the spectacle, and to instil into them the principles of sobriety. The famished curate, when, as he walks home through the rain after a hard day's work of marrying, christening, burying, and praying with the sick, he perceives the Bishop drive by to dine with a jolly nobleman in that neighbourhood, cannot fail to see the matter quite in this light.

Cowper makes his Sir Smug a Bishop at last—

> "And adds Right Reverend to Smug's honoured name."

There is something in that name which should naturally conduct its owner to a mitre. Bishops are always smug. From the wig to the silver shoe-buckle, the attire of the right reverend prelate is smug. His visage is smug—his air and manner are quite smug. There is also a peculiar smugness in his language. Clergymen have, to be sure, occasionally complained of exceptions to this rule,—perhaps when they have bothered a Bishop unavailingly for preferment, or persisted in preaching contrary to prelatical prescription. Nay, one reverend writer (never very reverend when he writes about Bishops) lately lectured one of our lords spiritual for employing language "that savoured rather strongly," to quote the characteristic expression verbatim, "of the phraseology current among those who are engaged in the apostolical occupation of trafficking in fish." But such excesses on the bench of prelacy are exceedingly rare. Smugness, in speech, look, and action, is the Bishop's rule. He is twice as smug as a dean, and more than three times as smug as a rector. He is the "saint in lawn," and doubles the saintliness of him in

crape. Yet, the "holier than thou" principle is not betrayed in his expression; it can only be delicately implied as existing in him from the exquisite odour of sanctity that exhales from his sayings and his doings. All around him is corporeal ripeness, moral repose. He looks like a man who, if he had to take the steep and thorny way to heaven, would hardly get there at all; who finds the journey of life to be easy travelling; and who, end where it may, lives well on the road. He sleeps as soundly at night as though he were preaching to himself. He puts no money-bags under his head for a pillow to disturb his slumbers, for his house is a palace, and he fears as little the midnight robber as the noonday roaster at Smithfield. He dreams of neither, loud as may be the war-cry without; for the episcopicide (the assassin of a Bishop,× like the assassin of a king, has the honour of a word all to himself) is a very old-fashioned personage, and has no place in modern history.

There is nothing awful in the idea of a Bishop, so long as he confines himself to the discharge of his spiritual functions. When a confirmation takes place, the young people (girls especially) flock towards the Bishop, and scarcely shrink when his hand, like a dove's wing, touches their heads. It is only when he meddles with their temporal affairs that people find him terrible. If he would keep his foot out of the House of Legislature he would stand no chance of being stoned as a martyr. But, if he keeps his seat there, it is perhaps because he is expecting a bill to be brought in for burning him, and he wants to be present to vote against it. He is certainly placed in an awkward position there. For ten years together, he is assailed as the mere creature of the ministry of the day; and for another ten years he is assaulted no less fiercely as the creature of the opposition. Do what he will, the good Bishop cannot please people out of church. Assuredly, if connected with party, he can but be the fag-end of it. The "bishop" which we all delight to imbibe from the bowl, may, in one sense at least, emblemise its namesake — it cometh in only as the forerunner of a break-up. Bring in the "bishop;" and, somehow or other, the signal is soon given to separate: the party splits—one man going one way, and another starting off in an opposite direction.

× *Bishop of Pamplona killed in 1841.*

THE JOCKEY.

BY NIMROD.

The great English lexicographer was, perhaps, never more at sea than when called upon to define the word Jockey. The *unde derivatur?* as the schoolmaster expresses himself, is ridiculously responded to by him after this fashion: "Jockey, *n. s.* From Jack, the diminutive of John, comes Jackey, or, as the Scotch say, Jockey; used for any boy, and particularly for a boy who rides race-horses." Again, "A fellow that rides horses in the race." Again, "A man that deals in horses." Again "A cheat, a trickish fellow:" and here the Doctor, no doubt, thought he had hit the mark, for it is well known that, when asked why he did not go to see a race, he replied, "It was no pleasure to him to see a rogue in red ride after a rogue in green." However, without further disputing or despising this great authority, let us proceed to develop the character of the British Jockey.

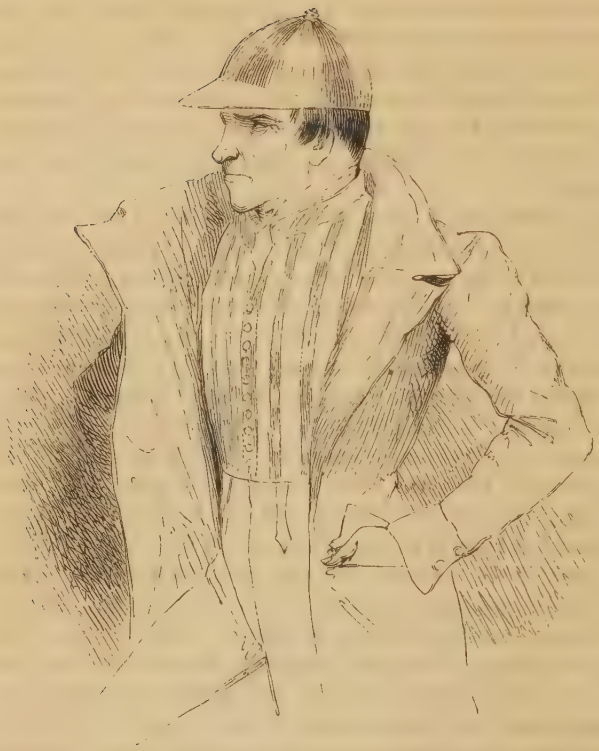
The Jockey is generally the son of a Jockey, or of a trainer of race-horses, who puts him into the saddle as soon as he can stride across one. Should he be a fine child for his age, the hopes of his parents are at once blasted, inasmuch as he can never expect to get beyond riding exercises, and then only till about the fifth year of his teens. But he *must not be* "a fine child for his age." His growth must be stopped, if he is to ride the winner of the Derby—the pinnacle of ambition in a Jockey's eye—by potations of gin mixed with his mother's milk, and the muzzle must be put on him as regards *that—i. e.* the milk. His sucking propensities, in fact, must be reserved for after-life, to draw forth secrets from those connected with his profession, which, in vulgar language, is called "pumping."

The intellectual education of a Jockey is a matter little thought of, even in these enlightened days. Indeed, it was considered so perfectly unnecessary half a century back, that the celebrated dramatic writer, Holcroft, tells us in his Memoir, that, when training for the profession of a Jockey, at Newmarket, he was considered on the point of going raving mad, from the simple fact of his being found by his brother stable-boys in the act of reading a

book at one time, and casting up some figures on the door of the stable with a rusty nail at another! No; it is discipline, not education, that leads the young Jockey to eminence; and to rigid discipline, exterior, if not moral, must he be contented to submit, ere he can be expected to attain it. In fact, the words of a modern poet may be applied to too many of his caste:—

> "Among thy fellow-men, a weary lot is thine:
> To glory, and to suffer—to toil, and yet to pine."

The practical education of the Jockey is this:—At about his twelfth year, well breeched and gaitered, he is put on the quietest race-horse in the *string* (the Newmarket term for *lot*); and, somewhere about the middle of it, he follows those before him. His employer soon finds out whether he is likely to improve in the saddle, by the use he makes of his hands; that of his head being for after consideration, and of no importance at present. A few months, however, develop him. If promising, he is put to ride a short trial. He makes a mistake, as may be expected; he does not wait long enough, and according to orders; but it is his first attempt. He handled his horse well, and the task is repeated on the morrow. "Wait *till the last hundred yards*," says his employer—a difficult task for a young one, always eager to get home. He does wait, and wins his trial. "There now, Jack," says his master, "you see you won this trial by strictly following your orders! If you mean to be a Jockey, you must minutely attend to this point. Had you been riding a race yesterday, you would have lost your employer's money, by not doing as you were bidden." He is next put to a still severer test: another trial is to be run at very light weights, and he is again put up, with orders to make running; in non-racing language, to take the lead. But there are not a dozen old Jockeys, nor have there ever been a dozen, who have been found eminently to succeed in this difficult task. The non-racing world would naturally ask, "Why? What more easy, to one who knows how to ride a race-horse in his gallop," they would exclaim, "than to let him go nearly as fast as his legs can carry him, at the same time giving him the necessary support from the hand, so as not to allow him to exhaust himself more than is to be expected from his exertion?" We answer, Nothing more easy; the difficulty lies in the rider being able to assure himself as to at what rate or degree of speed his horse is going. Neither is that all. He must be so far cool and collected in those exciting moments, as to be able to appreciate the



THE JOCKEY.

I have within my mind a thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

effect the pace at which his horse is running has on the others with which he may be contending in the race; as likewise on the horse he himself is riding. Here is work for the *head*, all to be done in the space of two or three minutes at most; and whilst every nerve and muscle in the frame (of one only half developed, perhaps) is quivering from the severe exertion of riding a hard-pulling horse, at a rate approaching that of one mile in a minute! Carthage produced but one Hannibal; nor is it to be wondered at that an age does not produce more than half a dozen quite perfect Jockeys.

But to revert, for a moment, to the education of a first-rate Jockey, just for the purpose of shewing to what a good account it may occasionally turn, and what little reason there was for Mr. Holcroft being considered mad because he was able to read "Arnold's Psalmody;" or, as was thought still more miraculous, to spell a word of six syllables. A pamphlet of only one hundred and seventy pages now lies before me, entitled, "Genius Genuine, by Samuel Chifney, of Newmarket." *Price Five Pounds!!* John Gibson Lockhart, of "The Quarterly;" Professor Napier, of "The Edinburgh;" Edward Lytton Bulwer; Theodore Hook,—hide your diminished heads. None of you ever wrote one hundred and seventy pages, twenty lines to a page, with a river of margin, that sold for five pounds; neither will you ever do so. And let me give you a little specimen of the style of this truly classic production. First, as to the point, just discussed, touching the difficulty of what is called "making running," by a Jockey. "Skylark, a famous racer of his day," says Chifney, "was fast, a slug, and a jade, which was much against him, his making strong play (*i. e.* running) over the four-mile course." Now, the printer might have put his pen across the "him," before the sheet went to the "devil,"—where, by some, it is feared the writer is also gone; but, how stands the case on a strict analysis of the passage? Skylark is fast, but he is also a jade. Well; in the last-named quality, here are bad materials to work upon for four miles in succession, and over very severe ground. But, then comes the climax; he is a *jade* as well. Now, in racing lingo, a jade means a race-horse with a soft heart; one that will not strive to do his best, nor struggle to the utmost to win his race, as a stout-hearted one will do; but he shuts up, as the term is, when collared. I leave my readers, then, to imagine, in their own minds, the difficult task a Jockey must have to induce such a horse as this to lead half a dozen others, at a great pace, over such an extent of ground, without finding out the soft part in his heart; or, in more racing-like lan-

guage, upsetting him by the pace. And the issue of this race was, that, despite of having had on his back one of the most celebrated Jockeys of the day (not Chifney, who rode Escape in the race), Skylark, although "first till within a hundred yards of the winning-post, there stopped short, and gave over running from distress."

The following passage (p. 110) is a true picture of the roguery practised on race-courses, by what are termed the betting men. In allusion to the case of a race-horse having been poisoned, at Newmarket, the author of "Genius Genuine" thus speaks:—"This brings to my recollection what Mr. Hodges, the great better told me, viz.—that, if I continued to bet as I did, it would be impossible for me to have a guinea left; saying, that I always backed my judgment in *horses*; but that I ought to back *men, not horses*; for I should have no chance, if I continued backing horses." Again, where are we to look for a brighter example of the dialogical style, than the following few lines afford?

"What was your motive for waiting with Escape, on the first day?" said the late Sir Charles Bunbury to our author, when "hard up," as he expresses himself before the stewards of the Jockey Club, who were the above-named baronet, and Messrs. Dutton and Panton, all celebrated racing men of those days.

"*You are a very wrong judge of your man, Sir Charles,*" replied Chifney, "*to ask such a question.*"

"Sir Charles now stopped, looking about apparently dissatisfied," continues the accused Jockey.

"Mr. Dutton said, 'I think Chifney spoke very fair.'

"Mr. Panton immediately said, 'Yes, very fair.'"

This reminds me of the old adage of "catching a weasel asleep." I wonder whether Sir Charles would have told what was the best and the worst of his celebrated Eleanor; or, in other words, was speed, or lasting, her forte? No; unless the baronet had been speaking in his sleep.

No human being commences trading on his own bottom—and there is no figure of speech intended here—so soon as the Jockey does, inasmuch as, provided he have proved himself competent, he is employed to ride in public at a very early age. And he is well paid for his services. He is sure of three guineas, should he lose; he demands five if he wins, to which a handsome present is often added. Indeed, there is an instance on record of a thousand pounds being given by one gentleman, not the owner of the mare, to the Jockey who rode the winner of the great Doncaster St. Leger stakes. Then, the light Jockey makes a great deal of money by riding trials.

The late Arthur Pavis, for example, whose receipts were great on that score; and, by reason of his being able to ride so light, he was certain to be put up in every great race, giving him an income, it is said, of nearly £1,500 per annum! Few Jockeys, however, have died rich, and we fear Pavis himself cannot be quoted as an exception. It may be said, their expenses are considerable; and such they are, by travelling from home, the keep of a horse, and wear and tear of clothes; but, independent of those necessary outgoings, their pursuits are expensive ones, in the winter season, and they too often live expensively. It savours of the absurd—at all events, of the incredible—when we are told of the doings of some of this fraternity a few years back, at Newmarket. Houses fit for noblemen were built for their residence; and no price stopped them in their purchases of furniture, pictures, and wares. This game, however, is now at an end; and it is earnestly hoped it will not be renewed, as ruin succeeds, and well it may.

As naturally may be imagined, Jockeys are generally the produce of rather diminutive parents; still, there are some very striking exceptions. The Days, for example—John and Samuel—are the sons of a man who rejoiced in the soubriquet of *Broad Day*, inasmuch as he weighed nearly twenty stone! John Day's sons, however, have taken after the father, who may be called *Day-light;* but one of them unfortunately lost his life by a fall, whilst following hounds, a year or two back. And such has been the case with all the Edwardses, Newmarket Jockeys of great renown,—whose father was so small, as to be known at Newmarket as *Tiny* Edwards, *par excellence*. George IV. patronised this family, and was once heard to exclaim, on seeing so many of them preparing to ride in one race—"Bless me, what lots of Jockeys *Mrs.* Edwards breeds!"

There is, for the most part, a great share of symmetry, if not elegance, in the frame of the majority of Jockeys. Indeed, an ill-shapen person would never make a good one. He should have a small head; his shoulders should be low, and well-formed, and wide in proportion to the size of his frame; his thighs should be hollowed out, as it were, to give him a firm clip to his saddle; his arms should be rather long than otherwise; and he must have no calves to his legs, or he will not wear the neat Jockey boot, which ought to fit tight to the limb all the way up. His seat, if thus formed, will be perfect, and he will appear, as Shakspere has it,

> "As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured
> With the brave beast."

In other words, there will be an appearance of adaptation of parts in himself and his horse, which, whilst it is pleasing to the eye, at once shews both horse and rider in the characters they are called upon to perform.

The necessary qualifications of a Jockey are of no easy attainment; in fact, they are by no means every-day ones. Besides those termed bodily—such as great strength in a small compass, with expansive chest, to allow for the action of the lungs, severely called upon as they are, in his rapid progress through the air—others of a higher nature are essential. He must have much personal intrepidity; a kind of habitual insensibility to provocation, bordering upon apathy, which no efforts of an opponent—in a race—can get the better of; and an habitual check upon his tongue. Then, he is called upon to endure sensual mortifications, in addition to personal exertions, to a degree to which no other class of persons are called upon, to enable them to do their duty towards their employers. In the first place, he is obliged not only to work hard, on an empty stomach, but is forbidden to satisfy the cravings of hunger when he has finished his work, as all others that labour for their bread do. With the keenest appetite—which strong walking exercise, with temperance, never fails to promote—he is required to be a mere spectator at meals; neither can he slake his thirst, should thirst oppress him from the effect of a long walk under a mid-day sun. Nor is this all; he must tax his constitution in another way: he must, if called upon suddenly, have recourse to medicine to reduce his frame, adding the nausea of the drug to other personal inconveniences. We are now alluding to his preparation for riding races, and will proceed to shew how it is successfully performed; and perhaps we cannot do this better than by quoting the answers of an eminent Newmarket surgeon—a constant attendant on the heath, when his other occupations permitted—to some questions put to him on this interesting subject:—

"With those Jockeys high in repute," says he, "their general training continues from about three weeks before Easter to the end of October, when the racing season ends. A week or ten days are sufficient for a rider to reduce himself from his natural weight to a stone and half below it. For breakfast, a small piece of bread and butter, with tea, in moderation. Dinner is taken *very sparingly:* a very small piece of pudding, and less meat; and, when fish is to be obtained, neither the one nor the other is allowed. Wine and water is the usual beverage, in the proportion of one pint to two of water. Tea in the afternoon, with little or no bread and butter, and

no supper. After breakfast, having sufficiently loaded themselves with clothes, that is, with five or six waistcoats, two coats, and as many pair of breeches, a severe walk is taken, from ten to fifteen miles. After their return home, dry clothes are substituted for those that are wet with perspiration, and, if much fatigued, they will lie down for an hour or so before their dinner; after which no severe exercise is taken; but the remaining part of the day is spent in a way most agreeable to themelves. They generally go to bed by nine o'clock, and continue there till six or seven next morning. Some of them, who do not like excessive walking, have recourse to purgative medicines—Glauber salts only."

On the question put (the object, indeed, of the enquiry), whether the surgeon alluded to would recommend a similar process to reduce corpulency? he thus proceeds:—

"I would recommend a similar process to reduce corpulency, as the constitution does not appear to be injured by it; but I am apprehensive that hardly any person could be prevailed upon to submit to such severe discipline, who has not been inured to it from his youth. John Arnull, when rider to the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), was desired to reduce himself as much as he possibly could, to ride a particular race; in consequence of which, he abstained from animal, and even from farinaceous food, for eight successive days; and the only substitute was now and then an apple! *He was not injured by it!* Another Jockey declares that he is less fatigued, and has more strength to contend with a determined horse in a severe race, when moderately reduced; and, although he never weighs more than nine stone, has frequently reduced himself to seven."

The writer of this article knows what it is to waste to ride, having reduced himself thirteen pounds, on one occasion, gradually; and on another, upwards of four, in one walk in extra clothes. So far from feeling any ill effects from the wasting system and the discipline attending it, the reverse is the case. The sensation of lightness of frame, together with buoyancy of spirits, are the sure consequences of profuse perspiration and a light diet; and the tranquil sleep enjoyed at night verifies the long established axiom of "*Non miseré vivit qui parcé vivit.*"

But the present system of wasting is attended with less labour than that described by the Newmarket surgeon. The walks, for example, are much abridged in length, four miles out and four miles in being the maximum distance; the perspiration being aided at both ends by a hot fire and diluted liquids. Perspiration, by these means, becomes so excessive as to require the body to be scraped (as the

race-horse is scraped after a sweat) when stripped of the clothes: and the loss of flesh is thus more speedily obtained, and generally without the help of medicine, unless it be just at the commencement of training, to prepare the body for such severe work. Constant walking exercise, however, must be taken by a Jockey, under all circumstances, to enable him to retain his wind in a race.

There is no kind of labour which tries the powers of the human frame nearly equal to that of riding a race on a freegoing horse; and for this obvious reason, there is no intermission during the time it lasts, which is not the case in any other manual exertion. The thrasher of corn is relieved by the throwing up of his flail; the delver by withdrawing his spade; the rower when feathering his oar, and casting it back: but the rider of the race-horse knows no relief, from post to post, and often comes in, as has energetically been described, with every muscle in his frame quivering from distress. In proof of this, every man not very well prepared, avoids being weighed too fine, as the term is; and the writer himself once lost a pound in the course of one two-mile race, the effect of absorption from being conveyed so rapidly through the air.

We will now bring the Jockey to the starting-post. He is seen cantering up the course on his hack, with his saddle girthed about his waist; for, having been told the weight he is to ride, he has been weighed previous to coming to the course, although agreeable to racing regulations, as well as to satisfy his employer, he goes to the scales once more. Being in good condition, he just draws the balance, forasmuch as he has his bridle and running reins to call for, should he not quite draw it after the race; and he can claim two pounds for his bridle, if it be a double-bitted one. Should he, however, go to the scales, aware that he is more than two pounds above the weight the articles require him to carry, he is obliged to declare the same, or he would be deemed distanced in the race, should he come in first. The caution here is obvious. Were race-horses to run, and lose by carrying extra weight, of which the public are not aware, they might afterwards be backed to lose from their previous running, under the influence of undue weight.

The seat of the Jockey may be described in a few words. He should sit well down in his saddle, when walking his horse towards the starting-post, with his stirrups of moderate length, so as to enable him just to clear the pummel of his saddle when he raises himself up on them, and thus to have a good resisting power over his horse. No man can make the most of a race-horse with long stirrup-leathers, because, when going at the top of his speed, he sinks down on his

fore-quarters, in his stride, to the extent of several inches. The necessity of his having what is called a good bridle-hand is obvious, and on it, indeed, depends the main excellence of a Jockey. Some racers have their necks set so low on their shoulders, that they bend first down, then upwards, like a stag's; and, were it not for the power of their rider, such horses would absolutely look him in the face. A head, attached to such a neck as this, is very difficult to bring into a good place, because the inflexibility of it will not admit of its forming an arch. On the other hand, the necks of some horses are as loose as if they had joints in them. Others get their heads down in their gallop, in the desire to get more liberty of rein, snatching at their rider's hand with great force; whilst some pull very hard, and others will not pull enough. Were it not, then, for the various bridles and other tackle in which such horses as we have been describing are ridden in their races, not the firmest seat and finest hand of the Jockey would be a match for them; they would, in fact, be nearly their own masters. Add to all this, no horse can exert his utmost speed for any length of time, unless he will allow himself to be handled by his rider, and pulled well together, to prevent his over-striding, as well as over-pacing himself in his course.

Let us suppose our Jockey at the starting-post. Having inspected the saddling of his horse and found everything secure, he is chucked up into his seat by the help of one leg by his trainer, who wishes him good luck. After he has seated himself firmly down in it, and tried the length of his stirrup-leathers, he takes his "up gallop," as it is called, of perhaps half a mile, his trainer generally accompanying him on his hack; and he then walks quietly back to the starting-post. But his method of starting his horse for the race depends on circumstances. If for only half a mile (*i. e.* the two-year-old course), in which a good start is a great advantage, he catches fast hold of his horse's head; and, if he will not start without, sticks both spurs into his sides as soon as the word "Go!" is given, taking the chance of getting his head down into its place when and how he may. If for longer distances, he need not be in such a hurry at starting, providing always that he do not lose too much ground, and lie out of his distance, as it is called. But as all this must, in great measure, depend on his trainer's orders, whether to make running or to wait, we will put him in the various situations alluded to.

A short race: orders, "to make running." Having turned round behind the post, on the word being given, he gets his horse on his legs—that is, on his speed—as soon as he possibly can, dropping his hand to him, to enable him to feel his mouth. He lets him go,

perhaps, half the distance he has to run, with only his head hard held, before he gives him his *first* pull. He then runs up to his horses again, lines with them to the end, and wins if he can without a second pull; but, if he finds other horses in the race too near to be pleasant—in other words, appearing to be as good as his own—he takes a second pull within the last one or two hundred yards, when he again lets loose and wins. The same directions hold good in a mile race, with the exception that the Jockey need not be so much on the *qui vive* at starting, and his pulls may be longer, and the last further from home.

A short race: orders, "to wait." Here the Jockey starts last of all, if he pleases, but he must not lose much ground—the less the better—for, however good a judge he may be of *pace*, it is a fault in a Jockey to lie far out of his ground. He now lies well with his horses all the way, creeping up to them by degrees, and not quitting them, to win, till he feels almost certain he has the race in his hand; that is, till he sees that the other horses have over-worked themselves by the pace. He has been ordered to wait, from the knowledge obtained by his trainer, that speed, not stoutness, is the best of his horse; consequently, that, if he had made the play, he would not have run home.

In a longer race, say two miles, with orders, "to wait," the Jockey goes off at a steady pace, with a fast hold of his horse's head, as near to the others as he likes, but not attempting to go in front. Thus he continues in his place, to within a distance from home, when he brings out his horse, as the phrase is, challenges all the rest, and wins if his nag be good enough. This is one of the easiest tasks a Jockey has to perform; and, if pleasantly mounted, he gets an agreeable ride. Four-mile races are now abolished. In them, the chief qualifications for a Jockey were strength of constitution, a firm and steady seat, added to a very correct idea of pace, inasmuch as these races seldom came to a very nice point at the last.

A good Jockey does not more than win his race. A neck, or, at all events, half a length, is sufficient, if he have the race in hand; but he should win by a clear length when in doubt as to the state of the horses he is running against, for fear of a rush at the last, for which Chifney and Robinson are so celebrated; and which, indeed, is the very acmé of fine riding. Owners of race-horses are naturally anxious that the powers of their horses should not be unnecessarily exposed.

A good Jockey avoids the application of the whip as much as possible. When a race-horse is in the fullest exercise of his powers, it is unnecessary, for it cannot make him do more, whilst a stroke of the

whip often does harm, especially if it fall just under the flank. Instead of its having the effect of making a horse extend himself over a larger surface of ground, it may have a directly opposite effect, from his shutting himself up, as it were, or shrinking, to avoid the blows. The spur, properly used, is a better instrument for increasing the speed of a race-horse, although there are times when the application of the whip may prevent his swerving in his course; neither is it contended that it may not occasionally be of service, when applied to increase speed. In all these matters, however, the temper and disposition of the horses must be consulted, and most variable are they found to be.

The person of the Jockey, as has been already observed, is generally symmetrically formed; and his good appearance is increased by the neat fit of his clothes—his appropriate costume to his calling; the extreme cleanliness of his person—produced, in great measure, by his necessary attention to it during his preparatory course of exercise; and, though last, not least, his almost affinity with the noble animal we see him mounted upon. But for this he is indebted to Nature—to the relation that the bodies of animals hold to natures not their own; and it is most happily exemplified in that of a man to his horse, which appear to have been especially formed for each other.

In height, the Jockey should not exceed five feet six inches; and perhaps five feet five may be more desirable. There have been several excellent ones under the lowest of these standards; but they do not look so well on their horses, neither can they be so firm in their seat, from the want of a better clip, which the grasp of a longer thigh gives. He should be rather long in the fork for his height, with low shoulders, rather long arms, moderate length of neck, small head, and a very quick eye. His habit of body should be spare, to save him the expense to his constitution of very severe wasting when he has occasion to reduce his weight; but he should have as much muscle in his arms and thighs as his diminutive form will admit of. In short, to ride some horses at such very light weights, he should be a *little* Hercules. Now, whether—the Hercules properties being admitted—there may be something in the form here delineated, diminutive though it be, that finds favour in the eyes of the fair sex, is more than the writer can determine; but certain is it, many Jockeys have been united in wedlock to very fine women, and the homes of several within the writer's knowledge and experience, have been the scenes of as much comfort and happiness as falls to the lot of mortals.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

BY R. H. HORNE.

Everybody must have remarked the cowardice of an English mob. An English mob seldom knows its own meaning, or has any definite purpose. Whenever, by a rare coincidence of events, it really knows what it wants, it seldom attempts to accomplish the purpose with an earnest ardour; and, if ever this happens, the least opposition from the recognised "authorities" disperses its dense and heavy mass, as though it were the merest cloud, and its long list of injuries a volume of smoke. In common street disturbances, or *rows;* in the assemblage of masses for the discussion of some exciting political question; for the demand of some popular rights; or for the overt act of some riot and physical violence,—there can be no doubt that such assemblages of our countrymen display as little union, firmness, and courage, as can be conceived and credited of a people so renowned, as they deservedly are, for great qualities all over the civilised world. However loud, eloquent, and valiant, the sight of the "royal arms" staggers the heart and soul of the whole mass; the onward rush of the "lion and unicorn" on a small flag—the sudden appearance among their heads of the little brass "crown" screwed on the tip of a minikin truncheon—or the glimpse of a policeman's glazed hat—scatters them far and wide, with all their wrongs and all their rights. Say that twenty able-bodied men shall be among a crowd of rioters: three policemen will put them all to flight in a minute. Yet these three are also Englishmen! Take any three men out of those twenty scampering poltroons, and make them policemen: in a few months they will rush amidst any enraged crowd, and produce just the same effect. From these mobs and masses, in town and country, the soldiers of England are also selected, whose high repute is founded on their possession of those very qualities of courage, union, and impenetrable firmness, the total absence of which renders our mobs so ridiculous when they "turn out" for action.

The above qualities of the British Soldier are fully recognised by all nations, and particularly by our old enemies (long, we now

THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

Guns, bayonets, swords, pikes, lashes, wounds, devotion;
A constant chance of death—but no promotion.

BYRON

hope, to continue our friends), the French, who must be very good judges of the matter. General Foy makes the following remarks on the Battle of Waterloo, an event which must naturally be very repugnant to the feelings of a Frenchman. "On the day of our disaster," he says, "we saw the sons of Albion formed in square battalions, in the plain between the wood of Hougomont and the village of Mont St. Jean. To effect this compact formation, they had doubled and redoubled their ranks several times. The cavalry which supported them was cut to pieces; the fire of their artillery completely silenced. The general and staff officers were galloping from one square to another, not knowing where to find shelter. Carriages, wounded men, parks of reserve, and auxiliary troops were all flying in disorder towards Brussels. Death was before them, and in their ranks; disgrace in their rear. In this terrible situation, neither the bullets of the imperial guard, discharged almost point-blank, nor the victorious cavalry of France, could make the least impression on the immoveable British infantry. One might have been almost tempted to fancy that it had rooted itself in the ground, but for the majestic movement which its battalions commenced some minutes after sunset, at the moment when the approach of the Prussian army apprised Wellington that — thanks to numbers, thanks to the force of inert resistance, and as a reward for having contrived to draw up brave fellows in the field—he had just achieved the most decisive victory of our age." It is very foolish of Foy to make this sneer at "numbers"—the concentration of which on a given point was the chief thing in Napoleon's art of war; and at the "force of inert resistance," when this was the very force then required, and the only one that could prove advantageous. He thus continues his remarks on the British Soldier:—"The instinctive determination, even when it errs, is better than skilful hesitation; the strength of mind which no danger can appal,—the tenacity which carries off the prey by sticking to it to the last,—these are rare and stupendous qualities; and, where they are sufficient to secure the triumph of national interests, it is but justice to load with honours the privileged possessor of them." Taking all this from our gallant friend "on the opposite side," it is pleasant to find such admissions, notwithstanding his subsequent hints of "the interval which separates the man of the profession from the man of genius." It will be only fair, however, to our present subject, to give a passage from the writings of one of our own commanders.

After the hard-fought battle of Albuera, in Spain (May, 1811), when the French had captured the British artillery, thoroughly

routed the Spaniards, and gained the heights, they were preparing to pour down from this 'vantage ground, and complete their victory by overwhelming the British infantry. But, before they could properly commence this destructive movement, the 7th and 23rd regiments of the British, or fusileer brigade, as they were called, commanded by Sir William Myers, flanked by a battalion of the Lusitanian legion, under Colonel Hawkshawe, issued from the midst of the smoke and confusion below, and rushed up the heights. They met the heavy masses of the French as they were just pressing onwards to an assured victory. The French were checked, but instantly vomited a storm of fire. Sir William Myers was killed; and General Cole, together with three colonels—Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe—fell wounded. But the British Soldier, once moved to a determined course, pauses not for encouragement from his leaders. He follows whoever may be next in command, from the chief officer down to the corporal. "The fusileer battalions," says Napier, "struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships." Quickly recovering, however, they pressed onwards and closed with their terrible enemies. In vain did Soult, who was in command on these heights, exert himself to the utmost; in vain did many of the heroic veterans of the French sacrifice themselves in desperate attempts to assist their comrades to open out their dense masses on so fair a field; in vain did the mass itself struggle and pour forth its fire, even upon friends and foes, in their inextricable pressure. "Nothing," proceeds Napier, "could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm, weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front,—their measured tread shook the ground,—their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation,—their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd,—as slowly, and with a horrid carnage, it was pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the height. There, the French reserve, mixing with the struggling multitude, endeavoured to sustain the fight; but the effort only increased the irremediable confusion;—the mighty mass gave way,—and, like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and fifteen hundred unwounded men —the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers—stood triumphant on the fatal hill."

Comparing these tremendous instances of steady courage and fortitude with what has been previously remarked of the behaviour

of our crowds and large multitudes when in a turbulent state, it will appear that the character of the British Soldier, though simple in the aggregate and in all its manifestations, is still made up of rather complex qualities, which may be worthy of a little further examination.

A few weeks ago, a rude burly fellow in a blouse, obtained admission to the boxes of Drury Lane Theatre, on one of the concert nights, and took up a position in the front row of the dress circle. Here he displayed himself to all the advantage that could be expected; but, not being satisfied with this, he thought fit to render himself still more conspicuous, by opening a battery with a sort of rival music of his own, of a very coarse and inharmonious character,—even if his gratuitous performance had not interrupted the music which people had paid to hear. He took pains to render himself the annoyance of the whole house, and he thoroughly succeeded. The laughter—the remonstrances—the "Shame! shame!"—and the "Turn him out!" of the audience, passed through its usual gradations; but there sat the offender, continuing his offence, unmoved. A policeman presently made his appearance. This was a case of man to man—not of an "authority" coming against a disunited crowd; and after a severe struggle—in which, as the fellow in the blouse clung to one of the pillars, the policeman could only attack him in the rear—the obnoxious vocalist finally remained in possession of his redoubt. At this, many of the previously-offended audience cheered the victor. And now a scene occurred, which is highly characteristic of our countrymen, and a peculiarly apt illustration of our present subject.

The cowardice of a lawless and tumultuous assembly in the open air of England, is only to be equalled by the despotism of the same lawless and tumultuous assembly in the inside of a play-house. There can be no doubt of the right of an audience to give a full and honest expression of their feelings—their likes, their dislikes, their nationalities, their reasons, their morality, their intellectual sympathies, and even their prejudices and ignorances—when these things are expressed as becomes a civilised people. The right extends no further. It is questionable whether they are justified in venting screams and yells and execrations on a "matter of taste," a trivial error, or a luckless mistake, especially as their judgment may be erroneous; and still less can it be right in a civilised people to tear up benches and become ferocious in a case where they are by no means compelled to remain and suffer the alleged grievance. They can leave the house. Yes; but this is the very thing they will not do. The performance may be utterly dull, and provokingly

objectionable, or too long by hours; but the more they are annoyed and exhausted, and the more they hate it, the less are they disposed to move. It was much the same at Waterloo. But to return to the man in the blouse.

He continued his atrocious annoyance with a triumphant audacity, and two policemen quickly entered the box, and took him in flank and rear. Finding he was likely to be dislodged from his little fortress, he instinctively bethought him of our nationalities, and appealed to the people of England in the pit. He exclaimed against the interference of the police with the free amusements of a British public!—demanded if the honest expression of our feelings was to be subject to the laws of the bayonet!—talked of the *gendarmes* in France—and finally exhorted a British public not to suffer their rights and liberties to be invaded in this way, unless we wished to turn foreigners and slaves! At this address, the leading expressions or watch-words only of which could be generally heard, a deafening cheer was given from the gallery, and the people of England rose in the pit! Contriving to disengage himself from the grasp of the policemen, our much injured and patriotic vocalist threw himself over the parapet of his redoubt, and was helped down by those below, and received in the arms of the people of England with glee and exultation.

Presently, two glazed hats appeared in the pit, moving rapidly along through the out-posts on the right of the enemy's centre. Now came the settlement of the grand question at issue, whereof the man in the blouse was the mere incident—the spark that was to kindle the blaze—the ignorant originator of a scene equally interesting to the athlete, the humorist, and the philosopher. Here, where an assembled mass had so long been accustomed to be all-despotic; here, where an individual had taken refuge and been received into its protecting bosom; here was to be tried the question of whether all this despotism was to succomb before the "royal arms," the "law," and the "authorities." Into the thick of the pit did these two glazed hats precipitate themselves,—and, amidst roars and screams from men, women, and children, with wrenching and tearing and stumbling and floundering, out of the strong bosom of his protectors, yea, out of the centre of the enraged people of England in the pit, did these two men drag the vocal volunteer in the remnant of his rent blouse, and bore him off to the station-house "like any common man." But the audience (to do them justice) called for Mr. Eliason, and insisted that he should bail the man! He agreed to do this! But as the man was not brought back into the theatre,

the audience would not hear another note of music. Of course they would not leave the house. They remained to the very last, insisting upon the music continuing *while* they overwhelmed it with victorious noise.

An Englishman is seldom sure of a principle. He has little or no faith in abstract truth. He is only sure of a fact. The British Soldier is an extreme instance of this national idiosyncrasy. Our friends in France go too far the other way. The rational medium is, perhaps, oftenest found in Germany. Our absorbing faith in facts only, has long since passed into a proverb. Our facts are like our soldiers—"stubborn things," not to be disputed, denied, or put down. In vain might a philosopher shew that a principle *may* include many facts; he must also prove that it *does* contain these facts, or he obtains no hearing. A principle may be, to a series of facts, the combining and controlling power, by which alone they can be of any actual use, and without which they may do nothing but mischief. A principle may be far more true than what we, for the time, believe to be "the facts of the case." Very well: prove that all these instances which *may* be, really *are*, and then we will listen further. Until you do this, we follow facts. The king, the queen, our institutions, the laws of our country, and their representatives, all these are thoroughly-known and long-established facts, the intense belief in which has grown with us from the cradle; our existence is identified with them; and our faith in them and assurance of their power is proportionately stronger than in anything else. This very closely approaches to what Burke called "roast beef reasoning;" and of this, a British Soldier is the most striking and knock-me-down illustration and embodiment. His king and country—the royal crown—his superior officer—his provisions, clothing, and pay—these are his grand series of facts; and, fortified with these, he seeks to know no more, but endures everything—even a sound flogging; and marches forward according to his orders, either to victory or to death. If he is told beforehand it will be death, he marches forward just the same,—to prove the fact.

The British Soldier is not of a merry or joyous nature. He is generally a grave man. He possesses great energies, but they are only called forth by strong stimulants, and extraordinary occasions. He has little of what is called animal spirits. There are few people who have ever seen him dance. He thinks he has quite enough to do with parades and drills, and sentries, without wasting his powers in foolish evolutions that lead to nothing. If his face relaxes into a laugh, his features generally become strait on a sudden, as though

he had forgot himself. Even the younger men rarely indulge in a "spree," and never in a "lark" of any magnitude. From the very large proportion of Irish who are incorporated in our regiments, it might have been expected that their influence would have had its natural effect. But no: the steady, undeviating power of military subordination—orders, regulations, and fixed associations of the mind with long-established forms and old memories—absorbs all character and genuine ebullition within itself. We would not say that a few exceptions of gratuitous merriment may not sometimes be displayed among regiments where they are nearly all Irish; yet, even in this case, they scarcely ever break through the bounds of subordination and strict discipline. Military regulations have a strange transforming power; to all appearance, they half change an Irishman into a Scotchman; they turn an awkward, slovenly, lounging, abject clodhopper, with nothing but earth in his mind, into a steady-footed, clear-starched, upright marching figure, that carries a proud air with it, as of inward strength; and they change a bawling, disunited, run-away mob, with no conviction of the vital truth of the very principle in support of which it assembled, into a silent, united, convinced, thorough-going body, scarcely ever to be broken or resisted. Perhaps the transformation as to external apppearance is the most astonishing, when the clown—who, only three years ago, stood in a field, clad in a smock-frock, with a pitch-fork in his hand, and the flies passing in and out of his mouth as he stared, gaping, over a hedge at the passing of one of the long coaches—is seen seated on his black charger in full appointment, as sentry at the Horse Guards; his look and whole bearing rendered imperturbably grave with the sense of the dignity and importance of his regiment, himself, his horse, and his post of duty. Can it be the same man? It may be so, but to the eye it is incredible. The more you look at him, the less you can identify the two individuals as one man: the more you think of the *fact* that it is so, the more is your memory and belief confounded by the ocular demonstration of the antagonist man, in all his "pride, pomp, and circumstance."

The gravity of the British Soldier seems by far the most conspicuous in the infantry. In the cavalry, the individual is half horse; and the gravity between the two parts, being equal, as you look alternately at the two faces, carries with it a certain air of propriety, standing above human weakness and all its low hilarities. But, with the infantry, it is a case of simple man; and the long line of mortal faces, standing "attention"—"eyes front"—all with the same rigid expression, which seems unchangeable, has a paralysing

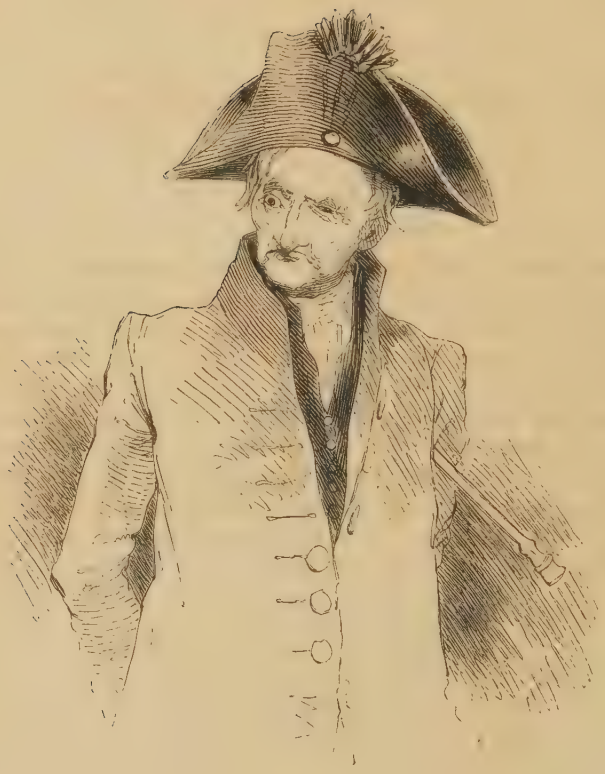
effect upon those who are not accustomed to the sight. Well may the boys stare at the soldiers! The stolid look of a line of English infantry standing attention, has a cold, fascinating power. It is just like a wall of figures, fed on pipe-clay and red brick. But behold this wall suddenly kindled into life and thrown into action:—"The ramparts crowded with dark figures, and glittering arms, were seen on the one side; and on the other, the red columns of the British, deep and broad, were coming on like streams of burning lava."

There is not much to be said about the Soldier in time of peace that would be very interesting to general readers. Among the innumerable swarms of little books of unnecessary "knowledge," no individual has yet been hardy enough to suppose there would be any demand for a work entitled "Life in Barracks." The publication of the "Regimental Orders" would answer all the purpose. It has no variety from day to day, from year to year; and few attempts are made at inward resources. Sometimes you hear a flute. It sounds as if something had gone astray among the buildings, and could not find its way home. Some of the sergeants and corporals also practise the violin, but generally give it up when they have turned forty-five. Games of hockey, hurley, snow-balling, and athletic sports, are now and then indulged in; but rather to keep themselves warm than with any regular purpose of enjoyment. Practical jokes are also of rare occurrence. It certainly may happen that, in looking into the precincts of our barracks, you chance to see a Soldier without his coat, and his trousers supported by one brace across his shoulders, standing astride at a pump, his attention being divided between filling his can, avoiding splashes, and discovering the quarter from whence certain stones are discharged at him, by an immense effort of humour in some one or more of his comrades. But, in general, you hear nothing but the sound of a flute or a violin, in the earlier stage of practice, and see nothing but white buckskin gloves hanging out of the windows above, and a few drummer boys below, playing at dumps.

It has been shewn to the world that the reactions of all this gravity, dulness, and stolidity, when the Soldier is wrought up to his highest excitement in the field of battle, are terrible and irresistible in their effect. It is to be feared that, as "extremes meet," the long periods of unchangeable dulness and discipline find relief in fierce excesses during the sacking of conquered towns. At these times, though it last but a few hours, the British Soldier is lost to all subordination and order. But, after his long-suppressed fury has had its full outpouring, he is generous and humane to a vanquished foe.

General Foy says, with equal truth and humour, "You cannot say of the English, they were brave in this or that particular action. They are brave at all times, when they have ate, drank, and slept. Glory never makes them forget that they are hungry, or that their shoes are worn out." Certainly there is no indisposition in the British Soldier to be "snug" whenever he can; but, whatever admissions we may make to the accusations of General Foy on the score of "porter and roast beef," we must repudiate as a calumny, the hints he gives, that rum, brandy, or other ardent spirits, are necessary to the courage of our soldiers. Those things are, often, no doubt, "a pretty addition;" of which, as Colonel Napier confesses, our Soldiers are much too fond, but the true man can do as well without. When thoroughly roused, his nature needs no other stimulus than the enemy to whom he is opposed; and his martial excitements, though generally attended by a deadly self-government, are, at times, bordering on madness. He *will* conquer; and, if this be impossible, there are occasions on which he *will* die.

During one of the sieges of Badajos, the attacks of the English were continually ineffectual, owing to the great strength of the place, the deficiency in our engineering department, and the skill and gallantry of the besieged. The carnage among the British was dreadful, yet the assaults were repeated with the same energy as at first. At length a breach was made. The soldiers bounded up towards it, but found at the very top a glittering range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed and double-edged, firmly fixed in ponderous beams, which were chained together, and set deep in the ruins. Behind these, stood the defenders of Badajos, each man armed with several muskets, and pouring a volley into the very breasts of the British as they rushed close up to the range of sword-blades. Still repulsed and slaughtered, fresh parties still ascended, and, in their fury, the hindermost absolutely endeavoured to drive and impale the foremost of their comrades upon the sword-blades, so as to make a bridge over their writhing bodies into the fortress. All their attempts were vain, and they fell backwards, in heaps, before the volleys of the French on the other side, who, tauntingly, asked them, "Why they did not come into Badajos?" At the next assault, a British Soldier of the 95th ran close up to the breach, seized the chains of the sword-blades in his hands, and thrust his head underneath the beams. By these means, he certainly got his *head* into Badajos. And there he left it; for he persisted in keeping his position, while the soldiers on the other side knocked out his brains with the butt-ends of their muskets.



THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

Shouldered his crutch, and shewed how fields were won.

Goldsmith.

THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

BY R. H. HORNE.

In the gardens belonging to the veteran pensioners of Chelsea Hospital, there is a large summer-house paved with small pebbles, intermingled with the round bottoms of wine-bottles turned upside down. It contains a seat, which might, perhaps, hold some thirty men at a time, in close array; but probably not more than half that number usually occupy it together—the old soldiers now requiring "open order" for the free use and display of crutches, sticks, and wooden legs; and for the more dignified extension of the elbow in commanding the evolutions of the smoke from their pipes. Over this seat, is a large board, bearing the following rough-spun and appropriate verses:—

"Battered with war in many a hard campaign,
Though the maimed soldier quits the martial plain,
Fancy restores him to the battle's rage,
And temporary youth inflames his age.
Again he fights the foe!—counts o'er his scars—
Though Chelsea's now the seat of all his wars;
And, fondly hanging on the lengthened tale,
Re-slays his thousands o'er a mug of ale.
The veteran hero cries (with erected crest)
'T was for my King! Zounds! I have done my best."

It is not our purpose to enter into any account of the architectural merits of Chelsea Hospital, further than a passing remark on the formal yet commodious quadrangles, with their seats, and squared-out plots of green grass; nor shall we pursue any systematic order in describing the wards, or other portions of this noble and extensive range of buildings. It will be more in accordance with our subject—the tired and dismembered old soldier—to stroll, as fancy or accident may lead us, from ward to quadrangle, from garden to smoking-room, from hall to chapel, without any set purpose of description or reflection.

Very comfortable indeed, are these old men. Everything that could be thought of, even approaching, as it ought, to a trifling superfluity, seems to have been accorded to the Chelsea Pensioner. An additional care is also bestowed on all those who, debilitated from sickness, from extreme age, from incurable complaints, from the pain of old gunshot or other wounds and mutilations, are incapable of walking about and assisting themselves. These latter have an infirmary ward, apart from the rest; are allowed the most delicate food, and constantly attended by nurses. But let us now walk through the other wards, where it may perchance be expected we shall find our friends, in cocked hats, seated round the fire.

The first thing you are struck with in the wards, is the length of the rooms; the second, their extreme cleanness. Most of the windows are full of flowers and shrubs, among which the favourites are evidently myrtle and geranium. There are, however, a few pots of mignionette; a few deep crimson coxcombs; with here and there a plant of bigonia. Each Pensioner has his own little room, or berth. These little boxes extend along the sides of the wards; on one side only of the long wards, and on two sides of the square chambers, — very like the cabins in the gun-room of a frigate, and about the same size. Those of the sergeants, at the head and centre of the ward, are somewhat larger. The outsides of these little rooms are ornamented in different ways, according to the veteran's taste. All of them have curtains of various kinds to the upper half of the open door-frame, and to the window hole facing the windows of the ward. Many have pictures of great commanders stuck outside, and on the upper ridge of several may be seen pasteboard or wooden fortifications, turrets, and batteries, of course stuck full of dreadful guns. Certain huge effigies of the "crown" may also be seen, manufactured in pasteboard and paint, and having a few bits of scoured tin inserted, by way of a close representation of the diamonds of the regalia. The inside of the berth contains a little bed, and sundry ornaments, such as highly-coloured prints of battles, and commanders with cheeks as red as poppies, drawn swords of the same colour, and bright blue, carmine, or brickdust coloured uniforms, as the case may happen. Seldom will you find such a thing as a caricature. The Pensioner is generally too grave a man for that; or, if of a humorous turn, there may be many loyal (and some personal) reasons why he should eschew caricatures, as offensive towards great folks, and impertinent towards the individual peculiarities of age and hard service. Some of the relics of youthful

days of battle or of love they hang upon the walls. In one of them (just at his bed's head), we saw a portrait of the veteran's deceased wife, "who," he said, "was quite as handsome as that, fifty years ago;" and, on the other side, two long ringlets of her hair were hanging on a nail, and reaching down so as just to touch the pillow.

The other arrangements of these small interiors are simple and few. Two chairs, and a leaf of a table, with a box or drawer underneath it, usually constitute all that remains, except old clothes on pegs, blacking-brushes, and a large stone bottle containing Barclay and Perkins's best porter. In order to keep it fresh, the veteran puts some lumps of burnt bread into it, and this, added to the natural deep colour, gives it the appearance, when first poured out, of a very superior rich sort of jet blacking. On settling down, however, it gradually assumes the more genial and inviting look of a horse-medicine, and is drank (by those who know how excellent it really is) with great satisfaction. A few canary birds are hung about the wards. The favourite ornament, however, of the walls is evidently a clock. The Chelsea Pensioner is very fond of a clock. There is something in the precision and steady march of its movements which reminds him of old times, and he listens with evident complacency to the regular tick-tack of the pendulum, as he sits with closed eyes and folded arms. Many of these clocks are in every ward, gravely hanging side by side, or facing each other. There must be a great number in the hospital. We counted seventy in a very short time. The amusing circumstance attending this fancy of the old soldier for clocks, is that they regulate them exactly by the College clock, — all the hour-hands and all the minute-hands of this Dutch brigade constantly pointing exactly to the same figure, and all striking together. If any clock should strike in advance, or after the fugle-clock of the College, the awkward individual thus forgetting the "regulation time" is presently sent to drill; and this very often happens, as may be supposed. And yet the old soldier has no idea that his clock is not of great utility. Each one helps, he thinks, as of old. The more proofs of the time they have, the more certain they are that it is the right time. In front of the pensioner's little room there often stands a halbert, and generally a regulation chest for his especial use. On a small side-table of the ward, a large bible and prayer book are placed for general reading. In front of the fire, there is a large wooden semicircular screen, with a bench inside. No smoking is permitted in the wards; but here the pensioner often sits warming his knees, and dozing or gossiping; sometimes with the

red light shining upon his thin white locks or bald head, though not unfrequently surmounted by a night-cap,—by his cocked hat, never. The old soldier damns his cocked hat.

Ranging ourselves on the side of our battered defenders, and coinciding in their feelings and opinions in the matter, we must offer one passing remark on the subject of this "d—d cocked hat." Most of the pensioners are old and infirm men, requiring protection from the variations of our climate. Now, the only good of this cocked hat is to hold hail, rain, and snow, in the upper part; it does not protect his face and eyes from the sun, the dust, or the wind. It hurts his forehead, and lets in the cold behind. Being without the additional warmth of wearing powder and a queue, there is no excuse for it. The pensioner hates his cocked hat; he calls it a smoke-jack. He has petitioned several times to have a round hat instead; but with no avail. Every year he has a new cocked hat given him, though the old one is hardly soiled; because he has bought a warm hat out of his own pocket, and only worn the other when on duty, or on great occasions. It is a positive fact, that the veterans generally sell their last year's cocked hat for eight-pence to the coalheavers. The gold lace being taken off—the sharp corner, forming the back, being turned to the front—the broad, upright flap being let down over the shoulders, and an additional fall of leather added to it—the new hat for the coalheaver is complete.

The Chelsea Pensioner is a man who feels quite above all the vanities of war; the uniform, the gold lace, the arms and accoutrements—he knows all about them, and has done with them long since. The great object of his pride is the faded and tattered banners taken from the enemy in various parts of the world, which hang like drooping cobwebs along the chapel and dining-hall. He likes to see the little birds, who get through the high lattices, perch upon the flag-staffs, or upon the wings of the French eagles. In the dining-hall, the sparrows continually fly across, squeaking and chirrupping, particularly at breakfast time, when the bread is placed on the table. The veteran takes care to make plenty of crumbs for the boldest to come and seize, and smiles to see how the sparrows, directly the cheese is brought, fly away from the bread and attack the more savoury booty. The majority of the pensioners, however, do not eat their meals in the dining hall. They receive it from an aperture in the wall, and are allowed to carry it away to their wards, and thence to their own little rooms, or to the lodgings of their wives, relatives or friends. The pensioner is not allowed to have his wife resident with him in the College. Having a lodging

in the neighbourhood, they visit each other constantly instead. It is a pleasant thing to see one of the veterans sitting in his little room, earnestly conversing or laughing with his wife, his daughter, or his granddaughter, opposite to him, their knees almost touching from the smallness of the space. And it is unavoidable that all this should be seen, from the ludicrous circumstance of there being a standing order that none of these shattered old soldiers should close his door when there is a fair one on a visit,—in case it should happen *not* to be his wife, his daughter, or his granddaughter.

An extraordinary exception, however, to this antipathy to the admission of women as residents in the College, is upon record in the person of one Catharine Cavenaugh—*alias* Catharine Welch—*alias* Catharine Davies—*alias* (and here we may suppose her days of matrimony or amour ceased, and she became an old camp follower) Mother Ross. She was an Irishwoman, born in 1667. Concealing her sex in man's attire, she had seen much hard fighting, both as a dragoon and a foot soldier. She had received several wounds in the service; and in 1717, her just claims as a veteran being recognised, she was admitted a pensioner in Chelsea Hospital.

The character of the Chelsea Pensioner may be described generally as that of a quiet, good-natured, rough, honest-hearted old fellow, who has seen a prodigious deal of life, without ever becoming what is called a man of the world. An excess of activity has made him very glad of all this rest. He is contented and grateful; and this feeling has made him benevolent in all his thoughts and habits. He wishes everybody was as comfortable and happy as himself. Whatever he might have been in his youth, this asylum for his age has thoroughly humanised him. His look is dignified by age; by pain and endurance; by the memory of great events and overwhelming sensations. He would act very differently, he thinks, if his life came over again. He has had time to think of what he has been doing. His face shews this. It has a totally different expression from every soldier's face you may observe in barracks, whether on or off duty. The veteran has found out the secret; he has settled the question between war and humanity. His face is full of the past, and sinks under it as he sits and thinks; but he rallies with the recollection of present comforts, and often seeks aid in religion. Old comrades, relatives, and friends are about him; he has his amusements; he is honoured as a gallant and well-approved servant of his country.

Notwithstanding the heaven-upon-earth of all this rest and leisure, there is a tendency to listlessness, and occasional peevish-

ness or dissatisfaction, from the monotony of unemployed hours. This has been foreseen, and various little occupations have been devised for the veteran; and those more recently superadded have proved very efficient. Chelsea College ranks as a royal garrison; and there is accordingly a guard regularly mounted. It is a half-comic, half-pathetic scene, when a guard is suddenly turned out for duty, consisting of old men of sixty and seventy years of age; some with one arm, some with a wooden leg, some with one eye, or a battered nose. We ought not to omit that the Colonel of Chelsea Hospital has a wooden leg, and the General but one arm. The pensioners take their post as sentries in turn. They carry no arms,—merely a cane or a walking-stick. But though the duty itself is a good, the period of two hours is too long for such old men to stand sentry; and in some of the posts of the corridors there is a terrible rush of cold air, particularly in winter. But if asentry left his post now and then "to get a warm," or fell asleep in a chair behind a door, he would certainly not be brought to a court-martial and shot for it. Every kindness and consideration is shewn to the veterans. Though some abuses still exist,* there is no government establishment, the true objects of which are better carried out than this,—very few a tenth part as well.

Blessed is the pensioner who can read, and who loves a book. It vastly helps a lame soldier over the stiles of time. There is a library attached to the College, and though books are not allowed to be taken out of the room (except in cases of sickness), the pensioner has no difficulty in obtaining his ticket of admission. The contents of the shelves are chiefly volumes of travels, voyages, military exploits, good stirring novels, lives of great generals, and religious instruction. It is to be feared that the pensioner does not avail himself so much of the library as would be conducive to his ease and happiness of mind. He much prefers the smoking-room. This is an excellent provision for the old boy. Here he "can blow his cloud" in the winter season, and tell his tale, or sit and meditate, between the whiffs, on foreign lands and by-gone days. This is all very good, though there may be too great a danger of the renewal of excitements, perhaps even of some passing touches of angry passions, in the gambling that constantly occurs in the smoking-room.

* Soldiers, or men who have been soldiers, are sought out, and put into every situation for which they are qualified; and the time will, I trust, yet arrive, when by soldiers, or by men who have served in the army, the hospital shall in all its departments be peopled."—*Gleig's Chelsea Hospital*, Book III. [The sooner the better.—R. H. H.]

Here the old soldiers, with their empty sleeves and wooden legs adjusted in all sorts of grotesque attitudes, sit down over their game, perhaps half the day. They chiefly play at cribbage, all fours, dominoes, and blind hookey. The stake is generally a halfpenny a game; but sometimes a trifle beyond — "instances have been known;" and it is upon record that a corporal, some years ago— a man, too, who had seen a great deal of service, and always come off pretty safely—actually lost ten shillings. However, this is their affair. The old cocks have fully earned the right, after so much hard work, to amuse themselves as they please. The games progress amidst a dense cloud of smoke, equal to that of a battle-field, though of a different smell. In the smoking-room, there are sometimes upwards of a hundred pipes "firing" at the same time.

But a better resource against listlessness and vacuity has been derived from the recent addition to the College of a piece of waste ground, which was once a part of the "festive Ranelagh" of our ancestors. It has been turned into a garden, and appropriated to the use of the pensioners, by the kind consideration and good judgment of Lord John Russell. The veteran has his own little spot of ground, and this he cultivates after his own pleasure. At their advanced period of life, with the freedom from military discipline, and the consciousness of the kind feelings with which they are regarded, it would seem that, in this close communication with nature and mother earth, the old soldier forgets something of the uniformity and strict order of his army education and regulation habits, and gives play to individual character. The cultivation and produce of these little morsels of ground are amusingly characteristic, and suggestive to the speculating fancy of the visitor. It is true that each of these old gardeners generally keeps to one sort of thing, as his own favourite idea of a regiment, but he does not imitate the proceedings of any neighbouring commanders. Here you may see a heavy brigade of stout savoy cabbages; in the next strip of garden, a column of tall Scotch kale,—the undoubted offspring of some old grenadier. In your front, perhaps, you see a garden covered with onions and leeks, flourishing their green leaves in the wind; with carnations and marigolds on your right and left flanks, and fly-away scarlet beans in the rear. These of course belong to the light-horse, lancers, and hussars. A little farther on, you come in view of a plot occupied by files of rough-and-ready radishes, formed in squares or parallellograms,—drawn out, you may be sure, by veterans of the infantry. Some grow nothing but celery, fortified with trenches and embankments; others nothing but great guns and mortars, in

the shape of gourds and cucumbers. Certainly these have all sprung from the prolific brain of grey-headed artillerymen and engineers. One piece of ground is (at the time this is written) entirely devoted to the musk plant, now in full flower and fragrance. We do not pretend to conjecture who planted this, except that it was one of a certain refinement, whom accident placed in the uncongenial battle field, and good luck, with other pleasurable sensations, helped to get safe out of it. In one of these small allotments, scarlet runners are set all over the ground, and trained towards an arbour in the centre, which they ascend; and after terminating in a peak, flourish their redundancies in the air. The arbour is a diminutive structure, scarcely three feet high, with a seat inside almost close to the ground. A man without arms might just creep into it, and leave two wooden legs sticking out in front below, with the bowl of a pipe above, rising between. The long wall on one side of this collection of unique gardens is extremely picturesque and beautiful. It is covered with over-hanging swathes and masses of Virginia creeper, ivy, clematis (now in full flower), wild roses (in full berry), and various green runners.

Some of the old soldiers prefer to have their gardens more constantly under their eye, and in a portable shape. Myrtles and geraniums meet you at every turn about the wards. Goats graze on the grass plots, which are marked off by chains in some of the squares of the buildings,—the goats having also their chains, which was found very necessary, as they often used to eat the myrtles standing on the floors of the passages and entrances. One old soldier had a myrtle—he said he would 'nt have taken five shillings for it—eaten right down to the earth three times by the same goat. The plant jumped up again twice in the spring time; but the third time it rose no more. After keeping the flower-pot, with the earth and roots just as it stood, for two years, in case it might get up again—as there was no knowing the nature of things—the old man emptied it out, and stuck it topsy-turvy in his garden, as if something very choice was underneath it.

The chapel, with its many flags, taken from the enemy in various wars, and its sturdy array of regulation bibles and prayer books ranged along the seats, is the last thing we shall mention, except the burial ground, where the old soldier finally rests his weary limbs, or such of them as were not left in foreign lands. No stone, no tablet, or name, marks his grave; nor are they necessary to one who devoutly expects that, like the myrtle, he may rise again when the winter of death has passed.

THE BRITISH SAILOR.

The mariner of England!
Who guards our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze.

Dibdin

THE BRITISH SAILOR.

BY EDWARD HOWARD.

No undertaking can be more difficult than that of attempting to give the generic character of the Sailor. He has a very distinct conventional one, which, whenever he endeavours to act up to when he is on shore, poor fellow, he invariably makes a fool of himself. Most writers who have essayed to describe him, have melo-dramatised honest Jack: they have put T. P. Cooke and his unexceptionable pigtail into sounding sentences, and vainly said, "Behold a British tar!" Let the 'long shore lubbers depend upon it that Jack is, like themselves, a very variable animal. By lubbers, we mean the rest of the community, including the learned, the witty, and the wise; for, as all who are not of the clergy are laical, so all who are not Sailors are, in forecastle dialectics, lubbers. Jack has often been admonished to correct this manner of speaking, and to substitute, for "lubbers," the term "civilians;" but he, thinking of the Jews and land-sharks, holds that this would be carrying civility too far, and so we, on shore, must be content to be lubbers still, until we mend our morals, and make all Jews upright and all lawyers honest.

On his own element, noble John is the epitome of all that is manly, generous, and brave—each individual seaman seeming to have embarked with him the virtues of ten thorough English landsmen, and left their vices on shore, which, too often, when he returns from a cruise, he attempts to shuffle into; and, they fitting him like ill-made garments, he becomes not only profligate, but ridiculous, seeing that the fashionable tailor, *Hypocrisy*, never yet could take Jack's measure. On board, he is the man, with the guilelessness of the child; on shore, the child, with all the viciousness of the man. But his follies always shorten the career of his vices; and then want drives him again to sea, where he has the leisure to repent, and to reflect what an egregious ass he has made of himself.

To pretend to fix the sterling worth of a genuine, unadulterated British Sailor, in the words of facetiousness, would be swindling him out of the half of the nobility of his character with false coin. He is never ridiculous, excepting when he is not himself. But, to individualise our idea of him, we will single out one of the species. Reality will offer you hundreds better, thousands quite as good, and tens of thousands worse. He must be a man-o'-war's-man, of course. There are good men and true in the merchant service, yet they always want the chivalry of character and the lofty bearing of the king's men.

We will not take our specimen from the boys of the Marine Society. These youths are apt to grow conceited with their "little learning," that "very dangerous thing," and are not much improved by being made officers' servants. They generally ripen into loblolly-boys, and become, in due season, captains', ward-room officers', and pursers' stewards, all consummate idlers, with a very prudent horror of going aloft. No, we will have none of these. But here is John Boltrope, just pressed from a Newcastle collier; nothing could be better. You see that he is a sturdy youth of eighteen, with a ruddy complexion begrimed with dirt, his flaxen hair matted with coal-dust, with a slouching manner and a rolling gait. Notwithstanding his awkwardness, he is strong as a young Hercules. There is much virtue in that rough-spun lad. He can humour his craft in a gale of wind with the helm, as daintily as a mother manages her child in convulsions; he can hang on the lee yard-arm, whilst the ship is dancing in the waves like a mad Irishman at a wake; and no night shall be either too cold or too dark for him, to give you the soundings by the lead-line, with as much *sang-froid*, and a great deal more accuracy, than your tailor will run over the items of your bill.

John Boltrope finds himself on board of a crack frigate. He don't like it at first, everything is so awfully clean and so offensively regular. He sulks the first day, grows conversable with his new shipmates on the second, and cheerfully enters himself on the third. For the present, he is only rated ordinary seaman, and stationed in the mizen-top.

In a month's time, you would not know him,—although his own mother might, and very proud, indeed, would she be of him. He is no longer the half chimney-sweep half merman that you saw him enact on board of the William and Mary of Shields. He is scrupulously clean and decidedly genteel; not genteel with the gentility of the drawing-room, or of the *pavé* in Regent Street, but fully endued

with that consciousness of his own powers, mental and corporeal, that bestows upon him self-esteem, making him graceful in his own station, and preventing him from feeling awkward in any other. His handsome countenance is not less ruddy than in its semi-oblivion of dirt, but infinitely more engaging; his once matted hair now curls gaily over his head, and falls in seductive ringlets on each side of his face; his handkerchief is tied round his otherwise bare neck, with a piquancy that he means to be aggravating, and which really is so to the fair sex; his jacket and trousers fit him loosely, yet gracefully; and his small shoe upon his small foot is quite unexceptionable.

But the greatest improvement is in his mien and his deportment. His step is light and elastic; he moves with the rapidity of a swallow, and stands with the firmness and decision of a sculptured hero. The activity with which he sculls up aloft, and lies out to make fast the weather-earing on the topsail-yard—his quiet, respectful behaviour—and the uniform neatness of his appearance, have attracted the notice of the first lieutenant; so he is one day called aft, and, all blushes and confusion, he is publicly commended, and told that the captain has been pleased to rate him "able seaman."

That is a great day for young Jack. In his own words, he "gets drunk upon the strength of it;" yet the ship's corporals do n't see it; the master-at-arms sees it, but does not report it; when the midshipman musters his men at quarters, he can't find John Boltrope upon the quarter-bill; and yet, somehow, the dreaded first luff knows all about it—and says nothing, but, perhaps, next morning, as Jack, looking sheepishly, scuds past him on the quarter-deck, may hold up a cautionary forefinger, and smile significantly.

And now, new honours await him. He is promoted to the bow-oar in the captain's gig, and the captain himself sometimes condescends to speak to him, and sends him with neatly-sealed three-cornered notes, with strict injunctions to put them into certain hands only, at certain times and in certain places. By this time, Jack's chin has grown stubbly, and he has hacked it a good deal in trying to learn to shave. He has also nearly attained a fathom in altitude; so he is moved into the fore-top, and made second captain of the bow-gun on the forecastle. In the meantime, he has learned to dance all imaginable double-shuffles and hornpipes; has tried the flute, and, failing, damned it as spooney; been in three well-contested actions, and in prize-money sacked a cool hundred and twenty pounds. He then comes home from a seven years' spell in a foreign station, is paid off, gets a liberty-ticket for a

month, and finds himself, for the first time in his life, a free agent at the Point at Portsmouth, with two hundred pounds in his possession, all in new bank notes; some of which he sticks between the riband and his hat, some he pins upon Poll's bosom for bows, and some are thrust into the hand of the first Jew who will call him "his honour."

In a week, his money is gone, his poll kicks him out of doors, and his Jew threatens him with the stocks as a drunken swab. So, before his leave of absence has expired, he sneaks on board again, cursing everything but his own folly. He is obliged to go into the doctor's list for a month; and then, generally, a little wiser and a little better man, he finds that he has squandered away his money and his youth, with but little advantage to any party, but his own country, which will, in due time, prove that she is not ungrateful.

Though Jack's youth was a short one, he makes up for it in his middle age. He is now too heavy for the gig, so, as he has always been a steady, good man, he at present pulls the stroke-oar in the barge. He no longer cultivates his side locks, but has strange hankerings after a pig-tail; but, queues not being encouraged lately, he shakes his head all the lighter for it, as he deplores the degeneracy of the times. His features have become weather-worn, and the ruddiness of his cheeks has changed to a well-tanned brown of a very warm tint. His countenance is very bluff, and, when animated, rich with a droll humour, and decidedly good natured, although, when in perfect repose, somewhat stern. His chest is deep, his shoulders immensely wide, and his neck always uncovered, coarsely grained, and brawney.

At thirty years of age, he still dances, but requires some solicitation, and an extra glass of grog to induce him to shew off; and then he does it with a gentle scorn of himself, and exhibits to some purpose. The younkers look on, and hope, in time, to equal it. He has become very sensible and observant; patronises the younger seamen who display any talent, and grows generally respected fore and aft. He is made a petty-officer, and rated captain of the foretop, and begins seriously to deplore his want of book learning, for a warrant is not too remote for his ambition; for, has not the captain said that "John Boltrope would make an excellent gunner or boatswain, if he were only scholar enough to keep his accounts?" Poor fellow! when he is half-seas over, and in fits of desperation, he takes manfully to his A. B. C., but he can make nothing of it, although he knows his own name when he sees it written in a legible hand.

In his *morale* he is now perfect. Himself skilful, he is the best of instruments in skilful hands. In the war of the elements, or that worse than elemental war, the war of human strife, whatever man *can* do, Jack *will* do: he will stretch the line of the possible, all but to the other side of impossibility. In those dangers of the storm, when hope is dead, even in his own bosom, where it dies the last, his firmness of purpose still survives; and, though he perish, he will not perish vanquished, but crushed. At the gun, nothing can distract his attention from his duty. Flash all that is horrible in slaughter, and bring all that is terrible to hear and to see before him, he is still cool, he levels his thirty-two pounder, and swerves not. Call on him to board,—a grove of pikes shall be ready for his bosom, —the musketry shall pour down upon him its leaden hail, and the cannon vomit forth its grape-shot,—the ship's sides be high, and the chasm that he has to leap fearful,—be all this and more,—call on him to board, and he boards or dies.

He does these desperate things not with an air of desperation, but methodically; and with method of dreadful force and rapidity. Unlike other vaunted warriors, he requires not first to be blinded by enthusiasm, or maddened by despair, to do great actions. To dare and to achieve seem natural to him. He knows that there must be some chance of success, or his officers would not have ordered the service; and he knows, at the same time, that those chances must be made certainty by his exertions alone. He does not stop to reason, or, peradventure, he would falter; but he has learned that it is more reasonable to let those above him reason for him. He is content to act, and he acts well.

During his middle age, Jack sees much and trying service. He gets slightly wounded in a general action, and does some deed of singular service, and is mentioned, by name, in the dispatches. The Lords of the Admiralty write to the captain to enquire if he is qualified to be made a warrant-officer. The hands are turned up, and the letter is read to him publicly on the quarter-deck, and his glory is at its zenith. Jack studies his spelling-book again for a fortnight, and then gives it up for ever, or, in his own language, "fairly cuts and runs;" so he gets a small pension and a great deal of respect instead of his promotion.

At this period of his life, he usually marries; and as, in all probability, his wife is some worthless slut, Jack serves her as he did his spelling-book, "cuts and runs again." Most probably he tries another, and another: he calls this seeking for good holding-ground; for, with all his virtues, it must be confessed that Jack is an incorri-

gible bigamist. We rather think that he is less attached to a plurality of wives than to a plurality of weddings, for, next to a regular row or engagement at sea, a regular nuptial engagement on shore is his delight. He thinks them both bores when they last too long, each of them being the very thing for a short shindy.

We must suppose that our friend has now passed his middle age, but, being sound, wind and limb, he do n't like to bear up for Greenwich Hospital. He has lately been captain of the forecastle, and refused the office of chief boatswain's-mate. He is consequently made quartermaster, and becomes a veteran of great dignity. He moves along the deck with a grave and slow step, and his features have become sharpened, and, on occasions, he can throw all the bitterness of a wintry north-easter into the severity of his countenance. However, he is a good-natured fellow still, in the main; and, if you will but take his reproof submissively, you will then find how much affection he bears you. It was merely his manner of shewing kindness.

No officer, whatever his rank, is now disparaged by conversing familiarly with John Boltrope; indeed, the superior officers rather encourage the young gentlemen to seek his conversation. Much practical seamanship must be always learned by it. But it is absolutely necessary to confine his disquisitions to the ocean; for, if once he gets on shore—why, the ladies may—God bless them and still preserve them the perfect beings that they are—the ladies would suffer for it—for, according to the old quartermaster, a greater curse and pestilence—a more dishonest, leud, scurvy—oh, fie upon you, John Boltrope!

We must not disguise the matter, for, by this time, Jack has become positively and incontestably ugly. What he has done with his enormous whiskers, himself only knows; but his once curling and flaxen locks are now reduced so much that he can only muster a few tufts of very white hair about his temples, although they still cluster thickly round the back of his neck. He is still robust and very upright, and his laugh young and richly hilarious.

He is a wise old man after his generation, and now dresses as wise old men, who are seamen, should. He is addicted to pea-jackets, and always wears a flannel banyan under his shirt, and it is very seldom you see him without a comforter about his neck—we do n't mean any one of his wives. His throat is now never uncovered; and I dare say, whenever the weather is cold, it would be found that he had on two pairs of trousers—but this is rather a delicate subject. In his youth, he was not much addicted to chewing tobacco, but did it more to prove his manliness than from

any positive affection to the weed; but now, the quid is never out of his mouth—not even in his sleep—excepting when he eats. His appetite is not quite so good as it was, but his thirst is perennial. He is never found absolutely tipsy, but more often than is quite becoming in a state of blessedness not quite so apochryphal as that of wedded bliss. But he is as valuable and as necessary to the ship as one of its old timbers, which, though it grows dark and shrinks a little from age, must not be lightly parted with.

Generally, about this time, he devotes his leisure hours in building and rigging a mimic first-rate; it is but a toy—but what a splendid one; it has only one fault—it never will be finished. It is a glorious subject to talk about: and gloomy would be the day after that on which he had pronounced it completed. As years creep on him, he is rarely called upon for active duty, except on very stirring emergencies, as, when the ship is scudding before the storm under bare poles, and the nicest accuracy at the wheel is indispensable to the general safety. He is, however, appointed to teach the young gentlemen to knot and splice, and to play all manner of fantastic tricks with the threads of the cordage, from the cable to the log-line.

And thus, without exaggeration, and wishing to eschew the melodramatic, we have given the head of a regular man-o'-war's-man. May it be long, very long, before such heads become matters of history only. While they exist, England still will be the great nation she now is. Let the British seamen be the last class who shall be touched with the enervating hand of refinement. Always remember that, to make him the effective power that he has always proved himself, you must keep him a mere instrument—a most glorious one, truly—but still only an instrument. Give him back his grog, and let him preserve his recklessness, and never forget that some of his failings are your safety. Teach him too much, and he will calculate; if he calculates, he hesitates; and, if he hesitates, he will no longer do those acts of daring which have made his enemies fearful even to conquer him. But we must say one more word about Jack. In spite of flannels and double clothing, hot grog and no night-watches, the rheumatism has stiffened his limbs at last, and the brave old tar has, at length, ripened into the GREENWICH PENSIONER.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

BY EDWARD HOWARD.

"PENSIONER"—there is a shade of moral degradation in the term; add "Greenwich" to it, and what a thrice-glorious association of images there is of well-tried worth, bravery, and all that dignifies humanity! Greenwich Pensioners, though they be, generally, but withered samples of heroism, lopped of their just proportions—mutilated, shrunk up, and many with one and a few with both dead-lights shipped—they are, like British oak, sound at the core,—heart-whole: war may have trimmed off their branches, many storms disfigured their bark, and the dry-rot of age sapped the vigour of their later days, yet the heart that has for so many years "braved the battle and the breeze" perishes not. The Pensioner has nailed to it the colours of his undying intrepidity, and he will meet his end cheerfully; for he knows that, alow and aloft, he has done his duty, and, strengthened by faith, believes that that duty which he has well done below, will be well rewarded aloft.

Let us view him with his three-cornered hat—his quaint, old-fashioned, yet age-becoming coat, with its patches of gold lace here and there—his full-dress smalls, "all too loose for his shrunk shanks"—his worsteds, and shoes with their huge buckles;—is he not every inch a gentleman? Of the old school, if you like it, but a gentleman still. He has been to sea to learn manners; the days of his schooling have been many, and his lessons severe; but he leaves with his terms well kept; and, though his bow be not of the "court, courtly," he is a perfect master of the humanities. He is the seaman well ripened by service, not rotted by corruption; and he would, as he has the right to do, carry his head high, were it not for the cruel crampings of age.

The best time, perhaps, to view him, is when the spring winds are a little bleak, and the grass looks fresh, and the lilac is just beginning to blossom. He is then a gregarious animal, and you will

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

—— I'm a seaman and only three-score:—
A d——d bad joke that this battered old hulk
Can't be fitted out for sea once more.

DIBDIN

see him crowding, with others of his genus, upon the sunny side of one of the noble compartments of his glorious habitation. He seems greedy of as much of heaven's warmth as he can get on this side of the grave. And there they sit, a row of battered heroes, remnants and fragments of warriors, and, in their ruins, almost awful to contemplate. Some of them are nodding their heads in a luxurious drowsiness in the sunbeams; some gaily conversing; and many—alas! too many—are wincing under the infliction of those numerous pains "that flesh is heir to,"—an inheritance that the said flesh is sure to enjoy, providing that it last long enough.

The quadrangles in Greenwich Hospital are fine peripatetic schools for the study of humanity. You may there learn how to bear suffering; and, in order to escape from the pangs of the body, try to make yourself as much mind as you can. Hundreds of examples are before your eyes. In many and in some of the best senses of the word, every Greenwich Pensioner is a philosopher. He knows how to make his *physical* subservient to his *morale*—we have no choice in the phrase, for there are no English words that would so well express our meaning.

But all the pensioners do not suffer; and, whether they suffer or not, they must still have much scope for enjoyment. How glorious is the palace that roofs the pensioner in! Where is the king or emperor that might not envy him his last and lofty home? The nation's glory, to which he has so much contributed, is settled upon his brow; and, though on crutches, or with a wooden leg, he walks proudly about the temple of honour which is his dwelling place; for he feels that he is worthy of his station, and that he dignifies his place among the humbly great. No weight of obligation lies upon his bosom. He and his country are quits. Now she is doing well for him in his old age; but, for her, how well did he, through the years of his bright youth and the long term of his vigorous manhood!

But this, our readers may say, is the golden side of the shield. Has it not also a brazen one? Yes, for even your Greenwich Pensioner is but one of the frail and feeble sons of humanity. But you cannot divest him of the merits of his past life; his name is recorded on the tablets of his country's glory; History, till she turn arrant liar, cannot refuse to tell, that more than once he, and he alone, has saved his nation from all the terrors of invasion, and, perhaps, but for him, her name would have been blotted out from the list of kingdoms. True, they are but the sad remnants of a once mighty host —their companions lie deep and quiet beneath the waves that witnessed their triumphs, and these that are left to us are but a trem-

bling, querulous set of old men. Let us then cherish and honour them the more. The others are lost to and for us. They have slipped away from our gratitude, but their brethren are still with us—and yet, but a very little while. Oh, let us deeply honour and reverence them! I cannot pass a knot of these gallant veterans but my hand involuntarily finds its way to my hat; and, if I do not take it off and bow my head in humility to those who have deserved well of their country, it is because I fear that they might regard that as a mockery which was meant as a tribute.

Hitherto we have given only the abstract, not the personal character of the Greenwich Pensioner; and even our attempt at personification must be an abstraction; for the peculiarities of each individual of the class are most strongly marked, and each Pensioner is as much unlike every other, as a Pensioner himself is unlike all the rest of the world.

Seeing this, we cannot do better than trace our man-o'-war's sailor, John Boltrope, from the decks of his last ship to the terraces and wards of Greenwich Hospital. Being a petty officer, he is distinguished by a little extra gold lace, of which he is not in the least proud. Not having suffered the loss either of limb or of eyesight, he is still a stately figure, and wears his cocked hat with a rear-admiral sort of hauteur. He constantly carries a cane, more for dignity than use; and he is not slow to lift it up threateningly when he observes any young vagabond who dares to be too facetious at his expense.

Though John has now nothing to complain of, excepting a trifling twitch now and then of the rheumatism, a comfortable growl has great charms for him. But take care not to chime in; for, should you, he'll turn upon you like a worried tiger, and prove that he is, as he ought to be, the happiest and most contented man in her Majesty's dominions, whom, at the same time, he will reverently ask God to bless. People should oftener reflect that a personal lamentation is a sort of private property, and, as such, ought to be held sacred.

His man-o'-war's habits so far stick to him, that he would be a very cleanly old man were it not for his excess in tobacco. He has now made the abomination of the weed threefold, for he chews, smokes, and snuffs it. Consequently his visage looks constantly dusty. He was always a good spell at the grog-bottle, but he has now attained the inestimable art of drinking himself muddy, and being able so to remain any given time, so long as you will give him the needful. He is not very brilliant in his conversation on

these occasions, for it runs invariably upon his many wives, and their few virtues; for, although he is such a polygamist himself, he lays it down as law, and profanely adds, as gospel too, that every man takes one wife too many whenever he is such a fool as to marry the first.

In the right vein, he is exquisitely amusing; will fight over again all his battles, and be not only animated, but powerful in the description; nor will he too much lard his narrative with technical terms. But he will exact the most profound attention; and woe be with you, should you forget any name that he may have mentioned. Sancho Panza was not more arbitrary on this point. Farewell to your hopes of the rest of the story. His manner of spinning his yarn is something in this fashion, always laying great emphasis on "D'ye see?"—"So, d'ye see? Lieutenant Cummins was standing at the breech of the gun, d'ye see? with the monkey's tail in his right hand, d'ye see? and the lanyard in his left; he was our third luff, d'ye see? So he calls to Mr. Thompson, to run and tell Mr. Johnson, master's-mate, d'ye see? to ask the gunner, Old Parabola Portfire, if there was never a box of langridge, d'ye see? in his stores, d'ye see?" Now, if you remember all the names he mentioned to you, and all their stations on the watch and quarter bills, you will grow gracious in his eyes.

But, if he suspects you to be very green—by which he does not mean that you are not a sailor, or used to sailors' ways, but that you are one of the credulous, and too sappy to throw a good yarn away upon—he will quiz you most unmercifully, and, having no fear of any sort before him, lie most abominably. Should he give you credit for common sense, he will treat you with respect, and exact it for himself.

If you wish to put his patience to a severe test, although it is not quite fair, talk to him about steam-boats. It is his *questio vexata*—the hedge-hog that he cannot help attacking, though he knows that he will suffer by it. He will tell you that these smoky, dirty craft will ruin all good seamanship, and put all valour and gallant bearing out of the world. Although he hates a steamer as a nuisance, and damns it as an impertinence, he has a secret and superstitious dread of it, and holds it to be a machination of the devil. Thus runs his opinion:—

"While things was as they was, d'ye see? we blue jackets had it all our own way; for, d'ye see? if Johnny Crapau fought, we wopped him; if he built more ships, we took 'em, d'ye see? And so Belzebub grew spiteful, and he says, ses he, whilst a British

sailor gets his grog and his prog, d' ye see? I shall never be able to shove my oar in his boat and turn the world topsy-turvy, says he, d' ye see? So he plans with the tee-totallers and the saints, and tries to disrate the grog-tub and promote the tea-kettle, d' ye see? But he could only do that job by halves, for which, d' ye see? may there be an eternal frost in his fire-place, and coals run short. So, having partly failed, what does the devil do? Having got hold of the right hint, he turns the tea-kettle into a boiler, claps wheels on the ships' sides—as if they were no better than hackney-coaches, or so many dung-carts—and thus ruins, d' ye see? the out-and-out blue water English sailor for ever. I 've done it! says he, d' ye see? and I never hears one of those varmint steamers a-sputtering, fizzing, and hissing, but I thinks I hears the devil a saying, 'Ah, Jack, you willain, I 've done ye at last!' d' ye see?"

Of course, we progressive men know that this is only a foolish prejudice of Old Boltrope, which we may very safely let him enjoy, and very long may he be happy in it. We well know that he may be said to live only in the past; his notions, therefore, of what we of a wiser generation are doing at the present, may be safely deemed as obsolete as a square stern to a seventy-four.

We were going to say something about a certain yellow robe, very gorgeous to look upon, but the magnificence of which is not particularly coveted by the Greenwich Pensioner. We have not lately met with this decoration in our walks about the hospital; and as we are much too delicately minded to make enquiries on such a peculiar subject, we will suppose that sobriety has become the order of the day, and that tee-totalism has penetrated into the stronghold of its most formidable enemies. The pensioners are much and very kindly humoured by their officers; and they have as much latitude given to them as is consistent with the military decorum and the decency of deportment that should characterise veteran warriors.

Though everything is admirably arranged for the dignified comfort and the health and exercise of the Greenwich Pensioner, we may be allowed to hint that something might be done for his amusement also; and a bowling-green would be the very thing. There are hundreds among them who are equal to, and would greatly enjoy, the exertion. It was a favourite resort of my Uncle Toby, and we will not allow him to be called a fictitious character. The lookers-on would enjoy the sport quite as much, or more, than the players. There would be so much scope for giving excellent, unregarded advice. The grotesque figures of the spectators and the contrivances of the maimed, the agility of the one-legged and

the dexterity of the one-handed, would form an admirable picture of blithe happiness, and make the summers' evenings of the old hard-a-weather tars delightful.

This recreation would keep them away from the more ignoble skittles at the ale-house, and prove as healthful to their morals as to their bodies. We do not think that the arrangement could be fairly objected to, on the score of economy; and we should always remember that a deserving, worn-out seaman is, in this princely asylum, to be looked upon as an honoured guest of the nation, and, as such, the nation should remember its magnanimity, and do its best to amuse as well as to maintain him.

We will not mar the picture that we have already given, by presenting to our friends a description that, over-true as it would be, would rather distress than interest them. We must pass over the decrepid and infirm pensioners in silence. There is nothing peculiar in their sufferings, and if ever they are displayed in a ludicrous manner, it would be inhuman to attempt to be humorous upon them. They must bear their visitations in common with all, and they do so manfully, for, even in the worst cases, they are surrounded by alleviating circumstances. Most of the usual worldly anxieties they are free from. They have only to exert their fortitude, and fix their regards strongly on the future, when no hope of relief can be offered them in the present world.

Happy should be the evening of the life of the Greenwich Pensioner. As he has lived bravely, he should prepare himself to die gracefully; not by always dwelling upon the thoughts of death; but by living in peace and good-will with all those around him, and remembering the high destinies that he has fulfilled, prepare himself for the fulfilment of still higher. He should never disgrace the superb temple of benevolence, that is but worthy of him whilst he is himself. The flag under which, for so many years, he has sailed, fought, and conquered, still proudly waves above his head, and, though in no deadly strife, under which he will die. May his life be prolonged to the extreme verge of enjoyment, and then may he depart in peace, with the glad assurance in his mind, that he understood and always acted up to the glorious admonition of his immortal leader, Nelson—"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY."

THE RADICAL M.P.

BY AKOLOUTHOS.

"But the chosen band of pure patriot brothers is small,—counting only some thirty, seated now on the extreme tip of the left, separate from the world;" so says Thomas Carlyle in "the sword-in-hand" chapter of his "French Revolution."

Can we count up thirty pure patriot brothers?

Here, at ministerial back, sit, lounge, and loll, at full length, the incorruptible Brummagem Brown; Patriotic Smith, sent from Spinnerston; Indomitable Dumkins, "chosen" of Wapping; and People's friend" Podder, M.P. for Peckham.

Here rest they, and grunt, and groan (the true tone of the lower parliament), as the representatives of the huge creature Plebs—of some fifteen millions of men—possessing ideas, as wholesome and good as those of the five thousand squireens, &c., who sent in the other six hundred members. In Tory eye, they are counted as the "vox et præterea *nihil*" of nobody (defined by Fielding, all the people in Great Britain except about one thousand two hundred). To the eye of uninflamed and unprejudiced sight, they seem the faint and puerile voice of a young lion (growling louder, though every day), which enters the house with a sort of "do n't know the place" air,—uttering, nevertheless, now and then, sounds that smack of the independent and honest spirit of the creature it articulates for,—a meagre echo of the rampant, roaring Radical outside; an echo of the unfortunately increasing popular idea, "that it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up." Reader, hast thou not oftentimes met a tall, strong-built Titan-sized man, with a very weak struggling puny voice? Such is the Radical and the radical's representative.

And where 's the Linnæus to classify these radical representatives? Each one being a radix or root *sui generis*.

Conservatives may herd together, and so too may Whigs; but Radicals never: no stronger antagonism in nature than two Radicals. Every individual member Radical, is like the Spaniard

THE RADICAL M. P.

Burn all the records of the realm:
My mouth shall be the parliament of England.

HENRY VI. Part 2.

who thought the world a very creditable production, but which would have been much improved had he been consulted at its creation. A few years ago he was no better than a Jacobin—a revolutionist—a political Cloaca—a Thersites, to whom every Tory or Whig Ulysses gave foul words and hard blows. Now you may shake him by the hand without loss of caste.

Who shall say what a Radical member is now-a-days, when all politics are "flat, stale, and unprofitable." Once, Reform in Parliament marked the class; but how many like to be called Radicals that vote for Mr. Grote's annual ballot motion? Neither corn-laws, nor education for the people, nor extension of suffrage, nor ballot, nor poor-laws, are nowindices. Half the supporters of such measures call themselves Whigs. What radical head shall be caught and preserved in our museum as a specimen of the genus? Where 's a second species like Mr. Hume, or Mr. Warburton, or Mr. Muntz? In what is Charles Buller like Fielden; or the latter like Hawes or Mark Philipps? Sir W. Molesworth, Mr. Grote, and Mr. Leader seem to row in the same boat; but how many political features have they in common? They may only be classified by that easy distinction, the breeches pockets. The Hibernian we omit, for you may find him every day in "The Times;" besides, the fellow is too fond of the argument "ad baculum," to be held up as a senator.

There is the rich Radical, an off-set from the aristocracy, and the rich Radical cotton lord, or banker; but, for the most part, as respects worldly wealth, the Radical will be able to pass through the eye of a needle on his way to heaven.

The Radical M. P.—the rich and rare—has chosen his line of politics in the hope of standing out in "Periclean" eminence, with a Pharos-like brilliancy amongst his fellow men. Observing and deducing from his observation, that his talents, mental and pecuniary, will not see much day in the obscurity of a ministerial hanger-on-ship, and incited by a judicious feeling for singularity, he consents to thrust himself forth as an advocate for the "struggling millions"—the true source of legitimate power. Guided in his political choice by a determination about as rational as that which induces gentlemen who can roll in silk-lined carriages to "handle the ribands," and perspire over the labours of directing a four-horsed coach. For actual utility, he has been said somewhere to resemble a champing, noisy, crib-biting Flemish stallion, which, after all his pride and head-lifting in his stall, when taken out, trudges lazily and spiritlessly on. Nevertheless, he is often wonderfully—and when least expecting it—borne on by popular liking far beyond his will; which

mind you, is to control, not to be controlled by, his constituency; to make use of, not to be used by, the impulsive mob: he thus sometimes reminds one of the occupier of an Irish post-chaise, who (we use Leigh Hunt's version of the joke), without quitting it, had to take to his heels:—

"It was going down hill as fast as wind and the impossibility of stopping could make it, when the foot passengers observed a couple of legs underneath, emulating with all their might the rapidity of the wheels. *The bottom had come out*, and the gentleman was obliged to run for his life." * * * * *

He likes to be looked upon as one who soars above the prejudices which the possession of wealth instils; keeps lots of flunkies *out of livery*, because he says the badge of it lowers them as fellow men; and always (how significant are these trifles!) has his hand gloved when he shakes hands with Constituent Muggins. His pity for the woes of his electors is merely varnished contempt. His affable address and familiarity, the pride that apes humility. As a swimmer, buffeting the rude, yet friendly waves, he fancies it is all his own skill which keeps him up.

Inside the house, he dislikes the noisy unmeaning eloquence of Irish members who *follow* his speech; and when cast into the shade in debate, calls the Hibernians to order for factious opposition. He rebukes the Agitator for foul language, and calls the constituents who dare to interrogate his votes, "sneaking reptiles" and "buzzing pismires." He is quick and sudden in quarrel; often declares he will throw up his seat; and, as often (after a few mutual compliments) retracts the threat, graciously stating his determination to live and die their member.

By great fobbing and fudging, he sends out vague unattackable pamphlets "for promoting effectual relief from general distress;" blunders boldly on joint-stock banks (in which he is much concerned); has extensive free-trade principles; conscientiously declaims against the Bank charter; thinks that "taking anything from the church, on any ground, is good," as he is a great church reformer; (he bought a living, though, the other day for his youngest son who was too foolish for anything but the church;) and holds that, as to tithes, the people should pay the ministers they like, or rather no ministers at all. He annually sends the house to sleep with a three hours' speech on purity of election; has three large factories which give him paramount interest in his borough; and, Sally of "The Pig and Pumpkin" can tell of the rare doings when the house was kept open three whole weeks, on the buff interest, at the last election

for ———ter; for our Radical, rich or poor, seldom gets in for a shire. Alas! like everything mortal, when full of promise, he droops, and suddenly secedes from public notice. In a farewell letter to his constituents, he says that the cares of life, the thickening cares of politics above all, are too much for his constitution; that his future career, if he is ever sufficiently recruited to endure public life again, will bear the same attachment to the constitution as ever; and that he cannot but congratulate the country at large, on the excessive liberal policy which its present government pursues. The fact is, our rich Radical has been tempted by a baronetcy. Dining, too, a few times at Holland House, he finds the society of a ministerial coterie more agreeable than that of the vulgar brother Radicals who were in the habit of meeting every Wednesday at his dinner table, to determine their line of political consistency. He has now shed his skin as *grub*, and steps out shortly, a butterfly decked and adorned by the suffrages of one of the close boroughs of the Marquis of M——.

The younger, and, therefore, purer specimen of the Radical M. P. "Dives," has far more intelligent, more active, and more disinterested sympathies than those possessed by him we have just left. There is much attraction in liberalism for a young spirit, when open and uncontracted by selfish interests; knowing not the ways of life, it goes gleeful, trusting all, sympathising with all, clothing even politics in its fresh, bright, smiling colours.

Some of the strongest Conservatives were once popular advocates. The early enthusiam of a dazzled unsteady vision has passed away; and, as Sir F. Burdett and Mr. Greenacre, the two prominently public characters during the Westminster strife of 1837, observed "the atrocities of youthful Radicalism are atoned for by *the yearnings which impel us to the bosom of Conservatism.*"

Cambridge debating societies first inspired our young liberal; ambition influences his choice a little; still it is mostly the free impulses of his knowledge and education which make him embrace the popular cause. We once caught a glimpse of, and made some extracts from, the journal of one of the most favourable of the young Radical M. P.'s; and though the subjects have passed away, the sentiment, indicative of the spirit, remains the same. With this comment, let us introduce him characterised by his own mouth.

"*Tuesday, May* 9.—A long railway debate. When I came in, six members were speaking on six points of order successively raised on each other's speeches. Borthwick and Trevor, an hour each, on the former's motion for addressing the King to call the Convocation together; as if there was not nonsense enough talked every day as it is,

without two more legislative assemblies of parsons. Trevor, very nearly burked the house; and Pryme, on tobacco, perfectly succeeded. We got away in time for me to hear almost the whole of the opera. If I had moved the counting, I should be much better prepared to answer to my constituents for that sin, than for that of listening to Borthwick and Trevor. "Don Giovanni" was quite as interesting to the public as Prymes's motion; and I do not hesitate to aver that I think I was better employed in listening to Lablache than to Peter.

"*A Dull and Useless Wednesday.*—Robinson made a free trade motion on principles of monopoly, or rather of nonsense. The motion met with the fate due, not to its own merits, but to those of its maker. After this, O'Connell's Libel Bill was discussed, and met the fate which I think its demerits richly deserved. Its object apparently was to increase the freedom of the press, merely for purposes of private slander. It proposed to do nothing for the liberty of political discussion. His bill, if passed, would have nowise increased the freedom of the press, which is wanted. It would have merely given further scope and greater impunity to its blackguardism, which no one wants—except the aristocracy and the parsons, who patronise slander.

"*Thursday, May* 11.—Whalley moved for the Repeal of the Window Tax; and Rice answered him. No one would listen to either; and the division took place immediately. Owing to the very general propensity which has prevailed uninterruptedly from the passing of the Reform Bill up to a very recent period, there is nothing which has always interested the Reformed Parliament so little as notices about retrenchment and relief from taxation. *There is a little bird singing in my ear that this will not be the case this time next year.* The House then made a fool of itself by giving Agnew leave to bring in his outrageous Sabbath Bill once more. Of course the House can never let the bill pass; and the only effect of granting this, must be the wasting another night on the second reading, and perhaps one or two more in committee; and then every body complains that public business is delayed. Why do they give Agnew leave to stop the way? Colonel Thompson brought a new argument against the Sabbath, which, though startling, seems to me sound. He argued that, if in obedience to the Mosaic Law we observe the Jewish Sabbath, we ought to observe all its other ordinances, abstinence from pork and circumcision among others. Colonel Thompson urged, therefore, that in consistency Mr. Speaker and the rest of the members should likewise be circumcised. Wakley got up immediately after, and everybody supposed he meant to offer his

surgical aid for the purpose. One stout man here got so frightened that he swore he would ask for the Chiltern Hundreds immediately." This is all quite refreshing for its dashing, good-tempered openness, after all the sneaking, cringing, artful manœuvres on which the science of politics is said to be built.

The poor Radical M. P. (above all, the Hibernian) leads a life of continual buffeting, struggling, noisy anxiety: morning, noon, and night, he is ever in strife:—may be, as editor of "The Rotherhithe Star," or "Finsbury Review," he has to answer and emit bullying, browbeating, carnying, complimentary, letters. The government regard his journal with no favourable eye; his constituents jealously watch its character and tone. Nevertheless, for these editorial performances (which, remember, are his sole support) he never must sacrifice his parliamentary duties. The clog and patten trade in his borough are petitioning against the caoutchouc monopoly amongst shoemakers: he must attend their public meeting;—'t is true, he gets a luncheon from the committee; but then, Mr. Meagrim's letter, so splenetic about his last vote, must remain unanswered in his paper, He has now to rush down to the House (introduces a constituent who has treated him to a dinner); and here he has consummate art to display: he must never vote with a Conservative; hatefully shun a Whig; and act in entire independence under the absolute control of his electors. His cry here must ever be loud and lawless against every one. His evenings — or nights, rather, after the adjournment of the House — are devoted to the infinite labours of the Press. This may be called a private day.

Sometimes he has three public meetings to attend (one of them a Loan Society, where they pay him for attendance); then comes a public dinner, in honour of John Grumble Snooks, who has patriotically refused to pay house-rent or taxes to his rich, overswollen landlord: these, perhaps, are the moments when he most enjoys the loftiness of his position. Four gentlemen with black wands (black is the colour of resistance), precede him from the waiting room to the upper table; and he is received at the moment of appearing on the platform with loud and long-continued cheers. The business of dinner is invariably long with him on these occasions; and after the company have had a good stare at him—a real M.P.—condescending to sit at trencher with them, he reviews the tables for his acquaintance, and you see him bowing, and lifting his glass (enviable distinction!) to Mr. Grough, the hatter; Mr. Smears, the tailor and churchwarden; Mr. Oxe, the butcher; and four or five

other independent friends, whose small accounts he satisfies for the time by this condescension. Here his character from his constituents reminds us of that of a jovial cook on board a merchant-vessel. The sailors, in speaking of him, used always to say, "Ah, he is a devilish bad cook, but a d—d fine fellow." "Ah," say the friends of the poor member, "he is a sad, never-paying customer, but an awful good M. P." His speech after dinner is like the lecture of George Cruikshank's philosopher:—"Gentlemen, it is all nothing,—earth, air, skies, water—all nothing. Gentlemen, it is all nothing,—Queen, Parliament, ministers—all nothing; they govern you—that is to say, nothing governs you."

The people's idol at length runs his course of Radical existence; and when, for want of a better man, he is most in favour with the "commune;" and (as he himself has observed) is floating like a straw, pointing out the current of popular opinion, he is gently swallowed up in a government eddy, and sinks placidly and peacefully into a commissionership, or snug berth in the Treasury,—convenient earthly abodes, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

At home, the Radical holds free notions on marriage, which he thinks should be dissoluble at the will of either party (one of the loudest in this declaration had a second Xantippe for a wife); and I heard one professor, before he was taught the contrary, assert that wives were no better than upper housemaids.

With the war-shout of utility he crusades against everything beautiful; stifles sentiment with logic; regards poetry as no better than push-pin; can't tolerate music (being unable to distinguish "God save the Queen" from "Tulloch Gorum"); grubs up every flower in his garden as a thing useless, which toils not, nor spins; and as for the sweetest of God's creation—children—he would turn them out of the nursery into some undefinable great national education factory.

THE LORD MAYOR.

See where it comes! behaviour, what wert thou,
'Till this man shewed thee? and what art thou now?

Love's Labour's Lost.

CORPORATION HEADS.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

The Municipal Heads of the People claim the distinction of a separate compartment of the Universal Gallery of Character. They have no brothers, and are like no brothers. In their individual characters, their personal habits and pursuits, indeed, they may have already figured in various niches of our gallery; even Mayors are but men, Aldermen are flesh and blood, and partake, in their moral as well as physical qualities, of the common nature of the stock they spring from. But, then, they have an "official capacity," that gives them distinctness, peculiarity, and prominence. It is in this capacity that they are here presented. See them out of their finery, and they would appear as much like other people, with as little of the picturesque about them, as the three knights of the civic pageant when their polished armour has been taken off. But, in their official habits, they resemble nobody; their very mothers would not know them again.

For the very reason that they have so little resemblance, officially, to other people, there is a great resemblance among themselves. Corporations have long been famous for a general likeness that consanguinity cannot always attain. It is, for this reason, that our portraits have been taken from a bird's-eye view in the ancient Guildhall of London. The difference in Guildhalls is only in degree, and these metropolitan Corporation Heads are designed to fit the shoulders of the entire "body corporate" of the kingdom.

THE LORD MAYOR.

The Lord Mayor is every inch a king—the sovereign of the City—monarch of all he surveys, within the boundaries—the veritable King of Little Britain. For the time being, he is wisest of the wise men of the east. Nor does he flinch from a comparison with potentates throned in the west; on the contrary, he looks upon the

monarchs of the world, past and present, but as so many Lord Mayors spoiled. For example, he laments it as a misfortune, that his most gracious majesty George IV. should have been born westward of Temple Bar; being firmly of opinion that the illustrious person so designated would have made an exemplary Lord Mayor;—that, under more fortunate circumstances, he would have been the very man for the civic chair,—so luxuriant were his tastes, so consummate and thorough-bred his dignity. The Lord Mayor is convinced that dignity is the grand essential among the qualifications for his high office; and he justly felicitates himself on the fact that, in him, the rare and exquisite quality is, in its rarest and most exquisite form, pre-eminently conspicuous.

His dignity commences the very moment the choice of his fellow-citizens falls upon him; he is dignified when the announcement is made, and when he returns thanks; and when his health is proposed as Lord Mayor Elect at the Mansion House dinner previous to the festival on the 9th of November, he is very dignified. But there is a fluttering about his manner nevertheless,—an anxiety, an eagerness, an excited consciousness of something to come, that prevents him from fully assuming the air of serenity and repose befitting the occupant of the civic chair. A sense of secure possession can alone beget this. His true dignity begins on the morning of the 9th; when his golden dream is out, and ambition draws back his curtains, and bids him jump out of bed with dignity, and repair in state to the judges at Westminster, to be sworn in. From this moment, he feels himself something more than man; "wings at his shoulders seem to play;" he

> "Assumes the god, affects to nod,
> And seems to shake the spheres."

He understands, at once, the sublime flight of the bard who paints Jupiter as the Lord Mayor of the sky; this he esteems the highest reach of poetry.

The pronoun "you" now swells into "your lordship;" from plain "Tony" with his familiars, or plain "Mr." among his trading connexions, or "A. Something, Esq.," among the gentry of his neighbourhood in or out of town, he has become "The Right Honourable Anthony So-and-so;" his daughters, replying to his query whether Rundle and Bridge had sent home their new ornaments, lisp out, "Yes, my lord," with a most delicious sense of novelty in the sound; and his wife, presiding at breakfast, bids Tom who had acted as errand-boy when his master first commenced business, to hand his lordship the muffins.

The one infirmity of human nature—though scarcely of civic nature—that the Lord Mayor has to guard himself against most religiously, is, a falling short in the established practice of hospitality. A Lord Mayor, who should spend no more than the bare sum, large as it is, which his fellow-citizens provide for the maintenance of the duties and dignities of his office, would be looked upon as degenerate, and the day of his retirement would be a holiday even in his own ward and in the hall of his own company; but the Lord Mayor who should meditate the saving of money, the non-expenditure of the sum allowed, the putting by a portion of the funds required for hospitality and the support of civic grandeur, to indemnify himself for private loss and neglect of business during his mayoralty—for such a Mayor, what acres of vellum would be sufficient to contain the vote of censure that must be passed, and the signatures of his indignant judges. Guildhall would come down with their reverberated shouts of execration. It must be hoped that proof of such delinquency will never disgrace the civic records; bare suspicion of it has very rarely existed. To the honour of the Lord Mayor be it said, that his hospitality is only bounded, in the great majority of instances, by the length and breadth of his table. He waits for no signal to throw his cellar-door wide open, or to give *carte blanche* to his purveyors, but the simple issue of cards for dinner, whether east or west. St. Mary Axe and Threadneedle Street fare as well with him as Park Lane and Pimlico. Holt and Son, ship-chandlers, are not made to look small, because a royal duke and a handful of venerable judges have honoured his lordship with their company; nor is Jobson, the hatter, insulted with a shabby dinner to-day, because the noble lord at the head of her Majesty's government, or his Grace the great Captain, has promised to pay a visit to the Mansion House to-morrow. With few exceptions, the Lord Mayor thoroughly understands the principle of hospitality; and well he may; for, from the hour in which he was first chosen churchwarden in his own parish, he has lived in unceasing experience of its enjoyments.

The day on which the Premier or the Lord Chancellor proposed his health, and declared that on no previous occasion whatever had civic dignity been so sustained, or hospitality been so munificent, is, perhaps, the golden one of his mayoralty. He refers with natural exultation to that event; and quotes, with pardonable vanity, the novel remarks which he hazarded in returning thanks for the honour that had been done him—when he observed, "that the present moment was the happiest of his life," and that "the feelings under which he then laboured might be more easily conceived than de-

scribed." He is satisfied that this was the most brilliant and successful of all his oratorical performances. He is resolved, should a general election take place during his mayoralty, to offer himself to his fellow-citizens as their representative in Parliament; but, should no such event occur, he is not without hopes of a seat in the Upper House; for a certain cabinet minister — he mentions no names—had been extremely confidential with him one day after dinner; and had even hinted—of course it is not for him to reveal state secrets—but, over the last magnum of claret, something had been whispered which might not unnaturally lead to a supposition, that an illustrious personage—either now, or at a former period of history, on the throne—had been heard to express an opinion, that "it was hard the Mayor should lose his title with his office!" He cannot say how long ago, but he knows—he *knows*—that such a declaration was actually made *by a British Sovereign;* it would be a betrayal of ministerial confidence to say another word; only *this*, he may, perhaps, be allowed to say, without impropriety, that the subject cannot just now be more particularly adverted to!

Before the end of his year of happiness, he begins to find out that Lord Mayors are rather apt to make a "toil of a pleasure;" and, upon "honouring the theatre with his presence," when "Cinderella" was performed for some charity benefit—a cause in which he ever signalises himself—he becomes rather melancholy at seeing a state-carriage, as fine and glittering as his own, turning suddenly into the gourd out of which it was constructed. He thinks of what he may himself be on the 10th of the ensuing November. His trust is in the royal declaration, which is, "not to be more particularly adverted to." He feels heavily, also, the pressure of duties in his own magisterial court; and naturally fancies, from the number of offenders brought before him every morning, that people must be particularly proud of being examined before a Lord Mayor; and that small crimes are committed solely for the sake of the honour of a reprimand from the chief magistrate. Indeed, when he enquires into the state of his wine-cellars, and the returns of empty bottles are laid before him, he only wonders that many more persons are not brought to the bar of his court on charges of intoxication; and conceives that the time is approaching when the mornings of the Lord Mayor will be exclusively devoted to the infliction of five-shilling fines upon the numerous distinguished persons who had dined with him the evening before. He has comfort in the thought, that, at the worst—though his confidential friend, the cabinet minister, should forget to give him even a baronetcy

THE LADY MAYORESS.

Being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.

HENRY IV., Part 2.

at the end of the year—his official robe flung off, he himself will possess his former privilege of drinking, without fear, as freely as his fellow-citizens. As it is, he is nervously alive to his own convivial transgressions, and only quiets his conscience with the reflection that no Lord Mayor ever *did* fine himself five shillings;—and the Lord Mayor, clinging to old precedents, never establishes a new one.

THE LADY MAYORESS.

One very dull, but propitious and duly anticipated, morning in November, the Lady Mayoress awoke, and found herself famous. She went to bed a grub, and arose a butterfly. No fog could obscure her colours, or damp her determination to shine. As Jeannie Deans sagaciously observes, "Ladies are more particular about titles than gentlemen;" and the Lord Mayor's sense of dignity is less profound than that of the Lady Mayoress. Her residence, the Mansion House, is No. 1 in the Universe. Though not of a logical understanding, she can demonstrate that there is none like unto her in station throughout the earth; for, as Europe is the first quarter of the world, England the first country of Europe, London the first city of England, the Lord Mayor the first personage in London, and she the better half of the Lord Mayor, it follows that her husband would have been the greatest of created beings, had not his wife alone been superior to him. The Lady Mayoress, then, is the head and front of humanity—nothing less. The Mansion House she looks upon as the finest specimen of architecture in existence; finer than the East India-house, and out of all comparison with Bridewell. She reigns another Cleopatra in that Egyptian Hall; and, although she may feel it necessary to assert her right to her station, more than some of her distinguished visitors have any occasion to do—although this may appear in a little over-display, some excess of the superb—yet she so thoroughly enjoys her proud preeminence, that she maintains it with grace, receives a royal compliment as a matter of course, and takes her seat at the table as though a duke conducted her to it every day. Her's is the ease of intense satisfaction, the repose of perfect blissfulness. You would think she must have been born Lady Mayoress. She is at home in the very strangeness of her elevation, and wears her honours as things of custom.

The only shock she is liable to—one which her strongest sense of present power and patronage can hardly withstand—is when his

lordship takes it into his head to entertain their company with an account of his first travelling up to London, when a mere lad, with all his worldly goods encompassed in a little spotted pocket-handkerchief; how he turned the said worldly goods into the sum of fifteen shillings, and bought brass buttons, which he sold for one pound six; how he bought more, and sold them for two pounds one; and so acquired fifty guineas, and took a little shop and stocked it; and then took unto himself a warehouse, and a wife with five hundred pounds, and became wealthy, and got on till he was chosen Sheriff,—and so at last came to be Lord Mayor, and to ride in a coach and six, with the eyes of Cheapside upon him admiringly. The Lady Mayoress has no patience with these eccentricities, and intimates that his lordship had always such a passion for the romantic, and will have his joke, in or out of season. At least, as she warns him in private, he might elevate the little spotted pocket-handkerchief into a small, neat portmanteau—so much genteeler, a bundle being such an odd thing to boast of. She discharges a thoughtless servant once a month for calling his master "Sir," when looking over the accounts with him. She has a violent struggle to prevent the horrid "ledger" from being brought into the drawing-room, and only admits it at last, on condition of its being splendidly bound, to match her choice music-books.

One of the evils to which she is exposed, is the constant necessity, when abroad, of keeping the blinds of the carriage up, to avoid the impertinent curiosity of the crowd, who will keep staring at the Lady Mayoress. This, as she justly says, is the penalty attached to high station, and living for the public good. She thinks the carts and omnibuses might just as well be ordered to keep to the back streets, that the principal thoroughfare to the west-end might be clearer for private carriages. She contrives, when conversing with her friends on the duties of her station, to droop, with graceful fatigue, over the idea of keeping up a continual round of visits to the palace and the houses of the aristocracy; yet this life she must lead,—these calls she must make; the court expects it, she remarks, for all the people thereabouts have taken such a liking to her; and, as for her daughters, it is no slight labour to drag the poor things every day out of the arms of six countesses at a time.

She never glances at her offspring, male or female, without wondering, tenderly, whether the number of them will be increased during the mayoralty. His lordship so fondly desires such an event; and she owns, for herself, that the "silver cradle" which modern stinginess, called economy, could not withhold, would be a

THE SWORD-BEARER.

Officious—and not valiant.

CORIOLANUS.

very desirable heir-loom in the family. She begins late in the year to have her doubts; and, as she passes Bow Church, devoutly wishes that the bells would chime to the tune of the old prophecy in Dick Whittington's time; she is willing to compound for the chance of "thrice," with a second edition of the mayoralty. As the year rolls round, and November comes again, the hope dies; and she comforts her heart with the reflection that ministers will have no excuse with posterity, should his lordship's title actually cease on the 9th. A day or two before this eventful period, she confesses to an old friend, who lives at Hackney, that the aristocracy, though very kind, very polite, are apt to be troublesome,—that there are positive bores even in high life,—that Lady Fitzblue's parties were shabby, and the Countess of Mumpshire's stupid,—that there is such a thing as having too many duchesses about one. She promises to come and take tea at Hackney very shortly; and recollects—she cannot tell how it has happened—that she has not been there for a twelvemonth. "And the Hubbards," she cries;—"why, I declare I have quite lost sight of those dear girls for a whole year! How are they all? Well, I do so wish they were boys, and his lordship should put them all into the Blue-coat School."

It should be added, that her ladyship has a just claim to the exercise of such patronage on behalf of her friends, for she is a liberal supporter of all charitable institutions. No sooner is she installed Lady Mayoress, than she sends what she calls her *first year's* subscription to all that are of established excellence, and that first year's rarely proves the last. When did woman, from the Lady Mayoress downwards, content herself with only one act of kindness and benevolence!—that is to say, when the absolute want of necessaries at Howell and James's—every woman has her Howell and her James in some part of the town—will permit her to gratify her taste for luxuries.

THE SWORD-BEARER.

The Sword-Bearer, who says nothing, yet speaks for himself—or rather, like Macduff's, his voice is in his sword. Never was gentleness so linked to ferocity. He is a civic contradiction; the picture of Death and the Lady presents the best notion of him. He is the personification of meekness carrying the symbol of massacre. He is as a dove bearing, not an olive-branch, but a thunder-bolt. He

looks as though he were bound over to keep at once the peace, and the sword that is its enemy. He is Placidity representing Agitation—Pantaloon playing Sir Paladin. His appearance conjures up, at the same instant, ideas of the Battle of Waterloo and a Quakers' gathering. A "quaker" in one sense he might be deemed, though not in another, for his garb well befitteth the gaity and grandeur of the state-carriage. He is a gentleman *ex officio*, and is addressed "Mr. Sword-Bearer." It has an odd sound,—yet the designation aptly describes his compound character, constituted, as it is, of the civic and the chivalric—*Mr.* Sword-Bearer! He is a human embodiment of brandy-and-water—the water preponderating; of war and peace—peace having decidedly the best of it. As, seated in the same coach with my Lord Mayor on all state occasions, he grasps the superbly-mounted weapon whereof he is the guardian, you see that he is wondering what the sword is *for;* and his wonder heightens into exquisite perplexity, when he reflects that the chief magistrate accepts no challenges—a late Lord Mayor having been prohibited by the universal sentiment from going out to mortal combat at Battersea, though pressingly invited by a brother magistrate. He possibly concludes that the sword is introduced under such circumstances, for the purpose which still keeps the statues of Shakspere on their pedestals in Drury Lane Theatre—to denote the total absence of the thing symbolised. Perhaps he wonders sometimes whether there is really a sword in the scabbard or not; the blade is manifestly a superfluity, probably a nonentity; it may be all outside, as many a swashing gallant's has been; but as for gratifying his curiosity, by attempting to bare and to look upon the gleaming steel, a timid maiden, forewarned, would as soon dream of peeping into Bluebeard's chamber. It is a sword, in fact, like Sir Giles's, that "will not be drawn." The City has confided to him the care of a weapon which is always to remain in its sheath; as the careful father in the story gave his daughters a guinea a-piece, with strict injunctions never to change it. The Heads of the People, as the "show" passes along, are in no danger from the Sword-Bearer—the men in armour are not more harmless. The head of the Sword-Bearer himself is alone in danger—remote danger; for, should the sharp edge of the blade, in the constant motion of the carriage, take effect upon the sheath, and cut its bright way through, after the wear and tear of years, he might fall a victim to the law of friction, and finish his journey after the fashion of St. Denis. May he long live to hold the sword steadily with both hands; and may he rather have the good fortune to be mistaken by the populace for the commander-in-chief, nay, in some quarters for

THE CHAMBERLAIN.

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

TWELFTH NIGHT.

the Duke of Wellington himself, than the ill-luck of being even momentarily confounded with Ramo Samee, employed to swallow the sword when the show is over, for the gratification of the guests in Guildhall. May he never need armour less convenient and comforting to his shrunk limbs than linsey-woolsey, but still be recognised as a warrior on the peace establishment—as a blank letter with a black seal—as a proclamation of war terminating in a treaty of amity —as a great gun, warranted not to go off;—in short, as a very odd specimen of a sword-fish, only found in the Pacific!

THE CHAMBERLAIN.

The grand function of the Chamberlain is to give good advice, but not gratis. He is the municipal Mentor—the civic schoolmaster, who is never abroad—the social usher of the black rod. He is the expounder of the "Whole Duty of Boys." The apprentice who has once seen him, carries the image of him in his mind's eye ever after —who has once heard him, feels his voice tingling its warnings in his ears all through life.

The object of the Chamberlain is to make the incipient artisan, the tender juvenile who comes before him as a candidate for the knowledge of some trade or calling, feel that he is *bound* apprentice. The boy is bound to the master, and though the master is by the same indenture bound to the boy, that fact never comes uppermost, and the verb *to bind* is especially set for the youthful party to the contract to conjugate. The great moral principle, that every man shall be accounted innocent until he is proved guilty, he fully admits; but then he thinks it applicable only to man—to that maturity which the 'prentice-taking master presents in his own person; it does not follow that every boy shall have the benefit of the maxim; in the case of apprentices, morality consists in assuming every lad to be guilty until proved innocent; and substantiated innocence he looks upon as a proof of extreme obstinacy and self-confidence. A bad boy is a real blessing to the Chamberlain, but a good one will serve for want of a worse; people cannot have everything as they would like it in this world.

Bad or good, there are three scarcely divisible ideas to be implanted in the youthful mind,—dread of the master, horror of Bridewell, and awe—extreme awe—of the Chamberlain. He is both morning and afternoon lecturer, but his chapel is not one of ease to the younger portion of his congregation. His duty is to remind the

apprentice that, if he should be treated with undue rigour, he would have the incalculable advantage of knowing by experience the difference between justice and injustice; and that when his master uses him ill, it will thus be only for his good. He should instil into his fourteen-year-old listener the moral grandeur of half a breakfast, heightened by the effect of a mouldy tint upon the bread; he should descant on the gratefulness of thin gruel to the boyish stomach; the virtuous elevation of rising at five in winter, and the enlightening beauty of going to bed in the dark, supperless, independent and content. He should assure the young beginner of toil, the budding artificer, that a Sunday out once a month is an indulgence too liberal when the sins of this world are considered—meet only for an angel turned twenty-one, and not fit for frail flesh and blood in their teens. His office requires him to enlarge upon the enormity of boyish wickedness, as evinced in habits of playing at leap-frog in the workshop—stopping for two minutes together, when going on an errand, to look at Punch and Judy,—and, above all, the ruinous and desolating practice of eating lumps of sugar in secret. Figs he pronounces to be flagitious. He is also to inveigh against the low vice of "toss halfpenny;" a species of gambling which, it may justly be remarked, is held in disdain by the upper classes. Ogling a master's daughter is also a deadly offence, and quite out of the pale of pardon. Books and pictures he must strictly interdict during apprenticeship, excepting perhaps the moral play of "George Barnwell," written (as the Chamberlain should take care to inform the boy) by the excellent Mr. Addison; and the instructive prints of "The Idle and Industrious Apprentices," for which he might add, we are indebted to the genius of the great Benjamin West. It is his especial duty to caution every lad against reading "Jack Sheppard," the direct and clearly-ascertained tendency of which is to cause people to leap off the Monument on Fish Street Hill; and he might also refer to the curiously retrospective influence of this work, citing the cases of numerous unhappy victims to it in the days of his own youth, many years before it was written. This exposition of facts, if given with due solemnity, is sure to serve the ends of morality. He is to recommend every apprentice, when quite incorrigible, to be sober, quiet, honest, diligent, industrious, obliging, cheerful, quick, obedient, painstaking, frugal, continent, religious, but, above all, submissive to his worthy master; and, being these, he will find himself apprenticed to happiness, and be transported for the full term of seven years. The sum of the advice is to love hard labour and hard fare, and despise holidays and pocket-money.

THE ALDERMAN.

Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

The Chamberlain is never so eloquent as when the lad to be lectured is reported to be guilty of exhibiting some signs of genius. If convicted of having written a sonnet, or tried his hand at a bit of machinery, or drawn a few geometrical lines, a dreary admonition awaits him; but if proved to have penned a lampoon on his master, the reprimand is awful. The Chamberlain then warns the lad that he will come to a bad end, and never, like Harry Lovework, ride in a coach and six. When he hears of Master Bidder, the calculating boy, he feels that he should like to call him to an account. He is shocked at the idea of Master Betty, who was always playing. He longs to lecture the Siamese twins, for the pleasure of killing two apprentices with one sermon; and, as Shakspere found sermons in stones, so can Chamberlains find stones in sermons. When, after the severe morality of the day, he recreates a little in the evening, and hears a young lady squeaking "Cupid's a mischievous boy," he turns sighingly from the piano, ejaculating—"Ah! if they would only bring Cupid before *me!*" He would have him forthwith committed as a rogue and vagabond—as a truant, a runaway—and the son of Venus would be sent to pick oakum!

The Chamberlain is a living finger-post, always pointing

☞ *To Bridewell!*

THE ALDERMAN.

If we fail in presenting an image of the Alderman, no one save the Alderman will deem our portrait unlike, for we copy from universal report, and record merely the impressions of all mankind. It would be like "flying in the face of Providence" to entertain two ideas of the Alderman. The *one* idea of him is simply that of a practical philosopher, who thinks that good living necessarily constitutes a good life. We can form no other. We can conceive an Alderman to be a pin-maker, but we cannot imagine him to be a lean pin-maker, sparing in his diet. We can see through him readily, but we cannot therefore associate thinness with his condition. People have the same notion of a thin abstemious Alderman, that they have of a fat chamelion or a fleet-footed snail. The Alderman's belief differs not materially from the creed which fixes the earth, for its necessary support, on the back of a tortoise; for "tortoise" he reads "turtle," which he deems indeed the support of the world. His experience furnishes a contradiction to the venerable maxim, that one swallow

makes not a summer, for his summer is but one swallow. He reverses in his practice another ancient axiom, that a contented mind is a continual feast; for with him a continual feast is the only source of a contented mind. Being, like Falstaff, too large in the girth to run, and not liking to lard the lean earth even as he walks along, he conceives that the best way to "pursue" happiness in this world, is to tuck your feet under the table, and not stir an inch for many hours. What the first of philosophers calls "great greatness" consists in this. The Alderman thus rises from table a person of increased weight in society. A stout man embodies his idea of a great man. Shakspere was wrong for once, when he said "robes and furred gowns hide all." What robe or furred gown ever hid an Alderman, wrapping him wholly from view? It is as though a hen were to gather the chick of an ostrich under her inefficient wing.

The Alderman, well off in the world, has a very definite idea of misery—that it is an affair of the will in this world, and to be embraced or avoided as people choose and as their tastes impel them. He knows that thousands annually starve; but he asks—why, being hungry, do they not instantly go to dinner? If they have no bread, why not eat buns? The perversity of the human character in this respect astounds him. He sees people indulging in a habit (indulging!) of not arriving until the soup has actually been once round. This he looks upon as a misdemeanor that should be made punishable by statute; and declares our criminal code to be shamefully imperfect, in passing over the still more flagrant offence of keeping dinner waiting. The table, he insists, is the only thing pre-ordained to groan; man was not made to mourn, but to masticate. He believes in the possibility of perfect bliss to all—by the institution of an universal college of cookery. If Ude could be spared he should be sent on his travels—being a Cook far better qualified than the Captain to circumnavigate the globe and civilise mankind. Ude's immortal work figures in the Alderman's select library, with a new title in gilt letters on the back—"Paradise Regained." If reminded that he has borrowed the title from the poem so called, he says he never read it; but that he has nevertheless an enthusiastic reverence for Milton, being a particular admirer of the delicate flavour of the oysters associated with his name.

As he has a horror of keeping dinner waiting, so he dislikes the custom of appointing the dinner-hour "five for six;" it is trifling with the sacredness of time—tampering with the finest feelings of humanity; "six for five precisely" he says would be a decided improvement. He secretly thinks that the Lord Mayor should be

THE COMMON-COUNCILMAN.

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

HENRY IV., PART I

compelled to give more than three hundred and sixty-five dinners a-year. Present customs, he feels, approach too near to total abstinence. He wonders that no government has offered a reward for the invention of a new meal. So much for the false usages of man. With regard to the law of nature, he holds it to be a pity that appetite should suffer diminution from merely dining. For himself, he does not know what excess means. When twelve are to dine, he likes covers to be laid for four-and-twenty; yet never, at home or abroad, felt that he had *over*-dined. He likes every delicacy of the season, except delicacy to a guest who eats sparingly. Like the parson who preached himself down to the bare sexton, he thinks a man bound to dine himself down to the bare table-cloth.

The Alderman, though famous for "mixing"—as the phrase is—for "mixing" a good deal in society, is not one of those topers who *lose time* in walking from tavern to tavern. He sits still and fulfils his destiny,—which is to dine, and die—with a short interval for internal thankfulness occasionally, that he has not been doomed to lay down his knife and fork at the end of the second course. Life's long dinner over, the Alderman has—we should not say his full-length, but—his full-width portrait hung up in the hall of his company. His corpulency tells its own story—his bulk is its own biographer; you see at a glance that he must have occupied—the *bench*.

Yet the Alderman, in these times, must experience something of the anxiety of the stout gentleman whose perpetual enquiry was, "Am I thinner?" He must feel the decrease, not which he desires, but which he dreads. Since the cry of retrenchment and temperance went forth in the City — since municipal festivities began to be abridged in quantity and diminished in number—the Alderman has assuredly shrunk—considerably shrunk; he can now squeeze through Temple Bar—sideways.

THE COMMON-COUNCILMAN.

If there be one sceptic alive, who, wandering in all directions but the right one, has ever the same unanswered query in his mouth—"What *is* a fact?" let him instantly knock at the door of a Common-Councilman. He collects facts as some men collect fossil bones; not because they are of any absolute use in themselves now, but because they are the remains of things that have been of use in former days. He doats upon facts. A genuine fact is a feast to him—and all his feasts rank among the most delightful of his facts. If it be ever

so slight, so insignificant, he will contrive to make it go a great way. Should he be unable to find one ready to his hand, he invents; or gives a new aspect to an old one by turning it inside out. He will set a figure of 6 upside down, and make a 9 of it in no time. The figure in its subverted position he calls an undoubted fact; and it is often of great use to him in his arguments. He prefers the figures of arithmetic to those of rhetoric, because in them there can be no mistake. He has a wonderful eye for a flaw in a public account—if drawn up by any hand but his own; and he regards every sum-total that he has not cast up, as a palpable imposture. By incredible labour and profound research, night and day, for two years together, he detects an overcharge of one-and-threepence in the returns relative to the management of City lands. He finds the pounds to be right, but triumphantly demonstrates the existence of an error both in the shillings and the pence. He feels it to be a duty he owes his country, to oppose the motion for a return of the number of dinners and water excursions, with the cost of the same, which had been supplied out of the public funds, in the course of prosecuting the above enquiry and effecting that vast saving. He makes the best speech of his life in refuting the arguments in favour of such a return.

Such is his abhorrence of jobbing, that he opposes the motion for erecting a new pump in the ward, because a distant relative of the mover is suspected of being a retired plumber. Having defeated the scandalous project, he afterwards takes up the question himself, and carries it unanimously; his brother the mason and his uncle the ironmonger being appointed a committee to construct the new work, and the pump is erected with an appropriate inscription, setting forth his disinterested zeal for the public service. He admits that the roads require immediate and extensive repair; but he votes against amendment, because he devoutly believes that the contractor, who is not related to or connected with him in any way, and against whom therefore he cannot have a prejudice, would profit largely by the speculation.

But it must be confessed that his opposition to these and other measures of similar importance is not grounded on such reasons alone. He has an insuperable aversion to supporting any line of policy not projected by himself. To advocate a measure which he did not originate, is, as he insists, only bringing corn to fill another man's bushel. Now he is always ready to find the bushel, if his neighbour will supply corn. He does not decidedly object to seconding a motion, providing the mover promises to do himself no credit,

THE SHERIFF.

For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

HAMLET.

and omit the facts—or *he* will bring it on, and find his own facts. One of the principal points to which his genius has, for a quarter of a century, been directed, is an annual motion for the appointment of a committee to examine the beadle's capes, with a view to a reduction of the number of the same, a limitation of the lace, and a substitution of worsted for silk. He also demonstrates that an immense saving might be effected by an abolition of the superfluous buttons on the coats of charity-boys; and shews that, by simply restricting the indulgence to two buttons per boy, three extra venison feasts would annually accrue to the city.

This enthusiasm for the public good draws, of course, the eyes of Europe upon him; and great is the desire, in distant parts of the country, to see him quitting the Court of Common-Council for the legislative assembly. The appeals that are made to his patriotism, by all the great towns in the kingdom, to submit to be sent, free of expense, to Parliament, are, as he justly observes, unknown. He can hardly get up Ludgate Hill for the deputations that are thronging to his door. But, though he affects a parliamentary tone and —by now and then substituting "Mr. Speaker" for "My Lord Mayor," and by designating his brother commoner, Mr. Braggs, as "the honourable member for Cheap"—anticipates the great day when he is to become Chancellor of the Exchequer, he still remains unseduced; and never, as he declares, will he desert his post, until that post—that post with four new handsome crown-lidded lamps—which he has so long maintained to be absolutely essential to the enlightenment of Moorfields, has been, under Providence, erected at the public cost!

THE SHERIFF.

The Sheriff, like Happiness, was born a twin. He floats double. Sheriff does Sheriff, like his shade, pursue. The pair are as like each other as two writs, or the two necks of "The Swan" in Lad Lane, and to describe one is to describe both. The couple, therefore, may be called "the Sheriff."

In all London, in all Middlesex added to it, there is no man who hath such care of his fellow-creatures, who takes so deep an interest in their safety, who provides for them so largely. All creditors are hard-hearted, and all debtors are honest and unfortunate. This the Sheriff knows, and in the bounty of his heart he offers to the poor pursued by the rich, the weak worried by the strong, a sanctuary

and an asylum. No sooner has he received information that the man of money has set his mark on the man of misery—that the legal persecution of poverty has commenced—that the creditor has put in operation the magical apparatus of the law, by which the debtor is to be compelled to draw a specified number of pounds and shillings out of an empty pocket—than the Sheriff is on the alert to save the impoverished wight from the lot of a wanderer—from utter houselessness. He has his officers in all directions—lurking in all crevices, creeping through every key-hole—sprites that can put a girdle round about the town in forty minutes—indefatigable in their search after the doomed one, whom, when found, they greet with a friendly tap—a most pressing invitation—in their master's name, to come and reside some time at one of his town mansions, or be his guest at some snug establishment in the suburbs. It is in vain—quite—to decline the hospitable offer; the Sheriff will take no denial; he insists upon the stranger's acceptance, and, in fact, there is no getting away from him.

Such is the philanthropist who is falsely accused of favouring the oppressive designs of the hard-hearted creditor—of lacking sympathy with the penniless debtor! Who else would afford him shelter in his pennilessness! Who, but the Sheriff, would provide that refuge for the destitute! What lover of the "luxury of doing good" would so throw open his gates, and not only give lodging to the houseless, but absolutely prevent the rejection of his hospitality by turning the key and enforcing a prolonged visit. This is sympathising with the hard-hearted creditor, is it? Why, if the debtor were let loose and allowed to pursue his avocation, the creditor might, perhaps, in a little time get every farthing of the money owing to him—his abominable persecution might be successful—and that shameful practice of expecting payment, in full, merely because the amount happens to be due, would thus be directly encouraged. The Sheriff does all he legally can (the law allowed him to do much more until lately), to prevent this immoral result, and to ensure the poor debtor an ample revenge upon his persecutor.

The spirit of reform, in these days, has considerably abridged the Sheriff's power in this respect, and fewer are his guests in the various mansions that call him master. But his hospitality, as far as it extends, is as earnest and irresistible as before, and its effects upon the barbarous creditor, whose cruelty has awakened all his care and attention for the forlorn debtor, is the same. To that spirit, also, must be attributed the decrease of those opportunities which he formerly enjoyed, at least once a week—of shewing kindness and

humanity to criminals in their last moments. Such occasions are now presented to him, but at rare intervals; and if, from being matters of less frequency, those scenes become more painful—if that hard feeling which custom often creates, now melts into a feeling of awe and trouble, hard, indeed, to bear—he feels rewarded for the increased acuteness of emotion, by the justice, the wisdom, and the beneficence of the humanising change. It is to one who had been a Sheriff that we owe this sublime bit of common sense:—"The worst use that you can put a man to, is to hang him."

While the Sheriff is thus busied with the guardianship of other people, lo! an event happens by which others are, all on a sudden, charged with the guardianship of *him*. In other words, while the Sheriff is employed, as usual, in locking up such prisoners as the law now allows him to catch, he is himself caught and locked up, with little more ceremony than one of his own turnkeys would observe towards a ragged raff of a debtor, who never saw a receipt-stamp in his life, not liking, perhaps, to put his creditor to superfluous expenses. Being a two-fold functionary, a Sheriff and his double, he finds himself provided with two masters, and called upon to yield obedience to two conflicting authorities. He writhes on both horns of a dilemma, and roasts between two fires. If he would escape, he must fly to the right and the left at the same time. It is not enough that he is a "swan with two necks;" but he is expected to realise the miracle hitherto peculiar to Irish ornithology, and to be a bird in two places at once. It makes him feel much like a goose. It is quite clear that he must make his appearance at the very same instant in the House of Commons and in Westminster Hall. Either authority is supreme and final; and he has taken an oath, which, in its full sense, includes submission to both powers. The one he must obey, the other he must not disobey; this he must not resist, to that he must yield. He is a double-barrelled gun, and must shoot east and west. There is no getting out of the scrape. Unless he performs an impossibility, he, who has hundreds in custody, must into custody be given. The world talks, writes, thinks, dreams of nothing else. Yet nobody hits upon the easy adjustment of the difficulty; nobody sees why *two* Sheriffs—"swan and shadow"—are appointed; nobody proposes that, the two functionaries having taken one oath, it should be understood that they have two consciences between them; nobody suggests the simple, natural, equitable arrangement, that one Sheriff shall obey the Court of Queen's Bench, and that the other Sheriff must obey the House of Commons! This, which would save the dignity of all parties, which

would be an equal offering on the shrine of compromise, which would cut the Gordian knot without dividing a thread, is unthought of; and into durance dreary are the Sheriffs cast. It is like two Napoleons going to one St. Helena!

> "The desolater desolate,
> The victor overthrown;
> The arbiter of others' fate,
> A suppliant for his own."

And prisoners the pair would have remained while Parliament has a sitting, but that it is satisfactorily proved at the bar of the house that the necks of Sheriffs, by some peculiar law of nature, never grow longer by confinement in Parliamentary apartments. This fact ascertained, the question is settled. The swan is about to sing his death-song—dying in music to the air of "Rule Britannia"—when his two necks are discovered to be too short. This cuts short his long suffering. The Sheriff wins the race of conscience—only by a neck.

This is a turn of affairs not contemplated formerly. The Sheriff had his heavy responsibilities, his multiplicity of onerous duties; he had to take creditor and debtor, prosecutor and criminal under his protection; he had his court to preside over, and the longest day would have been too short for his labours, but that all under-sheriffs, and all officers of and belonging to a Sheriff, are so remarkable for superhuman activity and alertness. But now his responsibilities are increased to an unprecedented degree of difficulty and danger. To stand actions for false arrest, or to be fixed with debt and costs by a rascally ruler who passes the boundary line and forgets to return, was bad enough; but to have the law of arrest, in its most peremptory form, turned against himself is worse than bad, and not to be atoned for by the pleasure of labouring night and day for the public; and the distinction of parading a superb, but costly equipage, with the privilege of dining half London and Middlesex "regardless of expense."

THE CITY PLEADER.

The City Pleader is well-skilled in the law and gastronomy of his country. His opinions are sound, his appetite excellent, and his digestion easy. He would elsewhere be called the standing counsel; but a protracted stay at table in the civic regions, renders it expe-

would be an equal offering on the shrine of compromise, which would cut the Gordian knot without dividing a thread, is unthought of; and into durance decoy are the Sheriffs cast. It is like two Napoleons going to one St. Helena!

"The deserving deserte,
The vision overthrew:
The nobler feathers lure,
A sapphan for his own."

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THE CITY PLEASURE.

[illegible] country. His opinions are [illegible] digestion easy. He would [illegible] but a protracted stay at the

THE CITY PLEADER.

Nor e'er looks forward further than his nose.

Pope.

THE CITY MARSHAL.

With ridiculous and awkward action he pageants us

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

THE CITY MARSHAL.

That is a very grand and imposing personage. The senses of his duties, and throughout the year is duige for more than one moment in a feeling of when he laughs outright, like a rock bursting.

pedient to designate him, with his three learned brethren associated in the office of pleadership, the sitting counsel for the city. He knows every point on which it is safe for London to go to law: when to attack, when to resist, what to hold fast, what to surrender. Is any right or immunity brought into question; has a "street widened at the expense of the corporation," been cut through debateable ground; has a sturgeon, lawful property of any lord mayor, been claimed by some rival authority; has some rebel-spirit disputed the chief magistrate's jurisdiction; has some old worm-eaten and illegible charter become a subject of doubt to the illiterate moderns in the city; is it proposed, in the comprehensiveness of an impulse of reform, to make Smithfield a perfect Paradise all the year round, by sweeping away, at once and for ever, the intolerable nuisance of shows, stalls, gilt gingerbread, and penny trumpets, by which, at the festival of St. Bartholomew, its precincts have been once a-year desecrated; has a question of law, on land or water, arisen?—it is the City Pleader who settles it, and sends the Mayor to bed with a clear conscience and a mind made up. While he has the City Counsel at his elbow, he has the law on his side, and feels like a king who can do no wrong. The Pleader is generally a safe adviser; for, although he may not "sleep upon it" as some of our lawyers do, he always dines upon it; and, as the twelfth bottle appears upon the table, the four Pleaders deliver their opinion in a quartett. The cases submitted for opinion are of the most opposite range; from a question affecting the dignity of the city and the preservation of the municipal charter, the Pleader is officially called upon to state, whether, according to his impression of the consistency of bodies, six pigeons in a pie are justly to be considered crowded; but on all the Pleader decides, not merely according to his conscience and that sense of the fascination of a fee, which is the spur to a lawyer's sagacity, but also according to the dignity of that great civic body whose adviser he is, and according to his own dignity which so well befits it.

THE CITY MARSHAL.

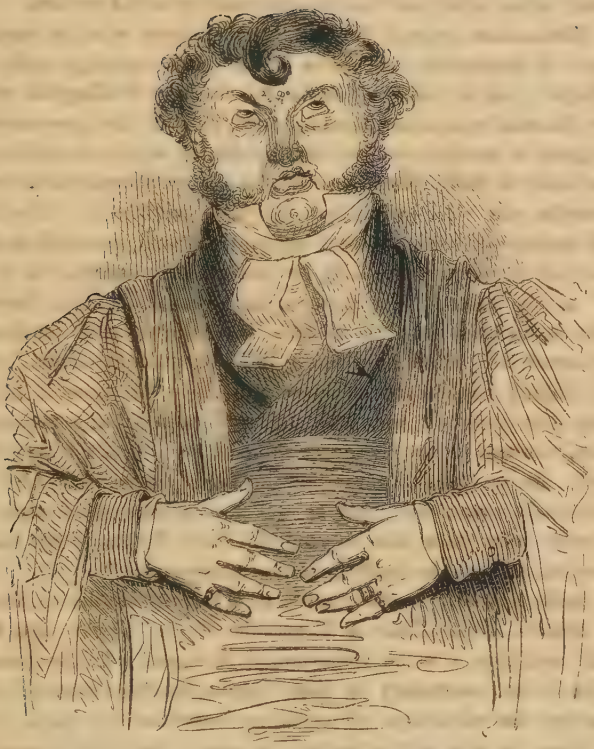
The City Marshal is a very grand and imposing personage. He has the gravest sense of his duties, and throughout the year is never known to indulge for more than one moment in a feeling of levity, and that is, when he laughs outright, like a cock crowing

at day-break, at hearing that the Sword-Bearer had been mistaken, by a country gentleman looking at the Lord Mayor's show, for his Grace the Duke of Wellington. In that laugh, there is a sharp and bitter scorn not to be expressed by word or look. He has the profoundest respect for Mr. Sword-Bearer, who, he says, is an officer of distinction, and rides in the same carriage with my Lord Mayor; but to mistake *him* for the Duke of Wellington, when the City Marshal was seen prancing at the head of the procession in all the glory of scarlet!—when to nine-tenths of the beholders he *was* the Duke of Wellington; and to the rest appeared but as some great warrior who tried *not* to look like him, and failed! The City Marshal knows well that the very apprentices, and the still smaller fry of kennel-roving urchins, said, in their inmost hearts, "It 's the Duke!" as his horse's hoofs clattered up Cheapside. But there is no vanity in his spirit, except, perhaps, when he takes all his family into the centre box at Astley's, to see the "Battle of Waterloo" performed, looking with repressed contempt upon his grace's representative, but pointing out with marked interest the person of Napoleon, towards whom he feels as to a sort of illustrious rival departed. As he quits the theatre, he says, inwardly, "Ah! the Emperor was a great man; but at the head of the grand army he would never have been able to stop the Lord Mayor in St. Paul's Church-yard, with *me* to head the line of procession!"

He looks forward, in after years, to a destiny similar in degree to the Duke's. The Duke is Constable of the Tower: the City Marshal's ambition is to be Governor of Newgate. In his present office, he is but secondary to that responsible functionary; but, then, he has the advantage of appearing secondary to none. He hath a horse to ride and a weapon to wear; and forty governors of Newgate would seem inferior in dignity. He is a sharp bright blade, that, as the dagger did by Macbeth, marshals the Lord Mayor the way that he is going.

THE CHAPLAIN.

Of the Chaplain to the Lord Mayor, it is proverbially said that he enters upon his ministry a thin man, and quits it at the end of a twelvemonth a fat man. What little he takes he relishes, and it prospers with him most marvellously. Perhaps the Lord Mayor has enticed him up to the great city from some obscure



THE LORD MAYOR'S CHAPLAIN.

Just made first chaplain to his patron lord.

COWPER

a curacy that hardly kept him in clean shirts and boiled puddings; and now, at the end of his year of glory and happiness, to the old retired scene he may return—so changed in coolness and sociality as to be unrecognisable, poor wish a presentiment that the turnip-field must be revisited; that fat will waste away; that a red nose will turn blue; that fame is but vanity; and purpura but the precursors of vexation of spirit. His must now live upon his reputation as a pastry to provincial memories. He was willing

[illegible] world, in the scene of their greatest pro-
[illegible] is argument) in order that he might bump
[illegible] poor, a terribly

[illegible] by but luck in the choice of [illegible]—very pleasant and
[illegible] ation of all worldly-mindedness, sensuality, riotous
living, and the love of riches—or else he must make his sermons
very long, and keep the (uppermost [illegible] minutes from their
luncheon—if all these promising tickets turn up blanks.

But he has finer opportunities even than these for obtaining that preeminent position in society which would really [illegible] to demonstrate, by a perpetual rubbing of visage and increasing [illegible]ness of body, the uncomfortableness of living too well in the world. There are [illegible] hundreds of opportunities of saying "grace" before meat and after: a task which a young [illegible]ng man of [illegible] may always command himself as a discreet and pious practitioner of the church to say grace, or [illegible] the other hand, wanting that taste, he may as easily train himself meritoriously for his sermons (which shew, and not too pecuniary—great measure sure to get preached at in church and nobody likes it), he

[illegible] chaplain carries away with him, as something that is [illegible] for his meals of saying grace (if it in-
[illegible] the evening of the participators) he

and quiet village, where he had dozed away his first years upon a curacy that hardly kept him in clean shirts and boiled turnips; and now, at the end of his year of glory and happiness, to the old retired scene he may return,—so changed in rosiness and rotundity as to be unrecognisable, but with a presentiment that the turnip-field must be revisited; that fat will waste away; that a red nose will turn blue; that fame is but vanity; and banquets but the precursors of vexation of spirit. He must now live upon his reputation as a martyr to municipal honours. He was willing to submit to a whole lingering year's endurance of the feastings and luxuries of the world, in the scene of their greatest profusion (this must be his argument) in order that he might bring back to his peaceful retreat, for the benefit of the poor, a terrible example of the flush and the fatness that ensue from yielding to temptation and faring sumptuously in profane cities.

Perhaps, however,—this sometimes happens,—he may have the good luck to establish his footing in town, and thus be enabled to extend the benefits of the example referred to in a hundred different directions. He has many chances of a prize in the Lord Mayor's lottery. There are the various occasions on which it is his fate to preach at St. Paul's before the Corporation and its Chief; there is the celebrated 'Spital sermon especially;—and he must have very bad luck in the choice of texts—very absurd zeal in the deprecation of all worldly-mindedness, sensuality, riotous living, and the love of riches—or else he must make his sermons very long, and keep the Corporation ten minutes from their luncheon—if all these promising tickets turn up blanks.

But he has finer opportunities even than these for obtaining that permanent position in society which would enable him to demonstrate, by a perpetual rubicundity of visage and increasing roundness of body, the unseemliness of living too well in the world. There are his hundreds of opportunities of saying "grace" before meat and after; a task in which a young clergyman of taste may always commend himself as a discreet and pious member of the church to every guest; in which, on the other hand, wanting that taste, he may as easily ruin himself irretrievably. For his sermons (when short, and not too personal;—great men are pretty sure to get preached at in church, and nobody likes it), he ought to get something more than that formal "vote of thanks" which the Chaplain carries away with him, as something that is twin-sister to nothing; and for his mode of saying grace (if it indicate a proper concern for the cravings of the participators), he

ought to secure some less questionable benefit than the compliment of a challenge to drink wine with a newly-appointed judge, or with the honourable Alderman who represents the citizens of London.

There are, moreover, the infinite opportunities he has above all men of promoting his spiritual desires, by exercising what influence he may command among the fairer portion of civic creation. What are the festive scenes within doors — what the excursions up the Thames, in galleys that "burn on the water"—what the luncheons at Fulham with the Bishop's palace in view, and the dinners at Twickenham by the grotto, which (as he is pleased to inform the company) was erected in a former age to shelter the Pope, who was concealed therein for some years, like Guy Fawkes's gunpowder under the houses of Parliament—what are the trips, to and fro, terminating successively at every stage, from Oxford to the Nore—but opportunities accorded to the Chaplain to win the sympathies and suffrages of the ladies! Unless he resist the temptations of his fortune, he must be irresistible. It is absolutely his own fault if he ever taste boiled turnips again. The vicarage of Great Bottleby, with the perpetual curacy of Calipash, are before him in his path as plain as St. Paul's.

THE CITY REMEMBRANCER.

The Remembrancer! Who can say what *his* Pleasures of Memory may be! He has none of Hope; for success in that continual effort of his, to recollect something of vital importance to the whole city, is evidently past hoping for. He is a man who passes his whole life in wondering why the deuce he is scratching his head. For the last half-century he has been internally repeating the words "Let me see!" and the tip of his nose is still invisible to his naked eye. His crest is a forefinger with a needleful of thread fastened round it,—the motto "*Non mi ricordo.*" He has always a knot tied in his pocket-handkerchief, and he never can tell why. His confusion of memory is exquisite; it is not so much that he fails to remember a thing, as that he forgets whether he remembers it or not. His triumph consists in distinctly recollecting that he has forgotten all about the matter. On the 10th of November, he could not, for his life, recal to mind the show of the day before; and he wonders why on earth it was put off. Like the "oldest inhabitant," whose por-

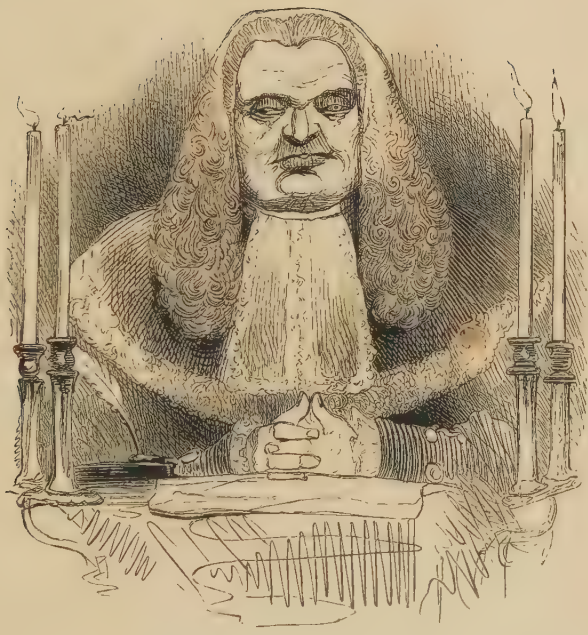
THE CITY REMEMBRANCER.

THE REMEMBRANCER! Who can say what his Pleasures of Memory may be! He has none of Hope; for success in that continual effort is evidently past hoping for. He is a man who passes his whole life

THE CITY REMEMBRANCER.

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain.

ROGERS.



THE RECORDER.

Bring me no more reports.

SHAKSPEARE

THE RECORDER.

trait we once painted, he knows that he is of an ancient family, but concludes that his forefathers must be dead, as he has not seen them a long time; like him, he remembers that "the name of the head-master of Christ's Hospital, in the days of his boyhood, was the Reverend Cornelius Nepos; one of his schoolfellows was called Alcibiades; he is not certain that Julius Cæsar was in the same class with himself, but he has a vague notion that they were a good deal in each other's company." He knows, too, that "he passed much of his time at a place called Troy, though he cannot call to mind the county in which it is situate."

Of all public characters, "he best recollects the person of *Junius*." He has a lively sense of the positive refusal of Alderman Wilkes to serve the office of member of parliament, when returned by the freeholders of Essex; and also of the patriotic speech which George II. addressed to Alderman Beckford. He can remember, too, very clearly, the Speaker of the House of Commons being sent to the Tower by Sir Francis Burdett. The London event which he most distinctly recollects is the visit of the Allied Sovereigns to the city, when, as he says, the "the veteran Blucher and Arthur Duke of Marlborough dined with Sir Richard Whittington, in the Guildhall." London, to this "oldest inhabitant," is situate on the banks of Lethe. They drink the health of other officers in the city; but in his case, the toast should be—"the *Memory* of the City Remembrancer!"

THE RECORDER.

Times are changed for the better, since the Recorder was apt to go out of town on a Saturday, for a day or two's relaxation from the heavy and gloomy duties of his office, having in his pocket the reprieve of a criminal, sentenced to be hanged over the Debtors'-door on the Monday morning following. The black cap was then so often on his head, that it seemed to hang as comfortably there as a night-cap; and after a day's fatigue, the judge's patience being sorely tried by the provoking number of witnesses necessary to a single conviction, it was, perhaps, with a sort of coziness of feeling that he put it on, and dozed through the sentence so as to eke out the time till dinner. Times are indeed changed for the better.

The Recorder of to-day, the great administrator of criminal justice in the east, the civic judge, is little distinguishable from other

judges, venerable by their station, and respectable by their character. Some of the ancient usages of his office have been in modern days discontinued; chiefest and most important among them, the custom of making a report in person to the sovereign at the termination of every session. The omission of this form, which other criminal judges were not called upon to observe, affords a just and welcome relief to our Lady Sovereign, gentle and gracious, whose feelings of tenderness and delicacy would else have been unnecessarily wounded by the frequent ceremonial of receiving into her presence the reporter of crime, the harbinger of death—or of that life in death which has been substituted for it, wisely and benignantly.

And what a scene has the Recorder to survey, hour by hour, sessions after sessions, year after year! From the seat he occupies, he seems to command at a glance that whole wide prospect, various and terror-striking, the Crime of the Great City! What an array of guilt, of misery, of desolation, is ever before him! What endless diversities of villany and suffering—of early contagion and incurable disease! To the first apprehension of the beholder, it would appear that half the space of this large arena of life, half the entire ground circumscribed by the limits of the wonderful metropolis, is required for its poor-houses, its mad-houses, and its prisons. And yet how little of the actually existing mass of crime and wretchedness does that solemn spectator survey from his seat of judgment in the criminal court. What vice, wretchedness, abomination, is continually being practised undetected, and beyond his sphere. The offences of which he is the judge and witness, are but a fraction of the awful reality. He sees only the crime which the laws have made punishable, the criminals whom it is his duty to doom; his eye takes not in that far wider and sometimes drearier spectacle, the offences of man against man, of which he is not as a judge cognisable—which do not appear in the calendar—on which he has no jury to address—on which he can make no report—for which he can assign no punishment! How bounded—how narrow is his vision in reality!

The scene he witnesses wears, perhaps, no appalling aspect to him; he gazes on it without a shudder. Habit reconciles him to the spectacle; and familiarity begets just so much insensibility to the dreadful amount of crime, as is necessary to his cool judgment of it in detail. He sits there, a practical philosopher, contemplating and deciding upon the ever-shifting scenes of life. Instead of monotonous misery, all is to him incessant change: fresh prosecutors, new witnesses, other prisoners. The Common-Serjeant in the next Court, the worthy Alderman by his side, he sees again and again—

continuously; but all else move on, the stream glides away, "nor knows retiring ebb." He outlives many Mayors; he sees the plain citizen—the mere chandler—of to-day, a lord on the morrow, and then quitting his mansion of luxury to make room for somebody else. The Sheriffs who wait upon him this year are not the Sheriffs of the next; others succeed to them; the Recorder is their guest as before, and they, in turn, are put aside. Each has his appointed hour of usefulness, and disappears; each has his little time of pomp and vanity, and departs. It is a moth-like flutter in the flame,—and a sinking to rest! What a scene has the Recorder to survey!

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